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## LIVING PICTURES OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NO. 3.

SKETCHED BY A FREE HAND.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[ORIGINAL.]

"Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor.  
O, that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit."

*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them;—and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented."

*Shakspeare.*

"First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture."

*Epilogue to King Henry IV.*

THERE is nothing that tends to crush and kill the germ of great intellect with more certainty than the necessity of money-getting. The imperious cravings of an empty pocket, or of a pocket whose bearer thinks he can never sufficiently fill it, are equal to the obliteration of every thought more exalted than ideas which relate to, or find their origin in, what we have before called one of the meanest faculties of the mind—calculation! Extensive commerce is undeniably a blessing to any country, but it is a melancholy fact, that a nation strictly and enthusiastically commercial, can never be great in any other sphere than that of politics or golden opulence. All the education bestowed upon the children of a generation devotedly addicted to trade, is of a stamp that comprises a prudent knowledge of social and political economy, of history, mathematics, geography, and the importance of having something "laid by for a rainy day." The higher branches of intellectual culture—branches which the mercenary mob ignorantly

and vulgarly denominate *accomplishments*, fitted only to be ranked with the quarter's tuition in dancing received at a boarding school—are neglected as a general thing, and are only consulted and embraced by the select few, whose superior mental capacities drive them to regard the dollar and so-called *prudence*, as matters secondary to loftier and more spiritual endowments. No man ever studied the art of poetry in musty day-books and dusty ledgers. The teachings of the immortal spirit, seldom, if ever, find a genial response in the bosoms of human bipeds who are in constant correspondence with bales of cotton and codfish, or invoices of silks and shad. The ship-chandler who devotes the flower and freshness of his life to his business, knows the value of a chain cable, and can discuss matter-of-fact correctly—perhaps, eloquently; but he has only a limited comprehension, if any, of the munificent availability of the cultivated and poetical imagination, or of the grandeur and universal benefits of its results. We are a young people; the

descendants of individuals who sought the shores of a newly-discovered country without goods or chattels, and it is but natural, after all, that we should seek to concentrate within the limits of our land, bullion and value that will hereafter enrich and render independent those who may come after us. We are a nation of traders as yet; or, to adopt a very modern phrase, a community of "speculators." We delight in barter and its paying advantages. We rejoice in lots, houses, and stocks. We idolize the "equivalent." We do this by constraint. The time to throw off the commercial fetters which enchain our limbs has not arrived; but, let us remark parenthetically, it is approaching and will greet us kindly. Until then we cannot expect to own a race of poets. Here and there a mighty mind will struggle up amidst the masses and purify itself from the sordid influences by which it is surrounded, but these minds will not speedily be of number sufficient to be nationally classified for their overweening merits. We sacrifice brains to dollars. We prefer broadcloths and ostentatious equipments of jewelry to the marks and evidences of the superior existence of the qualities which humanise and elevate the race of Adam. It is this *dollar-ous* characteristic of the people of the northern latitudes of this continent that has induced the foreign gossip (miscalled critic) to denounce the American as one who is "horn-handed, and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous, ready for all weathers, with an incredible genius for lying, a vanity elastic beyond comprehension: the hide of a buffalo and the shriek of a steam-engine." We may be excused for applying the harsh term "infamous" to the description quoted, and yet, exaggerated and infamous as it is, it affords the basis of a truthful deduction. There must be a cause for the production of such shocking pictures of ourselves. There is no mistake about it—our intellectual atmosphere is thickened by the fog and malaria of unintellectual pursuits. We can only complain; there is no remedy at hand to work a needed change. We—we, the nation—must grow older to be wiser. There is a limit to all things, whether they be Real or Ideal. Example is a wonderful lever, and it is also a curious and powerful stimulant when worthy of imitation, and equal to the promotion of emulation. The few truly great writers who belong to us, will eventually exalt the many to a perfect understanding of the might of mind. Eventually will be discovered men here, who for the guerdon of enviable fame, together with a moderate compensation, will devote their energies and genius to the nurture of an universal taste for letters. "Oh!" remark nine of every ten of those who peruse this paper, "we are great readers. No people on the face of the earth read more." We admit that such is the fact, and we must be pardoned for adding, in the spirit of truth, that no people *think less*. One of the most veracious assertions ever made, is, that a single good book, well read, is of more service than one hundred indifferent books, carelessly or otherwise inspected. We read, as we do everything else, with a perfect hurricane-species of go-aheaditiveness. Quality in books is rarely considered. We only want subject. We read for amusement, instruction never being sought for, except in schools and colleges. It is a *cis-Atlantic* opinion, that the more books read the better the reading. There can be no greater mistake. Cheap publications are, we acknowledge, of inestimable value

to a certain extent. But a bad publication is not cheap because it is sold for a shilling instead of a dollar, for it is dear at any price. The general propensity for gathering harvests of shining coin, together with the bushel-basket system of issuing printed ephemera to the exclusion of solid matter for perusal, has begotten a contempt for authors. Familiarity is one thing, a respectful intercourse another. At present, as affairs stand, a vender of groceries who retires upon the fruits of his honesty and industry, receives more attention, and is awarded more honor, than the indigent man of letters; consequently, it is better to be a grocer than an author. So long as this state of things exists, there will be a "beggarly account of empty" book-shelves. That is, all our reading will be imported. We do not object to the receipt of all that is worthy, let its source be whence it may; but we would be pleased to enjoy, in happy admixture, the domestic with the foreign fabric. We offer no encouragement to either. The importations we take, but only because we get them for comparatively nothing. We are not patrons of the arts. Genius is here coerced, by the inextinguishable instinct of self-preservation, to cast aside the pen, close the study, and rush into the tradesman's shop. However doubtingly you may accept the declaration, we do unhesitatingly declare that genuises are constrained to eat that they may live. Pigs are subjected to the same demands of nature, but it does not follow that we are no better than pigs. In brief, if we refuse to foster the poet, we must be willing to go without poetry; even the peasant considers his right to dance neutralized if the piper be unpaid. Yes, unless a "change comes o'er the spirit of our dream," we can hope for no better destiny for the great mind than that so many years awarded to FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

It may be esteemed impertinent to delve beneath the surface of literary criticism and invade the sanctity of the reviewed author's private concerns, yet, as we profess to give "living pictures" of our notabilities, we cannot refrain from a peep into those concerns even at the risk of censure. For one, we do not believe that if Mr. Halleck had found his muse profitable, he would have harnessed himself to the car of actual labor. Not only did he for years superintend the affairs of the wealthiest capitalist in America—submitting to employ his noble intellect in the examination of bonds and mortgages, the fluctuations in the prices of real estate, &c.—but (we are informed by an authority we dare not question) he absolutely pledged himself to abstain from literary pursuits during the period of his mental immolation. A man like Mr. Halleck, in whom the divine inspirations of the poet were so maturely developed, would not consent thus to trammel his immortal soul except upon compulsion. He must have employed the philosophy of Shakspeare's starved apothecary, and yielded rather to his poverty than his will. Perhaps our temerity, in making these remarks, will constitute a source of offence. We hope not, inasmuch as our excuse may be found in Mr. Halleck's position before the public. He belongs to his countrymen and the world, and we claim the right of speaking of him freely and in a style unalloyed by any mawkish restraint. Admitting that we touch his feelings closely, we shall do so for the purpose of achieving the "greatest good for the greatest number."

In attributing Mr. Halleck's long-standing and re-



ently-terminated condition in the monetary household of the late John Jacob Astor to the demands of the monster Indigence, rather than to the promptings of Cupidity, we pay a tribute of charity to human nature. The poet and the mere mechanical hireling, present no affinity of taste or conformation.

There are men in the world who exhibit in their practice, and in their precept of profession and appearance, a wide contrast. Without contrast there would be no beauty, either of still life or of human character, and so we may thank the giver of all good for puzzling us with the apparent paradox specified in the initial sentence of this paragraph. Variation (Burke has said something like it in different words, and with a different motive of application,) constitutes elegance. Nothing prim or formal ever strikes the beholder as being brilliant, or as affording delight to any of the senses. It is in light and shadow that we discover that which can please us. Of course, different and conflicting qualities must be skilfully blended, in order to afford the proper degree of happiness to individuals brought in contact with them. Diversity of size and shape, in part, comprises exquisiteness of design and delicacy of finish. A hedge row is superb in a certain length, but carried to a distance of half a mile, or more, it would be monotonous, fatiguing, and unprofitable for all purposes of ornament. In each man, as in each garden, we look to ascertain a number of attractions, alike entertaining, and at the same time totally dissimilar in the essentials of entertainment. The more numerous these attractions—particularly, if man be their owner and distributor—the more valuable the object in which they centre. The broader the contrast presented in the character of an individual, then, the more remarkable he becomes, and the more famous, withal, for being clever. And clever (we use the term in its English sense) he must be, although we shall not at present say whether we think *such* cleverness is either enviable, useful or commendable. A parson who can dance and be frivolous, as well as preach sound sermons—a physician whose skill in music equals that in the art of healing—a player who can talk of and practice piety—or a clown who can exhibit the acquirements of the ripe scholar, is certain of the enjoyment of greater celebrity than usually falls to the lot of the humble and unpretending member of either class. In short, combinations of opposite talents are always praised and sought for; but rarely treated with respect when gained. We never saw a parson who would act frivolously—nor a physician who could rival Jullien—nor a player whose polemical theories were particularly edifying; and it belonged but once to our destiny to encounter an educated boor. Intellectual marvels are as scarce as physical monstrosities, and not even the magnetic new lights of the age, in whom we had hoped to find a singular paradox of brain and habit, have succeeded in swelling the number of the former. Mr. Halleck is an intellectual marvel, and he stands in the same relation towards us—us individually—that the educated boor does. He is a man of many,—in the crowd yet not of it. He is a poet, yet no poet. With all due deference to his talents, (and, ere we conclude, we shall show that we do not despise them,) we are compelled to say that he has retained local popularity through the marked contrast between his reputation and his movements.

This contrast, as we have loosely reflected above, indescribably charms those who know of it by personal experience. Superficial observers are apt to fancy that, in peculiarities of character are discoverable the off-shoots of genius. Thus, a man who wears strange-looking garments, without any understandable or rational reason, save that it is *his taste* to do so, will be respected, or curiously esteemed, for the possession of mental qualities which are not bestowed upon the mass of his fellow beings. These qualities may be advantageous, in the imagination of the world, or disadvantageous, but they are *unique*, and that is sufficient. The man thus honoured—for universal notice is something of an honour, if it be not of that kind which confers infamy or contempt—is required to do nothing beside wearing the singular clothes—in all other ways, to preserve a puzzling and provoking contrast, he must act precisely as if his clothes were made like those of other people. Now Mr. Halleck has positively worn singular clothes—that is, tropically speaking, and in sundry other respects, he has been like the rest of the *genus homo*. He does not appear to have had more than a minute share of respect for the gifts and graces of mind with which the Creator has liberally supplied him. He has hid his light under a bushel—under a bushel, which, like the measure used to determine the amount of the treasure pilfered from the Forty Thieves, had a very small piece of precious metal sticking to the bottom. It is inconceivable how he could have repelled the impulses of a temperament decidedly poetical, dangerously sarcastical, and remarkably energetical. The fire of genius *may* have smouldered only, and a few vigorous breaths of popular desire may serve to kindle it up to its original strength and fervour. It is difficult, however, to comprehend the possibility of dampening the ardour of an intellectual flame whose vivid and grateful heat has been felt and candidly acknowledged by the inhabitants of two hemispheres. In eighty years, or thereabouts, the mother country has given to the people of the nineteenth century, and to posterity, Byron, Shelley, Southy, Moore, Campbell, Burns, Bloomfield, Coleridge, Tennyson, Keats, and as many others of nearly equal merit, and the name of Halleck, for twenty years at least, has been permitted to hold an honourable place in the illustrious catalogue. No poetical anthology of any substance, in the English language, has been printed (during a long interval) and sent out guiltless of his name and his effusions. Surely these incentives ought to have been strong enough to *reduce* his immaterial ingredients to the component parts of the author, and to nothing else! But no!—he was willing to sacrifice the offspring of his mind, and in order to escape the charge of literary infanticide, the innocent conceptions were destroyed before they had had time to live. This is our opinion, which is worth nothing more than that of any other individual of moderate information. Never having been admitted within the precincts of Mr. Halleck's *sanctum sanctorum*, we are unable to say how many noble poems are lying in his *escrutoire* ready for the press; or whether there are any. If not, he will favour society by remembering that it is never too late to do good, and acting accordingly.

Fitz-Greene Halleck is a native of Connecticut, and has attained the age of fifty-three years. He has, however, been a resident of New York city since 1813, and is consequently a Knickerbocker by adop-

tion and association, if not by birth. The writings which first brought him into notice, were a series of light satires published in the "Evening Post" newspaper, under the signature of "Croaker & Co." These appeared in 1819 or 1820, we forget which, and attracted a great deal of attention. The authors, (for Halleck was assisted by Joseph Rodman Drake,) preserved their *incognito* during a considerable period, but at length public curiosity was gratified by an avowal of their true names. We understand that the avowal was precipitated by the death of Drake, who fell a victim to consumption, and found a grave at the early age of twenty-six. Halleck felt this deprivation keenly, and he penned to the memory of his associate one of the most touching tributes ever recorded. The Croaker stanzas excited attention, because of their local application. Many of them would not be understood by persons unfamiliar with the city and its conventionalisms of the date of the publication, consequently but few of the satires are now to be consulted, save in the files of the Post. They comprised, in their tone and bearing, a species of Hoodiana—now furnishing refreshing examples of playful humor, then salutary but cutting instances of unsparing, skilful satire. They were written in accordance with the nicest rules of art, and although their subjects were, in most cases, humble or ridiculous, the talent evinced in their construction elevated them above the usual standard of newspaper ephemera. It was about this period that a light satire entitled "Fanny," written by Mr. Halleck, came from the press, and was well received. Mr. Griswold says that it was on the shelves of the book stores in three weeks from the date of the transcription of the first line. We can easily believe this, for it runs on carelessly enough to the length of fourteen or fifteen hundred lines, without presenting any striking feature calculated to produce a lasting impression. The flow of language is "natural and unstudied," the versification easy, and the frivolity which gives a tone to the whole is as felicitous as the subject will admit, but the effort cannot be considered as one of gigantic proportions, and had Mr. Halleck made no other, his fame would have been indigenous only to Manhattan Island and its environs. The best of his poems is "MARCO BOZZARIS," which is so popular that all the English books designed for students of elocution contain it. It is one of those effusions with which lovers of verse are so well acquainted that they seldom think of the author. Of twenty persons who recite it well, perhaps one thinks it necessary to know to whom he is indebted for it. This poem was a hobby with an unfortunate player and dramatist, whose untimely and melancholy end lately cast a gloomy shadow over the little circle in which his real talents were known. We mean N. H. Bannister, a man who, had circumstances favored him, might have taken his place among the respectable writers of the land, instead of wasting the prime of his life in the concoction of balderdash for the cheap theatres of nonsense and sawdust. In his better days, when he affected the duties of the player more than those of the author, Bannister recited "MARCO BOZZARIS" everywhere. Towards the close of his eventful career, the vice of intemperance enchained his better faculties and he could recite no more; but his favorite poem was always uppermost in his mind, and the only earnest desire he seemed to entertain was to

see and speak with Mr. Halleck. Seeing the poet in a public place, Bannister (a short time before he died) introduced himself under the pretext of asking the proper pronunciation of the Suliote chieftain's name. Mr. Halleck courteously gave the desired information, and at parting, shook hands with the player-dramatist very cordially. The honour was too much for poor Bannister, and for a week at least he was in his cups, and constantly exclaiming "I have grasped the hand of the author of Marco Bozzaris, the greatest, the best poem in the English language, and one that should exalt Mr. Halleck to a place upon the pedestal occupied by Shakspeare." It is principally upon this production that Mr. Halleck's reputation is founded. Strange that one hundred and eleven lines only, can enable a man to leave a name behind him—a fame which shall bear testimony that his life was not that of a mere animal, whose only care is to satisfy the material wants of the body, and finally seek rest in a grave whose obscurity is equal to its quiet. Leggett, the best of our home reviewers—and the critics of other lands—have laid great stress upon Mr. Halleck's adaptedness to humorous satire. They conceived that to be his *forte*—his sheet anchor! Satires rarely outlive their authors. As we have said before, the true poet writes for all time, not for the present alone. The world is his home; nature, as developed in his own species at large, and to the eye, his divinity. Were *humour*—another title for vapid frivolity in verse—Mr. Halleck's particular endowment, he would not have been enabled to write such stirring, vigorous, faultless martial lyrics as "RED JACKET," "BURNS," and "MARCO BOZZARIS." He was not intended to waste his gifts of intellect in the manufacture of trifles which evince only the cunning of the wit and a poor perception (so far as genuine poetry is concerned) of the ridiculous. The school of letters which recognizes its pupils and graduates in the jesters of the day, cannot justly claim Mr. Halleck for its own. The cap and bells may create laughter and ring a merry peal, now and then, upon his head, but he assumes these humble decorations, if decorations they can be called, only with the motive of enjoying a little desultory recreation, not with the wish that they may be considered the proper adjuncts of his share in literary craft and artisanship. In the hope of sustaining ourself in the position we here assume, we quote the whole of our author's "RED JACKET."

#### RED JACKET,

A CHIEF OF THE INDIAN TRIBES, THE TUSCARORAS.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,  
First in her files, her PIONEER of mind,  
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven  
His love for the young land he left behind;

And throned her in the senate hall of nations,  
Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought,  
Magnificent as his own mind's creations,  
And beautiful as its green world of thought.

And faithful to the act of Congress, quoted  
As law-authority—it pass'd nem. con.—  
He writes that we are, as ourselves have voted,  
The most enlighten'd people ever known.

That all our week is happy as a Sunday  
In Paris, full of song, and dance, and laugh;  
And that, from Orleans to the bay of Funday,  
There's not a bailiff nor an epitaph.



And, furthermore, in fifty years or sooner,  
We shall export our poetry and wine;  
And our brave fleet, eight frigates and a schooner,  
Will sweep the seas from Zembla to the line.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora,  
Gazing as I, upon thy portrait now,  
In all its medall'd, fringed, and beaded glory,  
Its eyes' dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

Its brow, half-martial and half-diplomatic,  
Its eye, upsoaring, like an eagle's wings;  
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,  
Ostrivral Europe—even in our Kings;

For thou wert monarch born. Tradition's pages  
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,  
But that the forest-tribes have bent for ages  
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knees.

Thy name is princely. Though no poet's magic  
Could make RED JACKET grace an English rhyme,  
Unless he had a genius for the tragic,  
And introduced it in a pantomime;

Yet it is music in the language spoken  
Of thine own land; and on her herald-roll,  
As nobly fought for, and as proud a token  
As CŒUR DE LION's, of a warrior's soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten  
That medal pale, as diamonds the dark mine,  
And GEORGE the FOURTH wore, in the dance at Brighton,  
A more becoming evening dress than thine;

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather,  
And fitted for thy couch on field and flood,  
As RON ROY's tartans for the highland heather,  
Or forest-green for England's ROBIN HOOD.

Is strength a monarch's merit? (like a whaler's)  
Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong  
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,  
Heroes in history, and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches  
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;  
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,  
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Is beauty? Thine has with thy youth departed,  
But the love-legends of thy manhood's years,  
And she who perish'd, young and broken-hearted,  
Are—but I rhyme for smiles, and not for tears.

The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding,  
The god like power, the art NAPOLEON,  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding  
The hearts of millions till they move as one;

Thou hast it. At thy bidding men have crowded  
The road to death as to a festival;  
And minstrel minds, without a blush, have shrouded  
With banner folds of glory their dark pall.

Who will believe—not I—for in deceiving  
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;  
I cannot spare the luxury of believing  
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing  
Would, like the patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;  
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing  
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlight bower;

With look, like patient Jon's, eschewing evil;  
With motions graceful as a bird's in air;  
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil  
That e'er clinch'd fingers in a captive's hair?

That in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,  
Deadlier than that which bathes the upas-tree;  
And in thy wrath, a nursing cat o' mountain  
Is calm as her babe's sleep compared with thee?

And underneath that face like summer's ocean's,  
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,  
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,  
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

Love—for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,  
Her pipes in peace, her tomahawk in war;  
Hatred—of missionaries and cold water;  
Pride—in thy rifle-trophies and thy scars;

Hope—that thy wrongs will be by the Great Spirit  
Remember'd and revenged when thou art gone;  
Sorrow—that none are left thee to inherit  
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne.

This poem justifies us in our remarks. To call it an *humorous* poem would be to degrade it to a rank it does not deserve to hold. *Humorous* poems are those customarily printed in comic almanacks and sung by the Messieurs Merrimen of the circuses. "Red Jacket" is a manly, vigorous, happy combination of sensible conceits, and under its apparent levity is concealed a vast knowledge of the human heart, and a true feeling of sympathy for the wrongs lavished upon those who do not deserve them. It betrays, to the fullest scope, the remarkable conformation of Mr. Halleck's mind. He sports with the rational, and yet triumphantly develops it. He apparently disregards what is entitled to serious thought, while he betrays sober reflection in his very playfulness. He appeals to the popular fancy in a strain congenial with the best treasured instincts of the mob, and in this he evinces policy but not ignorance of the substantial. If there be truth in phrenology, Mr. Halleck's head is one of the queerest ever fingered by the expert manipulator of craniums. He is susceptible of the strongest and gravest impulses, as well as of the most trifling. He is honored with the soul of a true patriot, for he has written four lines which comprise the whole duty and all the incentives of the oppressed who struggle to be free; viz:—

"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;  
God—and your native land!"

What more could any man strike for? and what less could animate him to resistance? A martial spirit is incontrovertibly Mr. Halleck's—so is a spirit directly the reverse of it. He is an irreconcilability, if we may be permitted the use of the term—a queer compound of opposites which are found to centre in one source but once in an age—an anomalous compilation of levity and gravity—of deep feeling and superficial impulse—of poet and merchant—of great talents and small ones. After reading "Red Jacket," the peruser of this article will, we doubt not, be delighted by a careful examination of the following, which, read a thousand times, like the moon, always sheds the same light, and never tires those who come under its influence.

#### BURNS.

TO A ROSE, BROUGHT FROM NEAR ALLOWAY, KIRK, IN Ayrshire, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks,  
Thou mindst me of that autumn noon,  
When first we met upon "the banks  
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,  
My sunny hour was glad and brief,  
We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou  
Art wither'd—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—  
The doom of all things wrought of clay—  
And wither'd my life's leaf, like thine,  
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long,  
His, who an humbler flower could make  
Immortal as his song.

The memory of BURNS—a name  
That calls, when brim'd her festal cup,  
A nation's glory, and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest  
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;  
And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed  
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath:  
A straw-thatch'd roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument—that tells to heaven  
The homage of earth's proudest isle,  
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;  
And know, however low his lot,  
A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted BURNS from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendancy o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
Despair—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with Poesy's  
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;  
Few nobler ones than BURNS are there;  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,  
In which the answering heart would speak.  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell with willing knee,  
And listen'd, and believed, and felt  
The poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,  
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
From throne to cottage hearth;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,  
What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
When "Scots wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,"  
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes that lift the soul above,  
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,  
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,  
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay  
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,  
All passions in our frames of clay  
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,  
And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
And death's sublimity.

And BURNS—though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod—  
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,  
The image of his God.

Though care, and pain, and want, and wo,  
With wounds that only death could heal,  
Tortures—the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moved, in manhood and in youth,  
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward, and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Were written in his manly eye,  
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,  
Like flower seeds by the fair winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes.  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
With the mute homage that we pay  
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallow'd home of one  
Who lives upon all memories,  
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crown'd kings, and mitred priests of power  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,  
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd  
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,  
My own green forest-land;

All asks the cottage of his birth,  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
And gather feelings not of earth  
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!  
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?  
Wear they not graven on the heart  
The name of ROBERT BURNS?

Halleck evidently wrote the above poem under the promptings of sympathy, both for the brother brain-worker and the MAN. Many of the sentiments



we find there are as noble and pure as can well be imagined, and they are clothed in a felicity of expression that doubles their intrinsic worth. The poem is the most delightful, and the truest tribute, ever offered to Scotia's bard, and it will live while an acre of heather grows, or the plaids of the clansmen of the land of Wallace flaunt abroad in their recognised districts. Why has the pen that recorded a production so far above praise that none dare attempt to analyze its exalted qualities, been idle!

Bryant, in a criticism upon Halleck's writings, has summed up his peculiarities and advantages in a paragraph which we cannot forbear to copy:—

"Sometimes," says Mr. Bryant, "with that aerial facility which is his peculiar endowment, he accumulates graceful and agreeable images in a strain of irony so fine, that did not the subject compel the reader to receive it as irony, he would take it for a beautiful passage of serious poetry—so beautiful, that he is tempted to regret that he is not in earnest, and that phrases so exquisitely chosen, and poetic colouring so brilliant, should be employed to embellish subjects to which they do not properly belong. At other times, he produces the effect of wit by dexterous allusion to contemporaneous events, introduced as illustrations of the main subject, with all the unconscious gracefulness of the most animated and familiar conversation. He delights in ludicrous contrasts, produced by bringing the nobleness of the ideal world into comparison with the homeliness of the actual; the beauty and grace of nature with the awkwardness of art. He venerates the past and laughs at the present. He looks at them through a medium which lends to the former the charm of romance, and exaggerates the deformity of the latter. His poetry, whether serious or sprightly, is remarkable for the melody of the numbers. It is not the melody of monotonous and strictly regular measurement. His verse is constructed to please an ear naturally fine, and accustomed to a range of metrical modulation. It is as different from that painfully-balanced versification, that uniform succession of iambs, closing the scene with the couplet, which some writers practise, and some critics praise, as the note of the thrush is unlike that of the cuckoo. He is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the basis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a proper attention to variety demands. He understands that the rivalet is made musical by obstructions in its channel. In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived, and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony, occasional roughness must be interposed."

With regard to the necessity of "occasional roughness" in poetry—although the doctrine agrees with our theory of contrast—we must differ from Mr. Bryant; nor can we find "occasional roughness," or any roughness whatever, in such of Mr. Halleck's

writings as are entitled to the notice of the critic. Faults—and roughness in poetry is a *great* fault, albeit the thought be beautiful—never heighten the value of beauties mingled with them.

Mr. Halleck is one of the lights of the age, notwithstanding his neglect of the qualities which have made him so, and he may shed a more brilliant halo of intellectual glory than ever, if his inclination lie towards an end so earnestly desired by his countrymen.

Mr. Halleck is a bachelor, and in his person affords a good realization of the common idea formed of the tribe of middle aged "male spinsters," as a London lady once called unmarried men (who had seen more than half a century fleet away) in our presence. On almost any pleasant Sunday he may be seen *en route* for one of the many suburban retreats in close juxtaposition with the city. We challenge any one to produce proof that the poet was ever seen in company with a female. He is very careful of his exterior, and is studiously courteous and correct in his address. As a social companion—cheerful, entertaining, and kindly—he is without many parallels. He appears to take life as it comes, troubling himself very little about the future, and enjoying the present with that calm show of contentment which betokens a heart uncontaminated by guile, a mind teeming with benevolence towards all mankind, and a conscience free from self-accusation, or the memory of wrong. If he would but sink the man in the poet, we could make something of him—as it is, our rude picture must go for what it is worth, which cannot be much, for who can paint from a model constantly changing its appearance?—who can transfer to canvass the changes of the kaleidoscope?

The papers state that the son of John Jacob Astor, and the late *millionaire's* principal legatee, has presented Mr. Halleck with \$10,000! If this be the case, Mr. Halleck will be enabled to enjoy that elegant leisure so indispensable to the writer of sterling literature, and so necessary to the demonstration of genuine poetical feeling, and will most undoubtedly leave us something by which, at some future period, we shall be aided in forming a complete, satisfactory and tangible idea of his character, both as an author and a citizen.

## THE FALSE HEADSMAN OF COLOGNE.

BY PHIL BRENGLE.

[ORIGINAL.]

"I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial."—*Othello*.

### CHAPTER I.

THE HEADSMAN Müller was detested throughout the "Holy City" of Cologne. Yet he was a true old German, honest, brave, sociable, and would have smoked his pipe among comrades as heartily as any man, but all shrank from him, and so he was constrained to puff at his own door alone, or with no

companions save his young children. And this because he was the hereditary Headsman of Cologne. There was something fearful to the rough citizens in his office, and with shuddering they always avoided contact with the unfortunate yet kind hearted man, who was condemned to live alone and curse his miserable lot. All this was when Müller was a young man just entering upon his forced duties, and

wondering why he should be cut away from his fellows, because he was compelled to execute justice in a form which his honest soul abhorred. But when his doom appeared to his own mind irrevocable, he resigned himself to it with a savage joy that seemed incomprehensible to the few who knew his kind heart. It is a common superstition throughout Germany, that the heart's blood of a Headsman is blacker than the dark red tide which pours through the veins of unstained men, and perhaps this very belief, with its natural consequence of their exclusion from the world, has made the proscribed race glory in the tradition, and eager to execute the law's judgments unsparingly on the heads of those who had always lived in a higher sphere than their own. And it seemed as if a tinge of fierce cruelty descended from father to son of the Order. Perhaps the spirit which Müller acquired was *wholly* acquired; perhaps it came to him from his father the Headsman before him, but it would have slumbered throughout the peaceful life which his nature longed to pursue, had he not been driven upon it to find an unnatural joy in revenge. And so he would throw down the pipe, which was his only friend—smoked in short, sharp puffs, as thoughts quickened within him—and rush to the place where wooden images of men stood waiting for the Headsman to practice his sword upon their bowed necks. Then Müller would laugh savagely as the steel went deftly between the two blocks—the body and the head—without striking one from the other. And then he would turn to his children, gazing curiously upon the scene, and make them sit before him while he resumed his pipe with satisfaction. His arm was now a little more dexterous for sweeping off the heads of men.

All Cologne had heard of these twin children, Adolf and Roschen. Strange stories were told of the night of their birth,—that the Arch One vanished with the Headsman's wife, well satisfied to leave upon earth two beings to grow into strength hereafter, and worthily work his will. Nor were the pious people of the Holy City willing to change their belief, when they saw in Adolf a fair girlish boy unmeet for a Headsman's son, and Roschen a sweet, wild-hearted little maiden, when in some childish feat her ruddy lips would smile merrily upon her brother, as he gazed with astonishment upon her daring exploits. Good old gossips shook their heads and whispered doubtfully that Satan in his haste had mistaken them and given each the soul that should have belonged to the other; while many piously affirmed, that Satan never blundered, but for some mysterious purpose of his own had so oddly exchanged their souls, and furthermore had endowed them with strange beauty to mislead others with their attractions. Wo to the maiden, who should hereafter wed with Adolf, the future Headsman,—double wo to the luckless youth who should marry Roschen, the Headman's enchanting daughter! And thus strong men feared the fair children, and when their hearts silently opened to the irresistible spell of nature, hurried away in trembling lest they should be enticed with unholy enchantment. So Adolf and Roschen lived entirely with their father, and imbibed the dark education which the Headman's embittered soul had alone received. A new cause was now added to his misanthropy. While he only was an outcast, some kind feeling remained, but when his children too were barred

from the world, everything left him but the consciousness that deep vengeance upon man was his at the scaffold.

Under these influences the children advanced in years. Their characters were now yet more strongly marked. Adolf's heart was weak but warm in its effeminacy. His whole appearance was still as fair and girlish as in the day of infancy, when it was impossible to distinguish his face from that of his sister. As their years increased, the resemblance between the twins was strong as ever, and Müller only knew them by their dress, and perhaps an air of spirited energy in the countenance of Roschen, in which her brother was deficient. But a stranger's glance could have seen no difference in their faces. The pleasing softness which characterized Adolf was equally prominent in Roschen, but with her it was the softness which belonged to her sex. A wild, witching little elf, she ventured and sported, while Adolf merely smiled in wonder. But the lessons of the stern Headsman had fallen deeper into her mind than would have seemed from her playful and joyous nature. Perhaps the superstition was true, and she lineally inherited the dark fierceness of heart that belonged to the race of Headsmen. Sometimes it appeared with such hasty violence as to startle Müller himself, but she always burst suddenly from it into a lightsome mood that relieved the old man's fears. Yet the teachings he had scattered over her unformed mind swelled prematurely within her, and she would not repress them in her lonely hours. Often, after the rude hiss of street-passers had sounded in her ear, she remembered her father's method to appease his fury, and then the young girl would hasten to the place of practice and wield the Headsman's sword upon the bent and senseless images of criminals. Young and weak as she was, constant secret practice had made her a proficient in the dreadful art. Her strength was hardly equal to the task, but she soon acquired dexterity and fearful skill. All this was unknown to others. In her wildest moments of passion, the child shrank instinctively from exposing her unfeminine accomplishment.

It was high time that this fatal education was interrupted, when a singular accident seemed to change her whole nature. It was a custom among the Headsmen of Germany, that the oldest son, the successor to that office, should be initiated into the practice of his profession when he had attained his twelfth birth day. The Headsman had long looked forward to this time with proud expectation, mingled with some fear of his son's ability to do honor to the office; Adolf with dread and disgust, and Roschen with an union of pleasure and horror that she dared not attempt to analyze.

At last the hour came, and Müller proudly led the shrinking boy to the court where he was accustomed to practice. The wooden figure of a man was there kneeling in the position of a criminal upon the scaffold, and near it lay a small sword fitted for a boy's strength, and very different from the broad weapon in the Headsman's grasp. Müller placed it in Adolf's hands, instructed him how to wield it, and where to strike the single blow.

"See!" exclaimed he enthusiastically, "how this figure is constructed. The head and body are two separate masses of wood, kept together by the weight of the head alone. Strike into the neck where they



touch. It is a narrow place and needs a steady hand. Strike boldly and surely, boy. After long practice, you will attain to the very perfection of our art; your sword will cut through between the head and body, yet leave the head upon the shoulders! You can never do this upon a real man; the fools are always so nervous, and start when the steel touches the neck, but you must be able finally to do it on this model, or you will never make a good Headsman. Now, strike."

The boy dropped his light sword and burst into tears. "Father, I can never do it."

"Is this *my* son!" exclaimed Müller scornfully. "Remember, boy, that you *must* be a Headsman, also! Take up your sword and strike."

"Father," said Roschen supplicatingly, as she threw her arms around Adolf.

"You too, Roschen! I little expected this cowardice from *my* daughter—never from *you*."

Stung with the taunt, she flung herself free from the weeping boy's embrace, bent her dark eyes full upon her father's face for a moment, and then snatched the sword from his hand.

"Stop, girl," cried Müller admiringly, as she threw herself into the proper posture. "There, that is enough. My sword is too heavy for you; why, you can hardly lift it."

She tossed her long tresses back upon her shoulders, fixed her eyes keenly upon the figure, and with a sudden effort lightly and skilfully whirled the heavy sword right through the neck before her. The head jostled a little from its place but did not fall.

"Bravo! well done, my own Roschen," cried the Headsman joyfully.

"Bravo! well done, pretty Roschen," echoed a voice behind them, as a boy about fifteen years of age leaped the fence of the court and stood by her side. He was bold in his movements and handsome, but Roschen looked at him with sudden scorn and said not a word. Before the Headsman could open his mouth, another boy followed him, and walking straight towards the panting girl, said very gravely,

"That was not well done, little Roschen."

"How!" exclaimed Roschen, proudly confronting him.

"Ay, why was it not well done, manikin?" growled the Headsman.

"It was not well done, Roschen, because you did it. It was not well done, Herr Müller, because a girl has performed what belongs to the man of blood. That is a heavy sword, and never made for her slight fingers."

"Yes!" cried the boy who had first appeared, "it hardly agrees with my ideas of female beauty, to see a girl, like my pretty little Roschen here, striking a huge, clumsy sword into a block of wood. Yet, by Jove, she was beautiful in that attitude."

Young as she was, Roschen looked down the bold boy with her calm, woman's eye. Not a word to him—she turned to her grave monitor and said feelingly,

"Is it because I am a girl?—I am the Headman's daughter."

The boy mused a moment, and then replied with the same calm gravity as before,—"Why should I answer your question? I see that you know all I would say." He walked straight up to the Heads-

man and extended his hand. "Sir, may I come here again, perhaps often?"

Struck with long-unknown emotion at the simple words of the youth, or perhaps affected by the first friendly tones he had heard for years, Müller clasped his hand and exclaimed, "You may, my brave boy, as often as you please, and say to Roschen whatever you wish, but beware of making Adolf a woman. His fate is fixed."

With a glance of compassion towards Adolf, a grateful smile to the Headsman, and an earnest look at his daughter, the boy took his companion's arm and they left the court together.

After that day they became constant visitors. Karl, the bold looking boy, at first strove to render his presence agreeable to Roschen, but was repulsed. She could not brook his fiery gaze, and with the natural impulse of childhood turned openly to Hermann, his milder cousin. Thus Karl was thrown upon Adolf for amusement, and the two boys made rapid progress in friendship; Adolf, because he had some one to admire, and Karl because he had some one to whom he could boast. A very common exchange among boys, but in this case more lasting than usual, for the feelings of Adolf, at least, were sincere and intense towards his only friend. The intimacy between Hermann and Roschen grew still closer. She needed his counselling voice, and he always spoke freely, for his mild nature also possessed much firm benevolence. Thus years passed away.

When Roschen had reached her twentieth birthday, Hermann offered his hand, and well she knew that he had long given his heart. In one sense it was an unequal marriage, for, though Hermann was not rich, he loved the child of a Headsman. But under his influence she had grown to be all that he could desire. The fierce blood of her race appeared to be changed. All this Karl vainly strove to prevent. He still loved Roschen, even when she was affianced to his cousin, and clung eagerly to every method by which he might work success. Perhaps this was the reason of his friendship with Adolf,—so peculiarly strange between those wholly opposite in nature—and if so, he succeeded with singular good fortune.

In the midst of all this, Müller, the Headsman, died.

## CHAPTER II.

Adolf Müller was now a pitiable object. Everything in his nature was averse to his hereditary office, nor had a dark education removed the horror of blood from his womanish soul. Even Roschen, who possessed more of the true character of their race, was unable to shame him into resignation to his doom. Indeed, in the new development of her heart under the guidance of Hermann, she shrank from the duties as much as her brother, though had the office fallen upon her, she would have bowed quietly to the inexorable law. But Adolf's gentle spirit could not endure the thought, and looked with undisguised horror to the first performance of his official duties.

And the young Headsman was first called to execute his friend, Karl, convicted of the murder of Hermann, the betrothed husband of his sister.

The principal witness at the trial was a ferryman of the Rhine. He testified that, on the evening of the murder, Karl and Hermann hired a boat of him to cross the river; that high words passed between them, commencing on the part of Karl, and finally, after long forbearance, retorted by Hermann. The subject of their conversation was evidently some female, for whose favor they were rivals. The night was very dark, and everything invisible beyond the distance of a few feet. For some time, after the boat pushed from the shore, he heard their voices in the same angry tone, then a sudden noise as if they had started to their feet, a loud report, and by the flash of a pistol he distinctly saw Karl still holding his weapon toward Hermann, who seemed falling into the river with an oar clasped in his hand. All this was but for a second, and then he heard the regular sound of rowing directly across the river. Alarmed at what he had seen, the witness collected a few friends and seized Karl as he returned alone in the boat about an hour after. An unloaded pistol was found in his pocket. One oar was gone from the boat.

A week afterward, a body was found many miles down the Rhine, partly decomposed and so horribly disfigured that the identifying it was impossible. Hermann had not appeared since, and the testimony of the witness was affirmed by others on several points.

On this evidence, Karl was convicted and sentenced to execution.

It would be hard to tell on whom this blow descended with most stunning force. Adolf seemed nearly broken-hearted. He had always looked with anguish upon his first discharge of duty. No wonder that his delicate frame sunk under the terrible workings of his imagination, and the still more terrible words of his sister. She, the mild and beautiful, when Hermann was living, was transformed into the passionate revengeful woman now Hermann was dead. All that the darkest mind could have predicted from the fierce spirit of her childhood, fell far short of that sudden and tremendous revulsion in her soul. Everything good or noble in her character seemed to have arisen and died with Hermann. She had always despised Karl;—now, her passions were too fearful for a mere tame hatred. And when her weaker brother wept over the fatal necessity, she answered him with bitterness and lofty scorn.

The day came, and Adolf was unable to rise from his bed. Many sleepless nights and long days of mental torment had exhausted his frame, and he lay utterly helpless. Then in the rage of her disappointment, while her beautiful face was flushed with fury, Roschen taunted him for the cowardice that shrank from ridding the earth of a murderer, till Adolf, unable to listen to those cruel words, groaned madly,

"Would to God, merciless girl, *you* had been born the Headsman!"

'Twas the first angry speech from his mouth, and hushed her to silence. But not for that; an hard unwomanly thought had crossed her mind, and she vowed to be the executioner of Hermann's murderer. Whose hand so proper as her own? Whose more skilful for striking the fatal blow? She did not forget the memorable day, when her girlish dexterity drew praise from the practised Headsman himself.

With firm grasp, she poured a powerful opiate into his draughts and offered it in silence to her brother.

He drained it eagerly and returned the cup; "Forgive me, dear Roschen, it was my fever that spoke." Did she hear his last words aright?

Soon he fell into a quiet slumber. Roschen instantly proceeded to equip herself in his attire, and then surveyed her face in a mirror with cool determination. Everything in the disguise was perfect.

"Thanks to this resemblance," she muttered, "though it has made poor Adolf a woman, and myself the Headsman of Cologne."

At last the hour arrived, and with shaking lips the criminal ascended the scaffold. Next came Roschen, still paler than the doomed man, except where a small steady spot burned upon her cheek, answering to the blazing vindictiveness of her motionless eyes. The last prayer was breathed to heaven, the priest, bearing the holy crucifix, had descended from the scaffold, and Karl knelt with bowed neck, bared for the stroke. Yet the Headsman still leaned upon the sword and steadfastly gazed at the criminal.

"Have mercy, Adolf;—quick!" Karl whispered with agonized breath.

Yet the other still leaned upon the sword until the crowd began to murmur and the officials exchange glances of surprise. Suddenly the ponderous steel gleamed in the air, a dull, horrible sound as it crushed through the neck, and a ghastly head rolled at the Headsman's feet.

Ay! the Headsman of Cologne! The words rung in Roschen's ears as she hurried back to her home. She, a woman, and once betrothed to the gentle Hermann—but with his name rose the satisfaction of revenge, that was remorseless within her.

She hastened to Adolf's sick room without removing her disguise, for she well knew that he could not yet have awakened from that slumberous opiate. Ay, she should have considered the strength of that opiate before her unskilful hands poured the deadly draught and held it to her brother's lips. Stiff and cold lay the young man in his last sleep, with the horrible impress upon his face of a confused and unconscious struggle with death—a struggle while yet in heavy slumber. His breath had passed while his dizzy senses were fighting with an agonized body.

Roschen looked on the body with stirless gaze. Her strong mind had thus far conquered the terrible remembrance of that day's actions, and now strove in the final scene to preserve its power. A few moments and she fell in a swoon that should have been death. For hours the corpse of the young Headsman and the body of his sister lay near each other—equally motionless.

As twilight filled the room, she raised her head and saw in the darkness only the sharp white face of the dead man turned coldly towards her shrinking form. She shrieked and fled—into the crowded streets, into scenes of rude mirth—anywhere rather than to be alone with him. Onward she sped, heedless of sights or sounds, till the word "murderer" jarred upon her ear, and she fled still more swiftly than before, yet not without hearing the whole.

"Karl was no murderer:—Hermann has appeared before the judge!"

The words maddened her brain:—nothing surprised then, for all strange shapes thronged before her frenzied mind, but unconscious of everything around, she hastened to the Hall of Justice. The vast crowd made way in horror for the Headsman, who had just



executed an innocent man; and Roschen stood in presence of the judges. Hermann was there, pale and thin as if just risen from the grave.

"Hear me, judges, ye have ignorantly shed the blood of one who was no murderer. Yet the ferryman's story was true. Karl drew a pistol from his bosom; I started up with the oar still in my hand; I heard a report and felt nothing more. Days afterward I awakened in the cottage of a fisherman, who had drawn me from the river, still clinging with unconscious grasp to the oar, that had buoyed me up in safety. Until this day I knew nothing of the trial and death of my cousin.

"Stop!" cried one of the judges austerely. "Why did not this man appear and testify to Karl's innocence from completed murder?"

"Alas!" replied Hermann, "he was an enemy and rejoiced at Karl's death. Years before his daughter had received from my unfortunate cousin the greatest wrong that man can inflict on maiden:—judge not the preserver of my life too hardly, even in his guilt. To-day he told me with ferocious satisfaction that he had just seen his enemy's head fall upon the scaffold, and for the murder of myself. I arose from my bed and have come—too late!"

Hermann then was living—Hermann, her affianced husband; but Roschen only knew that Karl had perished without cause, and Adolf by her own hands. The first words alone had reached her ear, and she wished for no more. The crowd gave fresh way for the detested Headsman, tottering vacantly from the Hall of Justice, and then whispered among themselves, that the young man was the first of his race who had ever felt remorse for shedding innocent blood.

She hastened home, and dropping upon her knees, kissed reverently the cold cheek of Adolf, then shuddered at the profanation.

"The lips of the murderess on the face of the murdered one! Yet 'tis a fitting salute from me, the Headsman of Cologne. That office is now mine; my heart is swelled with the black blood of our race, though it cannot burst. Truly, I was created for this. Who so worthy of the hatred of mankind, as the woman who killed her brother that she might take the life of an innocent man? Hermann still lives, but not for me; a murderess can never feel love. Yes! I claim the office of my ancestors, and men shall long remember the future Headsman. This fatal garb shall never be exchanged for woman's clothes, and thou, my poor Adolf, shalt fill the grave in the name of thy sister. Alas! that grave should be mine."

As she muttered almost inarticulately to herself, the dark passions of former days overpowered grief itself, and she calmly arose to make the necessary preparations for Adolf's burial.

The next day Hermann proceeded to the abode of the Headsman and saw the funeral train of Roschen standing before the door. She had died suddenly, it was said, and in consequence of his own supposed death. He turned away and sought a monastery, where he might bury himself from the world.

For many years the false Headsman swayed the sword upon the scaffolds of Cologne. Those who had known Adolf's tender nature, were confounded by the savage cruelty which the executioner wreaked upon criminals, especially in those last little offices

where even departing life might have been retarded by humanity. Those who had cursed Müller during his lifetime, and rejoiced at his death, now talked of him only as the father to an incarnate fiend. Let us dwell no longer upon the guilty life of Roschen Müller.

### CHAPTER III.

Under the mild government of its present Abbot, the monastery of Rudolstadt long enjoyed the fame of peculiar sanctity. Many years had passed since a young man entered as a humble monk, seemingly crushed down with sorrow, and finding consolation only in the strict performance of religious duties. So completely had his mild, unaffected piety won the respect of his brethren, that when the old Abbot died, he was elected in his place. Long had the neighbouring poor blessed the good man.

The whole monastery was inflamed with curiosity at the singular appearance of a new brother, just turned from the world. He seemed about fifty, small and spare, and with nothing peculiarly striking except a constant look of horror upon his faded countenance. None lashed themselves more severely with the scourge, none groaned more deeply under the conviction of some fearful guilt, than the unknown, until it was at last apparent that a few weeks longer would find him at rest among the dead. Yet he spared no severity as he weakened, but redoubled his blows and groans with frantic eagerness as if anxious to escape from life.

One day the Abbot was sitting alone in the confessional, when the stranger appeared and addressed him. "Father, I wish to confess before I die."

"Proceed, my son," said the good Abbot, with a glance of compassion at the wretched being before him. His confession was short and broken by sighs of anguish.

"You may have heard, Father, of the cruel Headsman of Cologne. For the sins of his life he now seeks absolution at your hands; but, stop! listen to my story and judge whether I can hope for pardon. My brother and myself were twins, the children of the late Headsman, and when he died my brother succeeded him in that dreadful office, for I, Father, was excluded on account of my sex. A man was condemned to death, my brother's friend, and his tender spirit could not bear to inflict the last stroke. I had motives for hating this criminal. I gave my brother a powerful opiate; assumed his dress and place upon the scaffold. When I returned my brother was dead—poisoned by my own hands. This was the first retribution. Then I learned that the condemned man was innocent, and I a double murderess. My black heart was filled with crime. I did not seek forgiveness from Heaven, but devoted my life to the scaffold and the merciless sword. None even suspected my disguise, and I have escaped free from all but the horrors of conscience. At last I could endure these no longer, and have fled to this monastery, where I must soon die. Yet I cannot meet my death upon a peaceful bed—I, whose hands are bloody. I have incurred the full penalty of the law

in putting to death a criminal without warrant, and justice demands that I ascend the scaffold once more. After the sufferings of years, after deep, bitter repentance, after offering my body as a sacrifice to the laws I have violated, may I ever hope for mercy?"

The Abbot, trembling throughout the whole of this confession, now left his stall and knelt at the penitent's feet. He took her hand and his tears flowed freely.

"Alas! Roschen, we have met again."

"You are Hermann then," said she calmly, though her pale face grew still paler. "Ah, speak only as the servant of God to me. Hermann died within my heart when I became unworthy of his love. Father Abbot, rise from that position and tell me, can the voluntary sacrifice of myself be displeasing to my Maker?"

"Speak not thus, Roschen," replied Hermann tenderly, "think of no such fearful act. Talk rather of the happy days of our youth."

"Cease, Hermann. We live no longer for the past or each other. I must retire; this trial is overpowering my heart. Your blessing, Father."

"Benedicite. We shall meet again."

The Abbot retired to his oratory, and there hours passed by him, hours of a sleepless night, hours of bitter day. At last, when about to throw his exhausted body upon a couch, he received a short note.

"My heart struggled, Hermann, but I have conquered. Justice will be satisfied with shortening the few days of life that are left, and I can die in peace, for I have repented. 'We shall meet again.' Farewell."

The Abbot hastened to Cologne.

The city seemed deserted. First, to the Hall of Justice; it was empty. He shuddered—thence to the scaffold. Here the immense square was filled, for the news had spread throughout all Cologne, that on that very morning the Headsman, who disappeared weeks since, had presented himself before the Judges at the Hall of Justice, and demanded sentence of execution, for having put to death a criminal without warrant, and in guise of the proper office. Beyond this nothing was known to the people, save that the judges were compelled to receive the confession and pass sentence of immediate death.

Hermann broke madly onward through the crowd.

He had scarcely penetrated the outer edge before he stopped, for his trembling limbs could go no farther. A priest was descending the scaffold, where a figure, dressed in the long black robe worn by the condemned, kneeled with bowed neck and pressed a crucifix to her lips. The executioner raised his broad weapon: the bright steel flashed above his head in gay sunlight:—Hermann reeled and saw no more.

The Abbot of Rudolstadt lived many years longer but never went beyond the door of his oratory. Another managed all affairs of the monastery, yet the associated monks recognized their only officer in the broken hearted man, who held no converse with mankind, whose only words were addressed to his Maker. A plain stone then covered his remains with the simple inscription, "We shall meet again."

## SOCRATES.

[ORIGINAL.]

In the present practical age, the ties which unite us to the past are fast giving way. Discoveries, resulting from late researches into every department of knowledge, have placed the human race, as it were, on a footing entirely new. These discoveries have created new ideas, new trains of thought, new motives and modes of action; so that, now, not only habits, manners, and methods of life are changed, but even mind itself seems to have entirely outstripped, in its onward course, the most sanguine anticipations of the ancient believers in intellectual improvement. It has been said that man is everywhere the same, and it cannot be denied that there are certain general characteristics common to the human race, in all situations, and under all circumstances. Yet it is equally true, that innumerable influences exist, which tend to destroy the uniformity of man's nature; and that these are as efficacious in determining the "form and pressure" of his mind, as they are in influencing the strength, stature and agility of his body.

During the last century these influences have worked with remarkable energy, and have produced a remarkable effect. They have infused a degree of life into the framework of society, which, of old, was

never dreamed of. They have tended to concentrate the energies of man upon the present, and to encourage his hopes of the future. They have inspired him, at once, with foresight and zeal, till they have made his present existence so vivid, and so real, that he can scarcely conceive of ages long gone by. A deep and wide gulf of shadows seems to sever the Ancient from the Modern, and we can hardly satisfy ourselves that the dim and indistinct representations of former ages, now extant, portray what was once a radiant Present. Hence, while peering into the accumulated mists of ages and endeavoring to draw forth therefrom some semblances of character, some historical light to illumine the times of which we know so little, a conviction of our utter inability to form an accurate estimate of the great men of old, irresistibly forces itself upon us. The ideal we form of any character which has been long blended with the past is necessarily imperfect. Out of a confused mass of history, and anecdote, and speculation, it is almost impossible to shape a clear and distinct image of any individual. We are, here, subject to such aberrations and distortions, as obscure objects in nature, when seen through a mist, for all of which due al-



lowances must be made, ere the subject of our investigations appear in its true form and proportions.

As antiquity seems to us, so shall we seem to posterity. Even the lights of our own age, bold and brilliant as they now are, will inevitably grow dim. Their lustre, obscured by a similar mist, will, at length, be diminished, and the world of action, in which we live and move, will vanish into dust and dreams. Some, however, will picture themselves in their works, even as a few ancient sages have pictured themselves to us. For, amid all the confusion and darkness of past ages, we can find a few beacons in the sea of history, standing out in bold relief; their inmost life, their beliefs, feelings, principles, and purposes, evident in their writings; proving them not to be mere human resemblances, but living, moving, rational men; men of like passions with ourselves, subject to the same sorrows, enlivened by the same joys, sustained by the same hopes, but of, perhaps, nobler feelings and higher sentiments, of extraordinary capacity, such as enabled them to control the destinies of nations, and to create revolutions in the world of thought. Master Spirits they were not inaptly termed, but their mastery consisted in the wisdom they displayed, when they discovered the levers with which the world could be turned, and sprang forth to grasp them with strong and active hands. To such the world owes much, and though the force they have exerted has lost itself in the multitude of combined forces since brought into action, it is still traceable, and its influence is deeply felt. Pioneers in the cause of truth work not for a day, nor a generation, nor can Time thoroughly obliterate the traces of their efforts. Of these individuals we know but little, less, indeed, than it might be well for us to know; yet, as their work was not done in a corner, by carefully investigating its nature and effects, we may form some not unreasonable idea of the workers themselves, their lives, characters and abilities.

If, then, we do this, and strive to bring more clearly before our eyes the form of him, who, in the annals of old, stands forth conspicuous; whose thoughts remain, some of them, to our own time; whose memory will never altogether vanish from posterity, we shall, at least, not fail to be interested in his work, and from it we may, perchance, derive instruction. Let us then visit the "Saint, Prophet, and Martyr of Pagan Wisdom," the greatest and best, the wisest and most virtuous of those old Greeks, who once occupied the seat of learning, and held in their hands the world's intelligence. Let us strive to get acquainted, if to some extent we may, with the object of a world's admiration—*Socrates*.

We do not aspire to a thorough understanding and appreciation of his lofty intellect; nor do we expect to obtain a clear insight into all the secret springs of impulse, passion, desire, and emotion, which constitute the elements of his character. We apprehend that such a knowledge of another it is possible for none to gain. Yet by carefully enquiring, 1st, what circumstances influenced his career; 2d, what objects he pursued; 3d, what influence he exerted upon his contemporaries; and, finally, what ends he attained, we may ascertain whether he merits the high estimation in which, for ages, he has been held.

I. The age in which Socrates lived was one well fitted for the development of a character like his.

The men of Athens, ever prone to speculation, and from the very origin of the state, eager to seek some new thing, had outstripped the bounds of reason and moderation, and had enveloped themselves in a chain of pompous dogmas, as ridiculous as they were incomprehensible. The modes of religious belief which prevailed at that period, the result, in part, of long established superstition, in part, of the metaphysical science of a later time, were fast degenerating into a regular system of vice. The pantheism of early mythology was recognised, at length, as a fanciful invention, beautiful in many of its parts, but worthless as a manifestation of Divinity. Men were no longer willing to worship the forms and attributes of matter, as embodying the idea of Spirit. They had learned the distinction between the Creator and the created, and, hence, the whole structure of their Religion, which was constantly investing the visible and material objects of nature with invisible and spiritual attributes, suddenly lost its vitality, and became to them a mass of falsehood. The more intelligent among them gradually rejected, and sought elsewhere for a rule of faith. Unaided by Revelation, they knew not whither to turn. Manfully struggling against error, yet half delirious with scepticism, they exerted their utmost powers of reason in the investigation of Truth; unhappily for them, they grasped for it in the mists of delusion. The majestic dignity of the early Grecian character had, for the most part, fallen into disuse, and the Athenians, now unrestrained by the stern virtue of preceding ages, credulously listened to the instructions of those who taught them the most agreeable doctrines. Hence arose a class of men, distinguished rather for ingenuity than wisdom, who preferred the semblance to the reality of truth, and who sought by specious pretexts to promulgate doctrines conducive only to their own private interests. Assuming the name of Sophists, they announced themselves as instructors of the young. Sweeping away all those prejudices which existed in favor of virtue and right, they removed at once all barriers between the passions and their gratification. Youth, naturally fond of pleasure, listened with avidity to their teachings, and the conviction soon arose, that an absolute standard of right was impossible in the nature of things. Gross infidelity succeeded. All things were held to be "mere concrete falsehood." Public morals, corrupted by the grossest indulgences on the part of those in power, were rapidly sinking to a deplorable condition, inasmuch, that to "live by lies, and think for gain," was, by many, regarded as the only worthy object of human existence.

Such were the diseases which had fastened upon the Athenian polity when Socrates arose. In the cloudy maze of speculation which encircled the minds of his countrymen he had no part nor lot. Amid all their vanities and inconsistencies he cherished a cheerful conviction that the darkness which enveloped them might yet be dispelled. To him earth seemed full of joy, to his countrymen it was a prison-house of despair. He lived in the brightness of truth, they groped in the darkness of error. Yet he despaired not for them. Beneath the cloud he could trace faint glimmerings of light, and he indulged the hope that that light would spread.

II. To combat the erroneous and pernicious views of the Sophists was the first object of his lofty mis-

sion. Appealing to those general principles of innate truth, which are existent and operative in the bosom of every one, he strove to awaken his countrymen to a consciousness of their moral destiny. Without attempting to construct a new and elaborate system of ethics, he merely directed his efforts to the propagation of those important truths, which, though unseen and unrecognized by the world at large, were as clear to him as the light of day. He aimed at no originality. The materials of his work were furnished to his hand. His object was to discover rather than to create, to select rather than to form, to promulgate rather than to originate. He had carefully studied the nature of man, and had investigated the relations in which he stood to the universe around him. He was, consequently, well fitted for the business upon which he entered, and with invincible patience, perfect equanimity, and heroic constancy, he set himself about it. Inspired simply with a desire to lead men to truth and happiness, he stimulated inquiries into the nature of morality. He had seen around him, in the physical world, traces of divine wisdom and power, and in the recesses of his own mind, he found much that was correspondent to his outward perceptions. His ideas, therefore, of natural religion were drawn both from within and without. But wherever he turned his eyes, whether upon the beautiful and majestic objects of creation, or the mysterious qualities of abstract lore, he saw evident indications of a great First Cause, the Creator and Governor of the Universe. Hence, while he at once rejected the absurdities of Paganism, he held to the existence of one omnipresent, unseen God, of whom were all things, and from whom was derived all, that in the nature of man assimilated to Divinity. All that remains, in the works of his pupils, relative to his mode of life, shows with what zeal he strove to inculcate this truth. It seemed to him of vital importance, the very foundation, as it were, of all the principles of morality he enforced, and of which his life was the best exemplification.

III. We proceed now to consider the nature of his influence over the minds of his contemporaries, and we shall here find it of advantage to express more minutely his peculiar characteristics; for there can be no doubt that his followers were drawn around him, as much by their respect for his virtues, as they were by their interest in the instructions he conveyed. His qualities both of mind and heart were peculiarly attractive. His perceptions were quick and acute. He possessed a remarkable faculty of detecting resemblances and analogies, so that, in illustrating his positions, he could make use of such figures as were most familiar to his auditors, and the style of his conversations, at once simple and ingenious, natural and methodical, was so severely pure that even, while discussing truths, a clear appreciation of which would require the exercise of our highest faculties, he would make use of language easily comprehensible by the most illiterate of his hearers. His ideas of

abstract science were remarkably acute, and it is worthy of notice, that while this was the case, he still possessed a sound judgment in all the affairs of practical life. Indeed, the chief excellence of his character consisted in the judicious application of the principles he derived from reflection to the everyday duties in which he engaged. There was a kind of transparency and openness about him, a frankness and honesty of purpose, conspicuous in all that he did. It doubtless secured for him the veneration of his followers, and even now it is impossible to read the records of his life without being struck by the candor and ingenuousness of his disposition. Alike, then, by precept and example, he worked, and always on the side of truth, so that by his veracity and integrity, as well as by his great abilities, he directed all his efforts to the good of his race. Surely, he was as well fitted for the times in which he lived as they were for the display and operation of his mighty energies.

IV. Having now examined both subjectively and objectively the relations in which Socrates was placed, and having pointed out the aim which from the beginning he had in view, we propose briefly to inquire how much he accomplished. Before his time, as we have already seen, metaphysical speculation had involved itself in the most perplexing dilemmas. It had been carried to an extent altogether beyond man's comprehension, and had resulted, at length, in the desolating theory of materialism. With great expenditure of words, and waste of fallacious arguments, Sophistry had succeeded in subverting every principle of morals. The convictions of common sense were entirely disregarded, and the belief in a moral chaos was completely established. Out of that chaos the clear and logical mind of Socrates brought life and light. A new world was visible in the dawn of that light, the world of Truth; and despite the efforts of its malicious and designing enemies, it continued to flourish and gain ground. The mighty spirit, however, who had succeeded so well, not in creating it, for co-eval with time, it had sprung from the hand of God; but in unfolding it to view, and in sweeping away the delusions which had so long obscured its brilliancy, fell a victim, and suffered martyrdom in its glorious cause. He was arraigned on a charge of irreligion, he, whose whole life had been a practical exemplification of those rules of duty which ought to guide the actions of men; he, who had been the first to gain some dim and indistinct idea of True Religion; he, who worshipped God in his heart, with inward creed, and inward ritual, pure in his life and steadfast in his soul.

Though dead he yet speaks. His influence still exists: it still continues to enlarge human understanding and to exalt human character, to further the progress of truth, and justice, and liberty, to establish the ascendancy of whatever is loftiest and noblest in our nature. E. F. S.



## THE BLUE CAPTAIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[Translated for Holden's Dollar Magazine.]

## INTRODUCTION.

IN the earlier days of the empire, there dwelt at Besançon, an old officer, whose mode of life was quite mysterious, whose habits were singular, and whose physiognomy was the most original imaginable; he was known by the name of the *Blue Captain*. It is difficult to say, with certainty, from what cause this appellation originated; some asserted that he had acquired it at the sword's point, during the pacification of La Vendée. "He was at that time," they added, "one of the most terrible swordsmen in the army of General Hoche." Others attributed to the colour of his beard, the origin of a surname, which the captain owed still more, perhaps, to the hue of his eyes, and of his garb.

Although his complexion was very dark, yet his eyes were of a pale, greenish blue. He was still young; his frame meagre, yet robust, resembled that of a gladiator, and his face stamped with an expression of stern honesty, wore a strange air of timidity and pride. His features had acquired a bronze-like rigidity, and his eye was blood-shot and sleepy, like that of a tiger drunk with carnage. An old coat too large for his body, upon which a long cue had traced a grey semi-circle, hung loosely upon the captain's shoulders, and the colour of his garment was not less strange than its fashion. He wore, in all seasons, a large military cap of a bright blue, a bright blue coat and vest, and pantaloons of the same colour.

Such a costume, worn with steadfast pertinacity, was sufficient to acquire for its owner this surname of the Blue Captain. This colour evidently corresponded to some thought or some sentiment in our hero's brain, for the passion which he evinced for it had become a mania. Many had endeavoured to discover the motives of this caprice, but without success.

One day, however, to the question:

"Why do you prefer blue so exclusively?"

He replied mechanically:

"Because I have a horror of red."

He added nothing more.

But little else was known of this officer. A native of the province, he had returned thither after the campaign of Egypt, and, at a moment when all France was intoxicated with military glory, he had taken his dismissal from the army, and had retired, still in the full prime of manhood, to Besançon, where he had neither friend nor acquaintance.

He occupied a small, ill-lighted chamber, not far from the palace Granvelle, in a large building, the gable end of which looked upon the Church Saint Maurice. The only window of this apartment opened upon an arcade, which over-arching the street, connected the church with the captain's dwelling, which before '89, had made part of the chapter of this parish. This dark and massive arcade cast a deep shadow upon the corner of the *Rue de la Bibliothèque*, which at this spot was extremely narrow. Not a soul had ever set foot in the Blue Captain's chamber, who might be found every evening until

ten o'clock in a certain obscure *café*, where he employed his time in drawing, from a long pipe of blue porcelain, wreaths of smoke which he puffed into the air, occasionally interrupting this occupation by a few muttered monosyllables, which composed his usual conversation.

To flatter his favourite passion, the keeper of the *café* sent him, one day, a blue goblet with his pitcher of beer; but the captain broke it over the head of the boy who brought it to him. With the exception of this slight incident, he had always demeaned himself as the most pacific of men. He took pleasure in listening to the discussions of the visitors of the establishment, and each one willingly offered him a place at his table. He retired early, except on those evenings when the full moon shone in the heavens. Then he wandered during the whole night, through the streets of the city, like a soul escaped from purgatory.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE QUARREL.

ONE evening as two regiments met at Besançon, the one about to cross the frontiers, the other just returning home, the *Café des Droits de l'Homme*, (this was the name of the captain's favourite resort,) was filled with soldiers of the different branches of the service. Here old friends met, recognized each other amid clouds of tobacco-smoke, and nothing was heard for more than three quarters of an hour, but exclamations of friendship, of joy, and of surprise, hurried questions and recitals of adventures. Their effusions of tenderness, increased with their alcoholic libations.

All were highly excited. Scarcely amid the general din could be heard the dry sound of the billiard-cues, which, in these barbarous times, when the science of the game was in its infancy, were not furnished with leather at their extremities. The Blue Captain alone, seated upon a bench, with glassy eye, drooping head, and an air of melancholy dejection, seemed a stranger to this tumult. So deeply was he absorbed that he did not observe four or five persons, leaning upon their elbows, over a little round table near him, who spoke together in a low voice, gazing at him at the same time with glances of curiosity.

"What you say surprises me," said a commandant with grizzled moustaches, "such habits are very foreign to the man, if he is the one I take him to be. Still those are his features, but there is a jesuitical air about him, which I have never observed in him before. Where does he dwell?"

"He roosts over the roof of an arcade, adjoining a church, in a nest which he has hired, for a round sum, from the sexton of St. Maurice's, and were he offered

a *marechal's* baton in exchange for his *garret*, he would refuse it."

"Has he fought many duels since he has dwelt in Besançon?"

"He avoids them with the utmost care. The other day, a young fellow amused himself at his expense, by ridiculing his blue garments and melancholy visage; he made him no reply, and as the aggressor grew more impertinent, the captain suddenly turned pale and marched off.

The commandant appeared stupefied at this; after a moment's silence, he resumed:

"Well, well! do you know why *Morisset* (for this is the name of your Blue Captain,) do you know why he formerly renounced the trade of slaying fencing masters?"

"He?"

"Yes! In the first place, you must know that as soon as we were quartered in any town, he was in the habit of inquiring after the *maitres d'armes* of the place, insulting them, and killing them one after the other. He acted thus from philanthropy, he said, since these professors of the art of fencing caused the deaths of a great number of civilians, to whom, with incomplete principles of the science, they gave sufficient conceit to render them impertinent and quarrelsome. But *Morisset* a native of *Franche Comté*, of the old Spanish stamp, loved duelling like a Castilian, in a romantic poetic fashion. At the sight of a fair field he would ask for swords. He was daring to madness, to risk his life was his delight; blood was his passion, carnage his element, and he would scarcely now be on his feet, if fortune had not favoured him beyond all example."

"*Morbleu*, commandant! if we astonished you a moment since, you are returning it to us with usury."

"By and by," *Morisset* remarked, "that to slay *maitres d'armes* was a mere farce. It renders you respected by those around you." He said to us, "but if one needs a little exercise in the morning, it is hard to find a blade worth rubbing against your own. Besides, the captain, who was an excellent companion, had no other diversion but this. He seldom looked at the women; friendship had but little hold upon him, and wine did not heat him; arms alone could set his blood in motion. He took such pleasure in sanguinary sports, that like the bull he loved the colour of blood, and sought out red garments, which, as he said, delighted his eye, and stirred his brain with a joyous desire for tilting. Accordingly, on days of combat, he wore a large dark green mantle, faced with scarlet."

"*Peste!* what a demon!"

"I have forgotten to tell you that there lived one being in the world, for whom he would have ventured every thing, even his honour. This person was one of his cousins, named like himself, *Morisset*. In the regiment we called the latter *Morissot*, in order to distinguish them more easily. These two men, born on the same day, and suckled by the same nurse, had never parted before the campaign of Italy, which separated them for some years. They greatly resembled each other in character, their chivalrous passion for arms was equally ardent, and their reciprocal affection truly touching. I know not what has become of *Morissot*, who in his youth had a son as I have heard, whom he sent when very young to the

school at Brienne; this boy, I have been told, bore his mother's name."

The commandant was here interrupted by a lieutenant, a tall, handsome young man who was playing at billiards, and betting heavily upon the game, although his eyes, somewhat clouded with wine, gave him but a slender chance of success.

"*Vericour*," said the commandant, "husband your finances, we have yet two months to make shift, before we enter upon the campaign."

"*Basta!*" replied the other, "when my pockets are empty, I will draw at sight upon *Dalcý*."

"And *Dalcý* will not fail you, be sure of that!" cried *Vericour's* antagonist. As we have but one purse, and but one heart, it is the same thing, whether we lose millions to each other in gold or millions in assignats."

And the two friends pursued their game.

"These young officers," resumed the commandant with a smile, "are two charming lads. They are as fond of each other as the two *Morissets*, or *Orestes* and *Pylades*, *Castor* and *Pollux*. Well, it is very fortunate that they are betting against each other, for they are both so drunk that they would lose their very belts if they fell into the clutches of a sharper."

During this conversation, the Blue Captain had not opened his lips. Once only, and with an air almost mechanical, his glances had followed the lieutenant *Vericour*, and had then rested upon the face of the commandant.

"*Sacredieu!*" cried the latter, addressing his companions while he pushed back his glass, "I will drink no more to-day. This poor *Morisset* makes me sick at heart. He has gazed at me, he gazes at me still, and he does not recognize me, one of his oldest comrades!" The commandant now twirled his moustache with his finger to be able unobserved to wipe away a tear. "Ah, what poor devils we are! To see what a man can become! how lamentable to behold an honest fellow sunk to such a depth of degradation."

"Alas! the evil is without remedy."

"Who knows? I will speak to him, I will recall him to himself, I will arouse him from this lethargy. I cannot suffer a man to die by inches, and what is worse than to die thus."

Then approaching the Blue Captain, the old commandant grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"*Morisset*, do you not recognize me?"

The Captain started upon hearing his name, but without raising his eyes, he muttered:

"I recognized your voice, for I have been thinking of you for the last half hour."

"Do you remember, then, our happy days, our first campaigns, our old friendship?"

"Those are things of other times."

"Bah! the blade never rusts, and as to the scabbard—are not the soldiers of the republic framed of iron?"

"Everything grows old in this world, every thing has an end; I am a proof of it."

"You are more vigorous than you think, and as soon as you are weary of sleeping—"

"Never again will my hand touch the hilt of a sword the future has nothing in store for me."

"What is that you say? What terrible adventure could have changed you after this fashion."

Instead of responding, the captain turned away,



and making a gesture of adieu to his old comrade, he directed his steps toward the door.

"Do not imagine," said the latter, detaining him by the arm, "do not imagine that I will let you off thus. It is not every day that one meets with an old friend; time and the wars render the thing more and more rare."

"If you were indeed a friend, you would permit me to leave you; the sight of you, like that of any of our old comrades, makes me sad at heart, and nothing can console me."

"No, *parbleu!* you shall not leave me! I will not endure such an affront; even if I have to fight with you, you shall remain my prisoner."

The Blue Captain smiled sadly.

"I would rather," continued the commandant, "risk my breast against your devilish sword, if that could stir up your appetite for courage and strife, than see you sunk in this state of apathy. You tempt me to seek a quarrel with you."

"It is a right that each possesses here; these gentlemen will tell you that I serve as a target for the raillery of them all! As I have not purged this inn of these vermin, you might conclude that I have taken an oath never to touch a sword."

"The oath of a drunken man."

"I never get drunk. Let us speak of other matters. If it had been possible to change my views, certain men would have triumphed over my resistance. Pajol, Morand, Lecourbe, have beset me, and Oudet, more influential than them all, bore away no other advantage in the contest than that of having embroiled himself with me for ever."

The baffled commandant rubbed his chin with an air of resignation, and returning by an indirect path to his aim, he said:

"What has become of your cousin Morissot? have you heard of him lately?"

"Morissot! why do you speak to me of Morissot? what do you mean by it?" interrupted the Blue Captain, in an altered tone of voice.

"Why, I am surprised that he should have left you in the state in which I find you. There are ties which should never be severed."

The Blue Captain, strangely agitated, replied:

"You can insult me without danger, I no longer have arms wherewith to defend myself. Formerly one would not, with impunity, have uttered, in my presence, a malicious insinuation against my cousin Morissot—against my brother. If Morissot were here I should not be, alas! what I now am!"

With these words the Blue Captain dropped his head upon his breast; and without listening to the reply which the old commandant stammered forth, he remained sunk in deep meditation. When he raised his face, the commandant resumed:

"If I have grieved you, I regret it. The rumor runs that Morissot has disappeared, and that no one knows what has become of him. All search after him has been in vain, they say—I wished to know whether you were better informed in relation to him."

"You were setting a snare for me, then? Explain yourself? what is your meaning?"

Here the Blue Captain struck the table violently with his fist, then passing his hand across his eyes, he exclaimed:

"Oh, if you know any thing of my cousin, if you

know of some fearful mystery which has been hidden from me, tell me all! It is true, too true! Morissot has disappeared. Morissot! he alone in the world was near and dear to me, and I shall never see him again!"

The captain's last words were stifled by sobs; he concealed his face in his hands, leaned his elbow upon the table, and wept bitterly.

"Let us leave him," whispered the commandant. "A man does not like others to see him weep."

They then rose, and placed themselves before him to conceal him from the crowd, and feigned to interest themselves in the movements of the billiard players.

After a few moments the Blue Captain seized the commandant by the skirt of his coat, and drawing him upon a seat, he said:

"Be careful not to speak of me to any one, nor to relate our interview of this evening. All remarks and observations, when I am the object of them, are hateful to me; all I wish is *the blue, the blue*, and silence!"

Having said this, as if he felt the need of recruiting his strength, Captain Morisset swallowed in quick succession several glasses of kirsch wasser, and by degrees his eye regained its fire, like the flame of a dying lamp when refilled with oil.

"From all that I see," resumed the captain, "the recruits of your regiment are a fine set of lads. You have there several handsome looking officers. Those two lieutenants who are playing billiards, and who seem to be such friends, do they belong to your battalion?"

"Yes, but they will not remain with it long."

"Why not?"

"Because they will get a bullet in their heads at the first opportunity. These lads, Morisset, are brave as we were, and they are as fond of each other as you and—you know—*he* and you."

"How fortunate they are!" murmured the captain.

"The taller of the two, Vericour, has one fault."

"I am sorry for it; he is the one that I prefer, and I feel almost softened as I look upon him. What a face and mien for an officer!"

"True, but the fellow is possessed with a mania for duelling, just as we were in—92, and even later."

"And you call that a fault?" cried the captain warmly.

But suddenly his visage darkened, and he added in an emphatic tone:

"You are right; it is worse than a fault; it is a misfortune; a misfortune greater than he imagines, and my interest for him now changes into compassion."

It was now the commandant's turn to defend the man whom he had blamed, but Morisset continued to gaze sadly upon Vericour, and repeated:

"It is a pity!"

"Ah, ha!" cried the old commandant, laughing, "you have bullied more civilians than a bishop could confess, and——"

"I was wrong! I no longer approve of these things."

"By my faith, Morisset, you have the air of a Capuchin."

"If the order were still in existence, I know a man who would have worn the cowl for the last five years."

"Indeed?" cried the commandant.

And pointing to the dress of the captain, he continued :

"But your love for the blue ! how then would you have gratified that ?"

"Henri, a good monk seeks the blue in the heavens."

Their conversation was here interrupted. A dispute had arisen at a short distance from them, and in the midst of the general din, they did not at first distinguish the originators of the quarrel. The commandant at once arose and advanced towards them, to interpose with the authority of his rank, when, to his great vexation, he perceived that a most violent altercation had arisen between Vericour and Daley, who were both highly excited by the punch which they had been drinking.

As to the origin of the quarrel it was impossible to discover it. Vericour had reproached Daley with having some grains of pride in his composition, and the latter had called his friend "the Telemachus of the garrison"—words which seemed to all present entirely devoid of sense, but not so to Vericour, who angrily declared that in uttering them Daley had been guilty of an infamous act, and one worthy of chastisement, upon which the latter exclaimed :

"The menaces of this warrior are not alarming ; his prudence shelters him behind a pious oath ; he cannot pursue a gallant adventure to an end, until he is freed from it, and this he hopes will never be the case."

"It is ignominious !" cried Vericour. "I see too late the meanness of your character ; contempt will avenge me of your perfidy."

"Contempt is a woman's weapon ; it suits with your courage."

"Daley !" cried the other in a voice of thunder, and advancing toward him with a gesture of fury, "I will have satisfaction for this !"

This scene had passed amid the tumult caused by the anxious spectators, and by friends who endeavored to pacify the disputants, and to learn which of the two was in the wrong.

Thus far the Blue Captain, who had an unconquerable aversion to duelling, had looked on in sadness, muttering bitterly :

"Two friends ! two brothers ! The unhappy youths ; what grief they are preparing for themselves !"

But at the moment when a challenge was about to pass between them, resuming his former energy to save them, he said quickly to the old officer :

"They must be separated at once, before some serious insult renders all accommodation impossible. Do you secure Daley ; I will see to the other."

The movement of the commandant was so rapid, that Daley, who was advancing towards his rival, found himself face to face with the cold, stern visage of his superior officer, who ordered him to return to his quarters, and remain there under arrest for four and twenty hours. Daley did not venture to resist. He retired slowly, but as he crossed the threshold, he turned in a state of high exasperation, and cried to his former friend :

"In two days, sir !"

Vericour could not reply to this challenge, for he was sufficiently occupied with Captain Morisset. The latter, convinced that a single word more would render a meeting unavoidable, had grasped the furious

Vericour by the arm, and wheeling him around, hurled him to the extremity of the room. He then seized him by the wrists, and in spite of the young man's resistance, the Blue Captain held his prisoner motionless as an infant until Daley had left the apartment. The spectators, accustomed to divert themselves without fear at the expense of Morisset, were stupefied at this proceeding, while the Blue Captain very calmly said to Vericour, who foamed with rage :

"Gently, gently ! Oh, you shall not escape me, my son. You shall stand fixed and motionless in the first position, like a wooden saint in his niche of stone."

The lieutenant, overwhelmed with shame, muttered :

"Let me go, sir ; I will not try to escape."

"Listen to me, lieutenant ; I am old enough to be your father, and if I were so, I should condemn your conduct openly. You have but one friend, and you would deprive yourself of him."

"I do not meddle with your affairs, sir."

"But I meddle with yours, because it suits me, because you are mad, and—because you please me. Your friend was drunk, and when a man is in full possession of his faculties, he should be more magnanimous and less irascible. A pretty quarrel, by my faith, and begun, as they say, in a dispute about politics."

This tone was beginning to have its effect upon the young man. But the guests of the *Café des Droits de l'Homme*, accustomed to look at the Blue Captain as an object of mirth and raillery, laughed insolently at the new character which he assumed.

"After all," resumed the lieutenant, who had now grown calm, "what is done is done ; the wine is drawn ; we will drink it day after to-morrow."

"And I maintain that you shall not drink it."

"A meeting is indispensable, sir. In the first place, I have been challenged ; then, Daley, who was no more drunk than I, has said things, the import of which I alone can understand—things which require blood. Lastly, I have promised to fight, and I have never in my life forfeited my word."

"Well then, you will begin to-day."

"I swear, sir, that I will fight."

"And I swear, sir, that you shall not fight."

"The reason, if you please."

"Because I will not permit it."

At these words of the Blue Captain, accompanied as they were, by a significant gesture, the visitors of the *Café* burst into loud laughter, and began as usual to divert themselves with the captain. They vied with each other in assailing him with their witticisms. Seeing him thus beset, Vericour remained undecided. Morisset divined what was passing in the young man's bosom, and aware that if he wished to preserve his influence over him, it was necessary to acquire on the spot the respect of the crowd, he attained his object by one of those sudden impulses which are as simple as they are singular.

"Laugh as much you please," he cried, "if I did not look upon you as children, I would long since have tossed you out of the windows. And now, I require you to be silent."

The bursts of laughter were redoubled at these words.

"*Diantre !* they cried, "the Blue Captain is waking up ; what an Achilles !"



"Hold," he said to them, "I will soon silence you."

With these words, he caught up quickly three reed canes, which were near at hand, rubbed their extremities with chalk, buttoned up his coat, and said with a laugh to Vericour:

"You are about to witness a pretty duel."

Then addressing the two most skilful swordsmen among the insolent crowd around him, and placing in the hand of each a cane:

"I will attack you both at once," he cried, putting himself in a posture of defence, "and if I do not mark you each with two white spots, before either of you hits me, I will consent to be considered as great a blockhead as yourselves."

The two individuals thus addressed, attacked Morisset with a mixture of surprise and scorn. The latter, the more evidently to display his superiority, confined himself to the defensive. The three canes clashed and crossed each other rapidly, but neither of the combatants were marked. Suddenly the Blue Captain exclaimed:

"It is my turn, gentlemen!"

His adversaries grew more serious. Morisset held himself very erect; his cane, though but slightly moved, turned aside the thrusts of his antagonists. A succession of rapid passes now followed, upon which a white spot appeared on the breasts of the captain's antagonists. The spectators uttered a cry of astonishment. Morisset had not even broken ground. Scarcely had the two champions parried a feint, when they received a second stroke in the stomach. The Blue Captain had advanced upon the second antagonist, and had trust at him with such vivacity, that the vanquished fell backward upon a table amid the shouts of the multitude.

Disdaining to enjoy his triumph, and to listen to the eulogiums of the crowd, Morisset took Vericour's arm, and led him into a corner, saying with an air of great gentleness:

"It was necessary for me to rid myself of this scum without harming them, for they are neither malicious nor dangerous. Well, then, my good friend, you will follow my example, you will exercise moderation, and this affair will end without evil consequences."

"Captain," replied Vericour, "my heart is deeply wounded. If I do not fight with Daley, I shall hate him all my life."

"Hate your best friend! What a fate are you preparing for yourself! Believe me, sir, the most unfortunate of the two will be the vanquisher; his repose, his honor, his very courage, yes, his courage, will perish in this victory. Oh, when you have slain him, you will know how dear he is to you; you will then behold him in your dreams weeping at your bedside: all joy will leave you; you will be sad in the bivouac, on the eve of battle—you will see—"

"The interest that you take in my behalf affects me; but this combat is necessary, is inevitable, and I repeat again that it shall take place!"

"And I repeat the contrary," replied Morisset, "and to prevent it—even though I must tell you—tell you all—my dear friend, will you force me to this trial, will you refuse to listen to my remonstrances? Once more, and from the bottom of my soul, I conjure you," added the captain, as he wiped away a tear, "I conjure you by your father—"

"My father! alas, I have none now!" murmured the lieutenant in a gloomy tone.

"By your mother, then, by your sister, by all that you love in this world."

"I have a mother—but I have never been able to love her."

"*Sacrebleu!* you have but a single friend then, and you would shed his blood!"

"Such remarks at a moment when I have need of all my firmness, are out of place, and you will permit me, sir, to—"

"I do not know you; I have never seen you before this evening; but if I succeed in compromising this sad affair, into which you have blindly thrown yourself, if I avert the remorse, the grief which awaits you, I shall enjoy the only satisfaction that I yet can hope for, and it seems as if I should recover the repose which I have lost."

"It appears," thought Vericour, "that this poor man, whose harmless madness is so calm and quiet, has sometimes his hours of delirium."

"Well, then," continued the Blue Captain, fixing a keen glance upon the youth, "you promise me that this quarrel shall end here?"

"It struck ten some time ago," replied Vericour, with a calm smile, "it is bed time; good night, captain!"

"You do not answer me."

"Be at ease; we will arrange it all. We will discuss the subject at another time."

"And is this all you have to say?" rejoined Morisset. "Well, then, since you require something more than arguments, since, to shake your purpose, it is necessary to employ this last weapon, which I cannot handle without wounding myself—come, let us leave this house! follow me!"

With these words the captain led the young lieutenant from the apartment, and the guests of the *Cafe des Droits de l'Homme*, watched their departure in silence, without indulging in any remarks.

At the moment when they turned the corner of the *Rue de la Bibliotheque*, they heard these last words addressed by the Blue Captain to his companion:

"My friend, you have wished it; well then, you shall know all, let it cost what it may; but *par le diable*, you will no longer wish to fight."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE DUEL.

The *Rue de la Bibliotheque* was at that time, as it is to-day, one of the most lonely streets in the city, but the houses were even less numerous and more gloomy than at present. Weeping willows, poplars and acacais, bent their pale verdure over the walls of the chapter of Saint Maurice, and strewed their dead leaves upon the pavement.

Our young lieutenant, yielding to the moral ascendancy of the captain, and stimulated by curiosity, suffered Morisset to lead him onward in silence. Besides, Vericour was of an adventurous turn of mind, and he was not unwilling to be initiated into the secret of his new friend. When they had reached

the extremity of the street, beneath the arcade of Saint Maurice, the Blue Captain turned suddenly to the right, opened a small, black door, which was covered with dust and rust, and having made a sign to his companion, he entered. After having crossed a corridor, and ascended several steps of stone stairway, Vericour found himself in a chamber where Morisset struck a light.

The captain's apartment presented an aspect of the utmost poverty and discomfort. His truckle bed was shaded by two curtains of blue serge, similar to those which hung before the windows, which were patched with pieces of brown paper. The walls, which were naked of all ornament, were provided with several nails upon which hung pipes, an old chapeau, a blue vest, and two swords, carefully wrapped in a piece of old serge, covered with dust. Finally, the drawer of a large oaken table held the captain's wardrobe.

It was easy to see that the captain swept his chamber and made his bed himself, for the room was ill swept and the bed in disorder.

Still Morisset offered a seat to his guest with a courteous air, and having reached him a pipe, lighted his own. He then seated himself in silence upon the edge of his bed, and seemed to seek an exordium to his discourse. At last he muttered, in a gloomy tone,

"Five years ago I was one of the most brilliant officers in the army; a place was marked out for me, they said, in the highest ranks; I was devoured by ambition, and success followed me everywhere. Upon my return from Egypt, I received my brevet of *chef de escadron*. Alas!

"Eight days after I gave in my resignation to the first consul, who replied by sending me a colonel's brevet, which I also returned to him. I mentioned these circumstances to no one, for fear of increasing the zeal of some obstinate friends, who were resolved to rouse me from the condition into which I had fallen. At this hour that I am speaking to you, I should have been a General—I, who have sunk lower than the meanest soldier—I, who am no longer fit to be a commissary's lackey."

"Confess it is something of a change. Well, this change is the work, not of remorse—no—but of regret—a regret, terrible, indeed, and overwhelming. Ah! you have a friend, and you would slay him. Listen to me, and learn the price of such a deed! The soldier, as you know, has neither wife, nor children, nor father, nor brother, nor cousins. In these times of war, he breaks loose from all he leaves behind him, and the world is for him but a petty village, with the standard of his regiment for his steeple. Still, as the heart needs affection, when a brave companion comes within his reach, he fastens upon him, and a friendship ensues, in which he combines all that love which he would have scattered upon ten different heads. The brother-in-arms stands in the place of father, mother, brother, of all kindred. Real friendship is found only in the camp. When, therefore, you have slain this Daley, you will feel the same despair as if you had assassinated all your kindred."

"If I still loved him, you would be right," replied Vericour; "but, since his base conduct, I despise him."

"Oh, sir, you love him still, for you speak of him with passion, and, besides, one cannot pass thus from affection to indifference. On the day of anger one does not foresee the bitterness of the morrow. Good

God! if I had been as culpable as you aspire to be, I could not have borne the burden of my remorse; I should have sought refuge in suicide. Perhaps I would have done well thus to avoid long griefs, and to have rejoined my poor Morisset."

"Morisset!" re-echoed the young lieutenant, casting a glance of astonishment upon the Blue Captain.

"It was the name of my best friend," continued the old officer. "Besides, he was my kinsman, and our affection dated almost from our birth. Morisset had the good fortune to save my life on two occasions. Fortune separated us for the first time in 1796, and we parted without tears, but with bitter woe in our hearts. Oh, how long and painful were these four years of absence! One evening on my return from Egypt, as I entered the *Cafe des Droits de l'Homme*, I heard the sound of a voice which I at once recognized as his; I uttered a cry, I called to him, for I could not distinguish him in the crowd; a colonel of the dragoons, who had his back to me, rose suddenly, looked in my face, and rushed into my arms. Our four years of absence were forgotten."

Here the Blue Captain laid aside his pipe, and as if choked by the emotion caused by the remembrance of that hour, he paced his chamber with rapid strides to subdue his feelings. Suddenly he approached Vericour, who was listening with intense interest, and grasping him by the arm, he muttered:

"Two hours after Morisset was dead!"

The lieutenant started, while the captain concealing his face in his hands, wrestled against a violent fit of despair.

"You are a witness of my torture, sir; still, I am not guilty; my conscience sleeps in peace, my heart alone wakes, and it bleeds with a wound that is incurable. Morisset was to leave the city on the morrow; much had been drunk, as on this night; much had been spoken of the past and of our youth, as also on this night. He had told me of his last duels, and I related mine to him; we were more joyous than the birds in the bushes.

"We loved duelling to madness. Whence came this passion? I cannot tell. This old city of Besançon, dark and solitary, surrounded with solid rocks, crowned with turrets and bastions; this strong hold, with its air of gloom, where, at each hour, sound in the midst of silence, military trumpets and the bells of the cathedrals, exercise a strange influence upon the character of its sons, imbued, as they are, with the rude and austere wildness of the old Spaniards of the Duke of Alva's time.

Morisset and I had, like many others, some drops of this acrimonious blood in our veins, and nothing had yet tempered it. The sons of Besançon do not fight like those of other cities; they have their duels *en règle*, seconds who take part in the affair as in the times of our fathers, and the business is settled upon the rocks, or in some gloomy defile, the very sight of which inspires a thirst for blood. You can have no idea of the number of admirable spots for single combat; glens, dismal sites, and gloomy nooks with which nature has furnished the environs of this ancient city of Philip II. The mere aspect of the bridge of Secours, at the bottom of a chaos of solid rocks, upon which rise, like hydraheads, two fortresses, with their white notched battlements, would have sufficed to inspire Cain with the thought of the first murder. In my youth they



spoke at Besançon of nought but combats, of transfixed hearts, and of deaths by the sword. The very forests of the neighbourhood have received a tinge of gloom from the poetic narratives of brigands and guerillas.

"Well, my friend, we had slain many a man without scruple, without regret, and with great zest. This passion for single combat extinguished in our bosoms every other. What was gaming, at which we risked a few pieces of money, in comparison with that game in which we staked our lives upon the hazard? Women, notwithstanding our youth, and their beauty, interested us but slightly; we valued life only for the pleasure of seeking incessantly after death.

"It is necessary to explain this feature of our characters, to mention those singularities which are unintelligible to any other than a native of Besançon of the old stamp and standard, that you may comprehend the rest of my narrative.

"After a separation of four years, we left together the *Café des Droits de l'Homme*; my hand was leaning upon his arm, and he exclaimed from time to time:

"What a pleasure, my friend, what a happiness to meet again!"

"We laughed and wept alternately; our joy was perfect madness. I led my cousin to the hotel in which I lodged:

"As we traversed the arcade of Saint Maurice, over which I now dwell, Morissot dropped my arm, turned, and gazing at the corner of the street in which we stood, he called my attention to its air of solemnity and grandeur. The full moon had risen behind the palace Granvelle, whose massive walls, black as ink, cast their battlemented shadows upon the pavement.

"All slept in the city; the temples, closed since the revolution, had assumed the silence and the aspect of ruins; one could have imagined that he was wandering by night in the square of some city of Andalusia. Morissot was struck by the beauty of the scene.

"There is nothing like absence from our country to render us sensible of its beauties," he exclaimed. "I have passed this corner of the street, twenty times in my youth, without remarking it; I have not seen it for seven years, and now I find it magnificent."

"In truth," I replied, "this dark square, surrounded by antique architecture, would be a fine scene for an encounter."

"These reflections had revived the romantic visions of our youth—our imaginations grew more and more excited. Morissot wrapped in a large, grey mantle, stood in a striking posture upon the border of the shadow; the clash of his sabre upon the pavement sounded like charming music, and the moon seemed to draw sparks from his casque, the long crest of which streamed to the breath of the breeze.

"My friend," he exclaimed, in a transport of delight, "what a fine spot for single combat."

"I had placed my hand, that trembled restlessly, upon the hilt of my sword, which vibrated in the scabbard, as if it understood me.

"By my faith," I replied, "you are right, cousin, it would be a pleasure worthy an emperor to draw blade here."

"There is no resisting it," he cried. "How if we should amuse ourselves a little before going to bed? what say you?"

"His sabre already flashed in the moonlight. He

placed himself in a posture of defence before me, after having drawn his mantle about him, the half of which he cast back over his left shoulder; this mantle was faced with scarlet.

"Our assault commenced in the midst of the most lively gaiety; we were so happy to cross blades together after so long an absence, and to enjoy in company the poetic emotions which were felt equally by us both; we jested as we made our passes, and we admired the effect of the two blades, which sparkled in the night like flashes of lightning in a cloud.

"The clash of steel delighted us infinitely, and the contrast of our menacing attitude with our mutual affection, caused us to feel more vividly and exquisitely the strength of the friendship which united us. Soon the game increased in interest for us; we endeavored to display our dexterity; our joy became more concentrated, more in harmony with the gloomy objects around us; our words became more rare, our breathing more hurried.

"Oh, frenzied and insatiable passion! the fatal declivity dragged us down its slope, and although vaguely comprehending its danger, we still continued our perilous sport. Each kept himself vigilantly on the defensive, divining the temptation of the other, and fearing to yield to his own.

"In a few moments nothing was heard but the sound of two sabres, clashing rapidly together. Suddenly the red facing of Morissot's mantle irritated my eye (this color had always fretted my vision strangely.) I straightened my limbs, endeavoring to combat this influence; but I felt that the scarlet was beginning to attract the point of my sword, and that this attraction was rapidly gaining strength. Three times I muttered:

"Brother, throw aside your mantle, hide that red; it burns my eye."

"Too deeply absorbed in the pleasure of the game to hear me, he did not pause, and his blade gliding beneath my vest, inflicted a flesh wound upon my breast.

"At the slight cry of surprise which escaped me, he asked:

"Are you wounded?"

"No, no! go on, go on!"

"I had withdrawn my hand from my bosom covered with blood, and my eye still fell upon that scarlet facing.

"It is nothing then," muttered Morissot, "Ha! the charming little combat!"

"Conceal that facing!" I cried, impatiently. "You know how I dislike it."

"Have I time?" he cried, with a burst of laughter.

"A cloud now veiled the moon; the darkness inspired me with a strange and secret desire to see blood flow. Already my hand trembled; I was wounded a second time. Then a violent feeling of irritation entered my brain, as I saw that Morissot, by his pertinacity, in displaying the scarlet facings of his cloak, exposed me to the hazard of doing him mischief. It seemed to me as if the red braved me. Then my cousin was forgotten as if he had been absent, and I fought against—against the red, and the intoxication of the duel then commenced for me!"

"This lasted but for a moment. Morissot fell at my feet, with his forehead to the earth, without even uttering a groan. He was dead! I had killed him, sir, I had killed him!"

And overwhelmed by this terrible remembrance, the Blue Captain, sinking first upon his knees, fell at last upon the floor. The unhappy man tore his hair, he wept and groaned, and was convulsed with despair. With his eyes fixed, his arms crossed, Vericour, motionless as a statue, gazed in silence at the wretched man. Presently Morisset arose pale and breathless, and said in an agitated voice:

"Look now at the effects of this terrible but involuntary crime, and to-morrow, if you have the courage, bathe your sword in the blood of your best friend. You have seen already the suffering caused by regret; you will then learn the tortures of remorse. It is but to make the trial, sir, and if your reason does not yield to it, you may be assured that you have a heart of granite."

"Since that fatal day," continued Morisset, "all my strength has left me. The grief that I had brought upon my own head, taught me to reflect upon that which I must have inflicted upon others in the course of my numerous duels. All the blood that I had shed rose up against my conscience like an enormous wave, beneath which I lay engulfed. Sleep fled me, ambition, courage, love of glory—that last passion, which outlives all others. Deep terror has seized my soul; the sight of a sword makes me tremble with fear. Should I receive an insult; I, the noted duelist, I would cast myself into the river rather than draw blade against a fellow creature. Red is hateful to my eyes—and this, sir, is not a whim, a caprice of madness," added the Blue Captain, "it is a torture unknown to mortals!"

"Fortune has had compassion upon me but for a moment—on this evening—it has given me the strength to confide this secret to you; it has linked my life to the hope of preserving you from torments such as mine. If I must confess all, sir, you have found, I know not how, the key to my heart, which I thought lost forever. For your features recall to my mind those of my poor Morissot; when I gaze upon you it seems as if he stood before me."

"Indeed?" replied Vericour, in a strange tone, and manifesting but little sympathy for the desolate man, he added:

"You have not yet told me what became of the body of your unfortunate comrade."

"The affair had had no witnesses; the laws could pursue me and brand me with infamy. The thought of my honor compromised, of my name coupled upon the benches of the tribunals with that of an assassin, at once gave me the calmness necessary to conceal the deed. As my cousin was to leave Besançon at break of day, I knew that no one would remark his absence."

"In one of the most gloomy recesses of this deserted street there was a little gate, half mouldered, which opened upon the gardens of the ancient chapter of Saint Maurice. This enclosure, abandoned since the revolution, terminated in an old cemetery in which the popular fury had violated several tombs. The gate yielded easily to my efforts; I closed it after me, and after depositing Morissot's remains in an open tomb, which I covered with stones, I returned in strange calmness."

"The following days were terrible, but I remained impassive. It is these efforts to conceal the deed that have crushed me; these combats against despair and fear which have destroyed me. They have

caused that prostration from which I shall never recover. I still think that I hear the remains of my poor friend fall dull and heavy into the tomb—those dear remains, in the presence of which I cried with a pitiless voice: 'You must think no longer of him, you must not weep for him!'"

At these words Vericour shuddered from head to foot; he then rose sadly, walked across the chamber, and leaned against the window in a pensive attitude, with his eyes raised to Heaven. He remained long in this position. His silent posture manifested so evidently the reverie of a man absorbed in serious thought, that Morisset, ever distrustful, was struck with it, and said harshly:

"Of what are you thinking?"

"I am thinking of Daley, who accused me of entrenching myself behind a solemn vow, and of fearing to fight, before I have accomplished it."

"What! are you still thinking of that affair?"

"Daley added that I hoped never to be relieved from an oath so convenient. Well, if the opportunity which I have sought for all my life, of fulfilling the duty that I have imposed upon myself, should offer, and I should neglect to seize it—"

"Then Daley would be right. An oath is a sacred thing, which a man cannot break without disgrace, if the object is an honorable one. I do not know the purport of yours."

"To avenge my father, sir!"

"In such an affair the slightest hesitation is dishonorable, and there is nothing either in your heart or in outward circumstances which could arrest your hand—nothing except cowardice. But you are very inconsistent, very strange; you, who, having but one friend in the world, can find no reason to prevent your slaying him, and yet, having a father to avenge, discover motives to deter you from it."

During these remarks Vericour seemed disturbed by a violent mental conflict. At last he appeared to have formed his resolution, for, turning to the captain with great gravity and calmness, he said:

"You speak truly, Captain, and your advice leads me back upon the right road. Yes, if yielding to vain scruples, I should to-day abandon a project, long formed, and rooted in my soul, I should repent it while I live. Still, sir, I owe you a debt of gratitude, and it is but right that I should pay it. For your sake then, I will not fight with Daley."

"You are a man of honor, I am convinced of it, and it is unnecessary to recommend secrecy to you respecting this deplorable event. I have every thing to fear should it be divulged, for, notwithstanding the dangers of my situation, I have preserved certain articles which would bear serious testimony against me in a court of law. Those two swords, wrapped in a piece of stuff, which I have never dared to unfold, are those we wielded in that fatal combat—the silver hilted one was his, the Colonel's, and his red mantle—that mantle stained with his blood—ah! I have not looked upon it for five long years—that mantle is there beneath my pillow. I will never part with it. Let them assail my life, I will not defend it; but should they try to rob me of these treasures, I would die to preserve them."

The Blue Captain had scarcely uttered these words when Vericour, taking down the two sabres, and seizing that of the Colonel's, tore the mantle



from the bed of the terrified host, and said, casting to him the other blade :

"I seize upon this heritage, and if you still lay claim to it, try to obtain it by force of arms."

At the sight of these weapons and the mantle, whose scarlet folds, as it unrolled, appeared spotted with blood, Morisset stood stupefied, and made no attempt to detain the young Lieutenant, who had now left the apartment. When the Blue Captain had recovered from his shock, he perceived that he held his sabre in his hand, that steel, the instrument of so many deeds of blood. His first movement was to cast it from him in horror; but he remembered the Lieutenant, and hurried after him.

He overtook him beneath the arch of Saint Maurice. He had thrown the mantle across his shoulders, and with the scarlet facings displayed, it enveloped the young officer's form.

On beholding him thus clad, and on this spot, the Captain started backward, exclaiming:

"Great God! it is Morisset himself!"

Then the scarlet color having wearied his glance, he began to seek the blue, and his head turned mechanically to heaven. Not a cloud stained its azure vault. The full moon softened the hue of the firmament, beneath which the palace of Granville displayed its battlements of black granite. These circumstances recalled to the Captain's mind the most terrible scene of his life; recalled it in all its horrors; his brain reeled, his senses seemed to desert him. Five years disappeared from his memory, for a moment he thought himself standing face to face with his old friend. Vericour waited for him to recover from this illusion, and when the Captain demanded his name and the cause of his conduct, he replied:

"I am the man who hates you, the man who will avenge him whom you have assassinated. In vain you seek to color the fearful deed by some plea of passing madness. The Colonel did not wish your blood; it was your hellish pride, which, wounded by the scratch from his sword, impelled you to butcher him. Defend yourself, then, wretch!"

"Restore that of which you have robbed me, sir, and cover me then with insults and with shame; I will not resist, for you would not place in the hands of justice a secret upon which depend my honor, and the honor of my name."

"I do not know what it may please me to do, but I will keep these spoils. Crushed, broken down, smitten to the depths of my heart, I must have blood. If not yours now it shall be Daley's to-morrow, for vengeance is due to me."

"In that case," said the unhappy Morisset, "it is better that I should be the victim."

But in place of putting himself in a posture of defence, the Blue Captain, who was twirling his sabre in the air, stamped here and there with a measured tread, contending between his former nature and the impulse of the moment. He beheld gleam before him that sad hue which had led to the deplorable drama that had destroyed him.

"It is horrible!" he cried, "to find myself here at night, with arms in hand, face to face with this lad, who resembles him so closely, and whom I already love. What an expiation!"

Vericour, however, was at a loss as to the means which he should employ to stimulate the Captain. He was unwilling to reveal his name, as this, per-

haps, would render the combat impossible, and, still, his increasing ardor convinced him of the necessity of this combat which he had resolved upon. He approached Captain Morisset to inflict some personal outrage upon him, but respect and compassion checked his hand. He tried, to no purpose, the effect of some insulting remarks; at last he slightly pricked the old officer in the side; the latter bounded, and the wild beast half opened his eye, but it was soon closed again. The attempt had this result, however: by an instinct of his nature, Morisset, without taking an attitude of defence, began to repulse his adversary's blade to prevent it from reaching him.

"It is fine tilting beneath these old walls," said Vericour, with the air of a man who is enjoying an exquisite pleasure.

"Serpent!" muttered the Captain.

Clash followed clash, as the Lieutenant's sabre rang loud and clear against the blade of the Captain. By degrees the shock of the two weapons stirred the old soldier's nerves; his arm was thrilled with a restless sensation that ascended to his heart, which now beat more hurriedly. After some moments of this exercise, the Blue Captain exclaimed:

"No, no! it is for me to die. Silence, my old brain! Strike then, trembler! Why do you wait?"

"For you to guard yourself better; you have not the skill to contend with me."

"Bah!" replied the Captain, dealing two or three rapid thrusts.

The Lieutenant hastened to parry and return them, in order to lead his antagonist still deeper into the combat; for he wished to contend loyally, at his own risk and peril. There was a short silence. The Captain took pleasure in maintaining his defence; he parried as if in sport, and with every variety of ward. Soon, in the intervals between their assaults, Vericour, in feeling his antagonist's blade, perceived that Morisset's fingers had gained life and meaning. Then, by the rays of the moon, he saw how the old duellist laughed noiselessly. Suddenly a change came over him; his wrist stiffened like a steel spring; his chest was thrown forward, his blade became light and flexible, and he cried with all his strength:

"Boy! conceal the red! I burn, I burn! away!"

From this moment Vericour took the matter seriously. He, in his turn, straightened his limbs, held his foot firm, and his eye open.

"That red! that red!" repeated Morisset with a stifled voice.

Three minutes after his adversary lay pierced through and through at the feet of the Captain, who gazed upon his victorious sabre with child-like joy.

Presently Vericour raised his head from the earth, and made a sign that he wished to speak. His antagonist, having leaned over him, the Lieutenant said in a faint voice:

"I can now pity you, sir; I can now love you, and tell you so; for I have done my duty. You will say to Daley—"

"What shall I say to Daley?"

"You will bear to him the farewell of his friend Vericour! do you hear? of the son of Colonel Morisset."

Recalled to himself by this revelation, Morisset uttered a loud cry and fell backward upon the pavement. This was the last gleam of reason.

At break of day the body of the Lieutenant was

found beneath the arch of Saint-Maurice. The search made in the lodgings of the Blue Captain, who had accompanied him from the *café*, led to no discovery. The old officer had disappeared, and they sought for him for two days in vain.

Dalcy, who had been so eager to shed the blood of his best friend, fell into despair on hearing of his tragical end.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### CONCLUSION.

Two months after this duel, which had resounded through all Besançon, a patrol of cavalry was suddenly assailed by a man covered with rags, and armed with a sabre. They tried in vain to seize him, but he glided between the legs of the horses and fled, crying :

"It was I who killed him! it was I who killed him!"

Dalcy, who commanded the patrol, recognized the voice of the Blue Captain. Burning to avenge the death of his friend, he hurried with his men after the madman, and when he had reached the corner of a street, he leaped from his horse to seize him. Morisset, with his back planted against the wall, held him at bay; they crossed blades, and the young officer fell backward into the arms of the soldiers who had hastened up to defend him.

This occurred beneath the arch of Saint-Maurice, whither the Blue Captain had wandered, under the influence of habit.

While some were aiding Dalcy, two other horsemen prepared to seize the culprit, who did not attempt to escape; but suddenly he reeled, tottered like a drunken man, and then fell upon the pavement.

His lips were covered with foam, and his face was purple. He was dead, stricken by an attack of epilepsy. He had not received the slightest wound.

## THE WEALTHY UNION, OR MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE.

A TRUE TALE, BY NOVICE OF VA.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Well, Mary,"—said Mrs. Davis, addressing her daughter—"Mr. Branson has asked your hand in marriage, and your father has granted the boon."

"I hope not, mother,"—replied Mary, as she glided into the room, with a smile radiating her expressive countenance, and a step as free as the May breeze,—"*I hope not*, for I thought I had already given father enough of objections to satisfy him it would never be with my consent. There is too great disparity in our ages. He is almost forty, and I scarce twenty-one. Mother, I cannot love him."

"But you know, Mary," resumed Mrs. Davis, "that Mr. Branson is looked upon as a gentleman of fortune. And although I have heard it said that he was parsimonious; and that he had treated some of his poor debtors very cruelly; yet I think you would live quite happily with him."

"No, mother, I think not; Mr. Branson is a man of the world, and all he does is to promote self-interest. He is very selfish, and a stranger to the finer feelings of the human heart. Then how can my father expect me to love a man, whose heart is iron, encased in steel. But perhaps father knows best, I shall obey." Saying this, she left her mother's apartment and entered her own; which from the neatness and order exhibited in all its parts, showed that Mary Davis was not a stranger to the duties of housewifery. She drew a chair up to the window looking towards the west; and with her arm resting on the frame, and her head gently stooping forward; she gazed out sadly upon the setting sun, as he threw up into the blue vault of heaven his last lingering rays. The sad expression of her features lent a charm to her beautiful face.

Her high, intellectual forehead, was slightly relieved by masses of glossy curls, which floated around a neck of whitest alabaster. And her deep blue eyes looking out from under their long silken lashes, mirrored forth a soul of angelic purity. Such was the being about to be offered upon the altar of Mammon. Mary was silent for awhile, but thoughts of a saddening character followed each other in quick succession athwart her mind. "In so short a time, then," she at length murmured, "I am to marry a man I can never love. Although I once gave father my objections to the union, still he persists. I once had hope, but now that is gone, and the reality stands before my eyes." She covered her face with her hands, and a crystal tear stole silently down her flushed cheek. The only vent to a heart already wounded to the core.

#### CHAPTER II.

Soon after Mary left her mother's apartment, Mr. Davis entered. He was a man well advanced in years, and the deep wrinkles that marked his face showed that he had seen care and hard labor.—Having sprung from poor parentage, by dint of economy and perseverance he had reared a large family in comfort, and possessed himself of considerable property. Knowing, as he had, the wants of poverty and the enjoyments of plenty, we should not wonder that Mr. Davis felt anxious his daughter should marry a man of property; and from habits of continually devising plans for making money, his mind had become sordid. Dull to all other attachments, he was emphatically a dollar-loving man. Hence, nothing recommended a man to his



favor with so much force, as when he was considered wealthy. But why should we blame Mr. Davis for looking upon wealth as the magnet of society, as the only means of carrying man into its higher circles? All the world has set it up as a criterion, by which to judge of men's fitness for its different grades. No matter if it has been acquired by the basest of means; no difference if it has been amassed by reducing to penury and want the widow or the orphan, the innocent or the weak.—So a man has wealth, its glitter hides all other blemishes, and he is a gentleman worthy of all trust, and the highest circles of society are opened to him.

Alas! Alas! "Money is the root of all evil," and true worth availeth a man but little. But to return to our narrative. Mr. Davis took a chair, and having mused for a few moments, inquired for his daughter.

"She has gone to her room," answered his wife.

"Have you disclosed to her yet my intentions?"

"I have; and she seemed much grieved when I did it."

"Pshaw! this is nothing but a childish air of her's, and it is all a notion that she cannot live happily with Mr. Branson. What more can she wish for than to enjoy his wealth? Although Mr. Branson is well advanced in years, yet he can make up for the loss of youthful charms, by those more lasting and solid—yes," continued the old man as a smile played over his rough features, and his eyes danced with joy at the thought, "Mr. Branson is wealthy, and wealth is honor, you know, my dear. I shall have this affair brought to a close in a short time. Such matches cannot be made every day. Worth an hundred thousand—a fine house—broad lands—every thing the heart can desire. Why the girl must be foolish. But I must hear nothing more of this. Her hand has been pledged to him; and Sam Davis is not the man to break his word. And I wish you, my dear, to make every preparation necessary for the marriage. In three weeks at farthest I will have the nuptials solemnized." Saying this rather as a soliloquy, than to his wife, he departed.

### CHAPTER III.

Mary was sitting still with her face buried in her hands, and was so deeply engaged within herself that she did not hear her father enter the room.—The lamp cast a dim light around, and the death-like stillness that pervaded every part, was in unison with her sad feelings. The old man gazed on her in silence. Little did he then think, that the fair being before his eyes would so soon be brought to a premature grave, through his zeal for her welfare. Little did he then think that his arbitrary will had already sown the seeds of despair in her bosom; and that the roots were fast spreading about the very vitals of her existence. There stood the father, dreaming of wealth about to be lavished upon his daughter! And the daughter reading, through the mists of futurity, her only hopes—the grave. It was a beautiful picture for the hand of the painter, to sketch the thoughts of each, so plainly developed in their countenances.

At length Mr. Davis spoke, "Mary I little expected this of you." She looked up in astonishment, but was silent. "I thought," continued the old man, "you had grown old enough to put away such childish airs; I watched over you from infancy with a parental care, and now you wish to thwart me in my ardent desire to see you placed beyond the reach of want in this life."

"Father," said Mary, in a tone scarcely audible, "I have never disobeyed you; and as it is your wish that I shall marry Mr. Branson, I will do it."

"But why," continued her father, "act thus? Why not look as cheerful as formerly? Certainly you will not be degraded by marrying Mr. Branson. He is a gentleman in the strictest sense of the word, and has the means of making you happy. So let us see you looking cheerful once more; and commence on to-morrow making preparation for your marriage."

### CHAPTER IV.

The sun had already risen above the eastern horizon, and was scattering his bright rays through the room, ere Mary awoke from her restless slumbers. It was some time before she could call to recollection the scenes of the preceding evening.—In vain she rubbed her eyes, and pressed heavily upon her burning forehead; all was indistinct.—Like a chaotic vision the words of her father floated through her disordered imagination. Was it a dream? Had she conjured up those saddening thoughts in her midnight slumbers? No! No! Recollection came like lightning to her aid. "It is a reality," she said; "in three weeks I am to marry a man I cannot love; but I will bear it firmly." She seated herself at a small table, and having written a note, she called a servant and bid him carry it to Mr. Hall's. In a short time she was aroused from the revery into which she had fallen, by a tap at the door, and Fanny Hall entered. Fanny was near Mary's age, and from constant association they were as dear to each other as sisters. She was of a warm and constant temperament, and her feelings were strongly enlisted in Mary's welfare.

"Why," she exclaimed, after greeting Mary, "you look sadly this morning. I thought from the tenor of your note we were to have a pleasant trip to town to-day."

"When you have heard the cause of my sadness, you will not wonder, my dear Fanny."

"Then let me hear it immediately, that I may share it with you, and perhaps give you consolation in your sadness. Keep me no longer in suspense, I pray you!"

"I am in three weeks to marry Mr. Branson. A man you know too well for me to give you any reason for disliking."

"Why, Mary, I thought you had discarded his addresses some months since?"

"I did, but he asked my hand of father, and he granted the request. And you know there is no appeal from the wishes of a parent."

"If that parent asks nothing unreasonable, say Mary," added Fanny.

"Why will you talk so, Fanny?" said Mary, reprovingly. "Do you not think our parents are

better judges of that which will conduce to our happiness, than we are?"

"In some things I allow. But when I see parents trying to direct the course of love, and forcing their children to marry against their will; considering not the misery they may bring upon them by such a course; I cannot help thinking but that an awful responsibility will be theirs."

"But we should try and please ourselves as well as our parents; love those—if we can—whom they admire; and never run counter to their declared wishes."

"And whether we can or not, I suppose we must, to please a parent, who has some ulterior desire to gratify; and who looks not to the misery or happiness depending upon their decision. I will obey my parents in all things, whilst my happiness is not compromised, and in selecting a partner for life will consult my own desires first, my friends afterwards."

"We may judge erroneously concerning our happiness, and ought therefore to take the advice of old age and experience."

"No one can tell from experience the desires of another's heart. Experience may aid youth in the affairs of the world; but the cool calculating experience of age, knows not the warm devotion of the young heart, or the power it has over reason, judgment, and life itself. I do not wish you, Mary, to deviate from what your conscience dictates to be right; but I shall never unite my fortunes with a man I cannot love with my whole heart."

"Let us drop the subject, Fanny; I shall obey my parents in this wish at least, and wish you to be my bride-maid."

"With all my heart; and as the time is short, we must hurry our preparations."

#### CHAPTER V.

Three weeks soon passed round, and we see a gay party assembled at Mr. Davis', to consummate the longing desire of his heart—that of Mary's marriage. All was merriment and joy. The large dwelling was filled with a continuous hum of the many voices within; all seeking to pass away time in the various amusements of the evening.

Mary had prepared herself for this trying hour; and the casual observer would hardly notice that her eyes had lost their brilliancy of expression; and that her cheek had grown a shade paler. She welcomed her young friends to the party with a smile upon her face, but it sprung not from a heart filled with gladness. Soon the party was complete and the ceremony commenced. As Mary walked out before the gazing crowd her step was measured and firm. She was now about to see the realization of that scene, over which she had so long sadly brooded; even that of becoming the wife of Mr. Branson. Her voice slightly trembled as she pronounced the vow, that joined her for weal or woe with a man she did not despise, but could not love; and a slight flush of the cheek betrayed for a moment the workings of her wounded heart. But she mastered her feelings, and all was calm again as a mid-summer day. The ceremony was over; and after the party had partaken of the gorgeous collation prepared for the occasion, they

dispersed; and silence again reigned in Mr. Davis' dwelling.

The third morning after the marriage, Mary was to leave the home of her youth, and all those scenes rendered dear from long association.

Who can take the *ultimum* leave of the home of their youth, without a cloud of sadness settling over their spirits. Every object that presents itself to the sight, calls to mind some youthful gambol of innocent years. Every flower, every shrub, and every tree, makes up the volume of childhood's reminiscences and pleasures, never to be tasted again. It was here we learned to lisp the names of those we love! It was here the tiny bark of childhood was embarked on the stream of time, whose bright surface was never ruffled by a single breeze of care, and whose merry course was watched by doting parents from every ill. But when we are about to leave them all, and venture forth upon the world's tempestuous ocean, whose waves bear deceit and coldness in their dark bosoms; and whose howling winds of adversity chill the very heart's blood of the tyro—then it is that the tear of sorrow glistens the eye, and a weight of gloom presses upon the soul. We take leave of all the scenes to memory sacred, as if we are about to take a long and final farewell of some long cherished friend.

Mary could scarce restrain the tears as she prepared to take her leave from the home of her youth. She visited again all the old haunts of happier days, and what "arrow flights of thought" passed through her mind, can be imagined better than expressed.

The time had arrived for her departure. The carriage drew up before the door. Mary gave her father a tender embrace; but when she approached her mother, all the strong filial love that the heart is capable of containing was aroused. Long, fervent, and ardent was that embrace. A sparkling tear from the heart of true love, glided silently down her cheek as she imprinted kiss after kiss upon her mother's brow.

Almost unconscious, Mary departed, and was far away from home and all she held most dear, before she was herself again.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Mary was soon installed in her office as mistress of Mr. Branson's house. Time dragged heavily on. Mr. Branson spent very little time with his wife during the day, and at night was so busily engaged in arranging plans for the morrow, that he enjoyed that most pleasant of all places—the family circle—very little. Thus passed away six months of Mary's lonely commencement of a married life. Her system was fast wasting away, and her spirits sinking under their heavy weight of sorrow, when another wound was given, that hastened on the final dissolution.

Mr. Branson was returning home one evening, when he met a woman at the gate, whose thin dress, haggard look, and deep sunken eyes, told plainly that deep unrelenting poverty was her lot. She bore a small basket on her arm, in which was concealed by a white cloth a small gift from Mrs. Branson. His brow darkened as he cast a look



full of meaning at the woman as she hurriedly passed by. With a quick step he entered the house. His wife saw from the working of his features the storm of his mind.

"Mary," said Mr. Branson, "who was that woman I met at the gate?"

"It was poor Mrs. Simpson, from the hills, who, you know, has been sick for the last three months," replied his wife.

"I thought it was some of those vampires of society, who will never work so long as they can find persons as credulous as yourself, upon whom to palm their tales of distress and want."

"I know her tale to be true, Mr. Branson. I knew she had lost her husband, had been sick herself, and had a large family of children to support."

"But I think from the quick step she had at the gate, she must be well again; and ought therefore to go to work instead of begging. Before we were married, they never came to my house with their tales of penury and want. And I tell you again, Mary, you must put a stop to this! I will not suffer it! I cannot labor to support poverty! And if you cannot refuse, send them to me, I will soon tell them how to gain a livelihood without begging."

Mr. Branson spoke this in rather an impatient tone, and by the frequent elevations of his voice his wife could read his heart. For it was by such scenes as the one above, that Mary's feelings were often wounded. Although Mr. Branson never upbraided his wife with opprobrious epithets, yet from the tone, the gesture, and, above all, from the gleam of that dark grey eye, the index of the soul, his wife could see too plainly she had no hold upon his affections. For none can read the soul of man like woman. And although she may bear up under great reverses of fortune, yet to be constantly liable to the reproving words of a husband is more than she can bear. For

"The deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains."

## CHAPTER VII.

A little more than a year had passed by since Mary's marriage, when Fanny Hall was called to the bed-side of her dying friend. But how changed was that friend, from the cheerful, the happy, the rosy-cheeked girl of other days, to a mere skeleton stretched upon a bed of sickness. And as

Fanny stood gazing upon those deep sunken eyes of a leaden glare, and those lips of ashy paleness, she could scarce realize that she was in the presence of her friend. And that the remnant of mortality before her was Mary Branson.

Mary saw the agony of her soul and tried to comfort her. "Grieve not for me, Fanny," she said, in a tone that sounded as hollow as the tomb. "Grieve not for me. This world was once all brightness; but now my soul longs to quit it. The bright sunshine of happiness has set, and the night of sadness has gathered around me. My days are numbered, and I long to go to that bright world where all is peace and joy."

"How sadly you are changed since we parted last, dear Mary," said Fanny in an affectionate tone. "I could scarcely recognize you when I first entered the room."

"Sorrow triples time, Fanny, and the blush of youth fadeth under its ruthless hand, like a rose of summer beneath the frosts of autumn. I once was happy in the enjoyment of life, but that has now become a burthen. I long to cast it off."

"Oh! say not so, Mary. I hope you may yet live to enjoy the sweets of life. I hope we may again wander through the haunts of other days, and live by-gone pleasures over again. While there is life there is hope; and you shall now have my attendance and company until you are perfectly recovered."

As Fanny spoke this in one of her most affectionate tones, whose melodious consolation fell like balm upon the wounded heart of the invalid, her eyes assumed their natural brilliancy, the flush of life spread over her emmaciated countenance, and the lamp of the soul glared up in an unnatural light. For how true is it, that the words of a friend, spoken in kindness, "Fall like sunshine upon the heart," and change the sorrows of the world into the pleasures of heaven. Mary asked for her child. It was brought. And as she pressed the little being to her bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon its snowy-white forehead, a smile of joy spread over her countenance. It lasted but for a moment and then vanished. The glossy film of death spread slowly over her eyes. Her lips quivered with a tremulous motion, that told the incurableness of the disease that was consuming her life. Her respirations became quicker; and the death rattle came slowly gurgling up her throat. She murmured a faint farewell, clasped her arms more closely around her child, and her pure spirit winged its eternal flight.

"What must I say? is sordid man capable of love."

## "I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD."—Byron.

[Original.]

I would I were a careless child,  
Life's summer skies still o'er me,  
Youth's hopes so bright and visions wild,  
All dancing light before me.

Ah! yes, I would I were as when  
All joy on heath and wild-wood,  
Young Hope and I, so often there,  
Sported the hours of childhood.

No more—no more—Ah! never more!  
On hill, or plain, or wild-wood,  
Shall Hope and I, as oft of yore,  
Go sport the hours of childhood.

I bid thee, then, sweet hours, farewell—  
We meet no more forever.  
Eternity, around may swell,  
But youthful visions—never.

W. G. P.

## THE RESCUED MAIDEN.

### A LEGEND OF THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

[Original.]

In the beginning of the northern campaign, in the year 1777, the British troops under the command of General Burgoyne met with the most brilliant success. They sailed up Lake Champlain, and, being joined by their Indian allies, took possession of Mount Hope, and finally compelled the American garrisons, consisting of about 3000 men under General St. Clair, to evacuate the fortifications of Ticorderoga and Mount Independence. After this success, Gen. Burgoyne immediately detached Capt. Carter, with a number of gun-boats, after that part of the American force which had escaped by the waters of South River, and Gens. Frazer and Reidisel in pursuit of the body which had made its return by land. After various disasters, both divisions of the flying army made their way to Fort Edward, the former having lost their galleys and boats at Skenesborough, and the latter more than three hundred men under the gallant Colonel Warner.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, Gen. Schuyler, who was in command at Fort Edward, went vigorously to work to retard the progress of the advancing enemy, and to strengthen his own inferior forces. The British halted at Skenesborough to wait for their stores, artillery and baggage, and to recover from the fatigues of their rapid march; and then, again starting in pursuit of the republican forces, drove them before them, and took possession of Fort Edward on the Hudson river.

But this series of successes on the part of Gen. Burgoyne was not destined to continue without interruption.

Finding already some difficulty in procuring his supplies from Lake George, and fearing greater still, Burgoyne began to consider the practicability of possessing himself of the valuable stores deposited at Bennington. He accordingly pitched his camp on the east bank of the Hudson, nearly opposite Saratoga, at which place Schuyler had remained since his retreat from Fort Edward. Here, while he prepared to cross the river in order to attack the American army, he sent a detachment of 500 whites and 100 Indians, under the command of Colonel Bourne, to take possession of the stores at Bennington.

Fortunately for the American cause, General Stark was at this time on his way to join General Schuyler, with 400 of the New Hampshire militia. When not far from Bennington, he heard of the approach of Col. Bourne, and being joined by the regiment under Col. Warner and a number of the militia in that vicinity, marched to meet the enemy at the head of 700 men. Sending Colonel Gregg, with a detachment of 200 men, to harass them in the front, he approached in battle array, till within sight of the enemy's forces.

Bourne had drawn up his men in an advantageous position, and only a little skirmishing, in which the Americans had the advantage took place. Stark then called a council of war, in which it

was decided that an attack on Bourne should be commenced on the following morning; but in consequence of the badness of the weather—for it rained hard all the next day—only the skirmishing between the two parties was renewed.

On the following morning, however, which was the 16th of August, Stark made early preparations for the attack, and sent two detachments to harass the enemy's rear. These took up their march in different directions, one passing to the right and the other to the left of the enemy, in order to unite in their rear before the attack began. But before this last feat was accomplished, the Indians, who were averse to being surrounded, retreated between the two divisions, who fired upon them as they passed, doing considerable damage to their ranks. The detachments then came together and charged upon the enemy, while Stark at the same time commenced a brisk attack in front. The Americans were superior in numbers, but they had not artillery: while the enemy, on the other hand, were provided with two pieces of artillery, and were defended by breastworks on advantageous ground. Thus the two armies were nearly balanced as to strength, and consequently a warm contest ensued. Both parties fought bravely for two hours, when Bourne received a mortal wound, and his troops were compelled to give way. The Americans, becoming excited with their success, rushed furiously upon them, took many prisoners, and obliged the rest to flee; after which many of the militia betook themselves to plunder, while a few still pursued the enemy who had escaped into the woods.

Whilst the Americans were in this scattered state, Colonel Brekman, who had been dispatched by Burgoyne, on receiving the news of Bourne's situation on the 14th, came to the assistance of his defeated countryman at the head of 500 men. He met the fugitives and repulsed their pursuers: and immediately pushed forward in the hope of being able to seize upon the stores before the American General could collect his scattered forces. But at this juncture, Colonel Warner's regiment came up and gave him employment until the militia, hearing the firing, reassembled and hastened to the scene of conflict. Colonel Brekman maintained his ground for some time, but at last, finding the Americans too powerful to be resisted, and night coming on, he escaped under cover of the darkness, with the loss of his baggage and artillery.

During this latter contest, events of a different nature were taking place in another quarter not far distant.

It was about the middle of the afternoon, when, after a sharp conflict between a small party of the retreating Germans, who had fled into the woods after their first defeat, and a party of the pursuing Americans, a young continental was left wounded and senseless upon the ground. He had received a blow upon the head, which was dangerous only so far as it stunned him for the moment, and left



him at the mercy of the foe. But these had been too busily employed in their own defence to take advantage of their fallen antagonist, and were now retreating at a distance closely pursued by the victorious militia.

At last the wounded continental began slowly to recover from the shock, and to be conscious of his situation. He found himself alone, and surrounded on all sides by sturdy forest trees. At first he seemed awaking from a sound sleep, during which he had been unconsciously transported into an unknown land; but on beholding the traces of the recent conflict, and hearing the far-off reports of muskets, the recollection of the incidents of the day dawned gradually upon his mind. He arose upon his feet and cast his eye about him, undecided what course to pursue. Not a human being was to be seen, and throughout the forest, solitude and silence reigned, broken only by the frequent chirp of the squirrel among the rustling leaves, and the distant faint reports of fire-arms which died upon the ear.

The soldier picked up his musket which had been discharged, and now lay at some distance from him, and proceeded carefully to reload it; after which he for the first time thought to examine the wound which had been the cause of his insensibility. It was an ugly gash, which now began to feel peculiarly unpleasant, especially when he undertook to cover it with the remnant of his ill-used cap. The blood flowing from it had stiffened his hair and streaked down upon his face: but this he now washed away in the waters with which the recent rains had filled a hollow near at hand.

He now began to feel faint, and in hopes of finding a habitation near he followed a narrow path which wound among the trees. This soon led to the top of an eminence, where, seeing no signs of human habitation save the path which lay before him, he paused to consider what course he should pursue.

He sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and rested his head upon his hand. For some time he remained in that position, meditating upon the peculiarities of his situation, when he was suddenly aroused by a shrill cry of alarm, which echoed among the trees.

He started up and gazed anxiously about him, eager to know what danger could have caused that sudden cry. For a moment all was still as before; and he saw no object which might have inspired fear, nor any that could have uttered that cry of alarm.

At last the figure of a young girl appeared, issuing from behind the giant trunk of one of the patriarchs of the wood. Her appearance indicated the wildest fear, and she flew towards the young soldier as if for protection. Her raven locks streamed loosely in the wind; her hands were clasped together and outstretched before her, and her features were pale with terror.

The soldier was stupified with astonishment; for to see a fair young being like the one before him, so wild with fear for which he could behold no cause, was at once a surprise and a mystery. She flew to his side and fell almost fainting at his feet. All the sympathies of the soldier's heart were moved. He raised her gently from the ground and whispered assurance and consolation in her ear.

At last, when she had recovered from her fatigue and terror sufficiently to speak, she seated herself upon the trunk of the fallen tree, and in hurried accents told her tale of fear.

It seemed that she lived in a cottage over the hill, about a mile distant from the spot where she found the soldier. Her father and brother were at the scene of the battle, and she and several brothers and sisters younger than herself were left at home with their mother. In the afternoon she wandered forth alone, at some distance from the house, and on setting out to return saw a small party of Indians stealing along through the woods between her and her home, and going in the same direction as herself. Immediately all her maiden fears were aroused, and she fancied her father's house in flames, and her mother, brothers and sisters barbarously murdered. Her first impulse was to fly to warn them of the danger, but then she saw the folly of such an attempt, as it would be impossible for her to reach the house without being observed by the savages. She knew at once that they were either scouts sent out by the British, or the remains of some band which had detached itself from their ranks, and dispersed for the sake of plunder; and she feared the worst from their inhuman cruelty.

She hesitated, however, but for a moment. Having heard the report of fire-arms in the woods, she immediately flew in the direction of the sound, in hopes of meeting with some detachment of the militia, who would fly to rescue her family from the hands of the blood-thirsty savages. She therefore started away with all the speed which anxiety and fear for the safety of those she loved, inspired her timid soul. Accustomed from her childhood to the woods, her limbs were stronger than their delicate proportions seemed to betray; and it was with no tardy step that she pursued her way through the solitary forest.

At length she caught a glimpse of a figure which she fancied was an Indian skulking behind the trees. Being already half dead with terror, she could no longer command her feelings, but uttered the shriek of fear which had aroused the soldier from his reverie. As he raised his head, she immediately saw her mistake, and, as said before, flew to meet him with her hands clasped and outstretched, and her disheveled hair streaming loosely in the wind.

Such was the tale the young soldier gathered from her incoherent sentences, as soon as she had recovered sufficiently to explain to his astonished ears the cause of her alarm.

"Save them! Oh! save them!" she exclaimed wildly, as the thought of the danger which threatened her family rushed afresh upon her mind.—"Save them from the blood-thirsty Indians."

Walden—such was the soldier's name—knew not what reply to make. His wound was forgotten in the excitement which the maiden's story had caused, and he was ready to risk his life to serve her family; but how he could do this with the greatest chance of success, was the thought which occupied his mind. Night was now approaching, and the distant report of fire-arms proclaimed that the victory, which he had thought complete, was still contested by the enemy. What could he do? To go alone to meet the savages, would but be to throw himself into their hands; the only way, therefore, to attempt the rescue of the threatened

family, if they were not already murdered, was to hasten in search of a party of his friends, and bring them to his assistance.

To come to this conclusion did not occupy half the time it has taken us to write it; and he immediately communicated his design to his fair companion.

"Our army has been victorious to-day," he said, in tones of enthusiasm which inspired her with hope, "and parts of it are still at no great distance from us, if we may judge from the loudness of the firing. The only way to save your friends will be to fall in with some of my companions——"

"Go then," interrupted the girl, eagerly, "and leave me here! Make haste, for they may be already murdered. Oh! my God! Do not hesitate——"

Her words were cut short by the sharp report of a rifle which rang upon the air, and the whiz of a bullet which went singing by her ears. With a start of terror she turned to see if her companion was hurt, and beheld him in the act of raising his gun to his shoulder, while his keen eye was fixed upon some object over the brow of the hill. She looked in that direction, and saw an Indian skulking low upon the ground, and about to disappear behind the declivity.

Walden fired; and the savage, with a yell which filled the forest with its echoes, bounded wildly into the air, and fell heavily to the ground.

Without giving the girl time to recover from her surprise, Walden caught her in his arms and rushed with her down the hill, so as to be invisible to any other Indians who might be concealed near their companion, and then again released her, pausing to reload his gun.

"Be still, and lie close to the ground," he whispered, at the same time watching eagerly for any movement on the summit of the hill. "There are others near us, and if not, the reports of the pieces will soon bring them. Now," he continued, having prepared his gun for action, "fly with all speed, while I remain here to pick off any red man who may make his appearance to follow in pursuit. Away—fly for your life!"

The girl did not hesitate, but darted away before her companion had finished speaking. The soldier watched closely, half concealed behind a tree, with his piece in readiness to fire upon the first Indian who should appear. At last, having given her time to get out of the reach of a bullet fired from the hill, and seeing no signs of pursuit, he turned and followed her with the speed of a greyhound in pursuit of a deer.

He had run about three hundred yards, when the report of three rifles, one after the other, proclaimed that the savages were in pursuit. The bullets whistled by his ears, and glancing behind him, he saw near half a dozen savages bounding down the hill. But he did not despair; evening was now setting in, and he trusted to the darkness for escape. He ran swiftly forward, until, disappearing from the view of his pursuers over another eminence, he came up with the maiden who had ran on before.

The girl was now worn out with the fatigues and fears she had undergone, and unable to proceed.

"They are close upon us," cried the soldier, "and we must fly for our lives!"

"Go—go!" she exclaimed, sinking upon the

ground. "Leave me to my fate, for I can proceed no farther."

"Then I will die with you," returned the other, firmly, hoping thereby to arouse her courage. "But come! we may yet escape in the darkness, for our friends are not far off."

"I cannot! Go alone—you cannot help me, but to linger will be to throw yourself into needless danger. Fly—fly! and leave me to my fate!"

Walden made no reply, but caught her in his arms as he had done before, and sprang away with her as if she had been an infant. Darting among the trees, and bounding over the fallen trunks, he swiftly flew along, while the savages, yelling with rage, again appeared in view.

It was now too dark for them to fire with accuracy, and Walden, having but little fear of the bullets which occasionally came whizzing through the air, hoped to be able to reach the vicinity of his friends before overtaken, notwithstanding that the burden soon began to rest heavily upon his arms, and greatly retarded his progress. But vainly did he hope, for although he exerted his strength to the utmost, he saw that his pursuers were rapidly gaining ground, and would soon be close upon him. With the lifeless form of the fainting girl in his arms, he felt that there was now no chance of escape; and the only alternative was to stop and share her fate, or leaving her to the mercy of the savages, make the most of the little strength he had remaining, and endeavor still to reach the vicinity of his friends.

He decided on the latter, and depositing his burden gently on the ground, cast one glance at the pursuing savages, who were now but two in number, and with renewed courage again resumed his flight. The Indians, regardless of the girl, who, stupified with terror, lay like a corpse upon the ground, dashed furiously after him, and soon disappeared in the dark shadow of the woods. The maiden now began to revive, and at last, pale and trembling, arose upon her feet; but it was only to faint again with terror at the sight of three half-naked savages, who rushed upon her with loud yells of triumph.

When she again revived, she saw the Indians by her side, disputing earnestly upon some subject, which she at once concluded was her own fate. Two of them, with angry looks, and flourishing their tomahawks, were opposing the calm but firm arguments the third savage appeared to advance. At last, the two seemed to have prevailed, and one of them bounded towards their prisoner, and brandished his tomahawk above her head, uttering a growl of vengeance. The girl saw his angry features, and the murderous weapon ready to descend upon her head, and thought her hour was come.

At that juncture the sound of heavy footsteps fell upon her ear, and seeing the savage look up and hesitate, she began to hope that assistance was at hand. But the next moment she again gave way to her despair, as the two Indians who had pursued Walden, came bounding to the side of their companions.

But this arrival delayed the decision of her fate, and she endured an age of suspense while another consultation was held by the five savages together. During this delay, the termination of which might be death to the maiden, a world of confused thoughts came crowding upon her brain. She thought of all her past life, and the hopes for the future she had



indulged only to be disappointed, and she would have wished to live; but when the probable fate which had that day overtaken her family, flashed upon her mind, she cared not how quick death came to put an end to her misery.

Night had now fairly set in, and the dark figures of the savages, dimly seen as they disputed together by her side, appeared to her terrified mind as something less than human. At last the consultation was brought to an end; the Indians gave a universal "ugh" of satisfaction, and one of their number again approached the trembling prisoner.

His war-knife was already brandished above her head, when his hand was arrested by a cry of alarm from his companions; and the next moment the report of half-a-dozen muskets rang through the forest, accompanied by a shout of joy and triumph. The savage who was about to commit the fatal deed, threw up his arms wildly, and fell backward to the ground, pierced by two bullets from the guns of the approaching enemy. Owing to the darkness, his four companions were unhurt, and on discharging their rifles at the foe, they bounded away, and disappeared in the dark shadow of the woods.

"Unhurt!" exclaimed a young man, rushing eagerly to the side of the astonished girl, and raising her in his arms. "Ellen! you have not been injured! Thank God!"

"My brother!" was all the girl could murmur; and she wept upon his bosom.

"And your cousin, too," eagerly cried another young man, as if afraid that she would forget the share he had in her rescue. "Speak to your cousin, Ellen."

"Alfred!" exclaimed the maiden, allowing him to press her hand. "It was so dark I did not see you!"

"And now," said the brother of the girl, "thank him who has been the means of saving your life."

"And of restoring you to me," whispered her cousin, close to her ear.

The whole company, consisting of some half-a-

dozen of the militia, now came forward, and all eyes were fixed upon the manly figure of *Walden*.

"If she is unhurt," said the young soldier, "the joy of finding her so is a sufficient reward for what I have done. So save your thanks, and let us proceed to her home, and see if the savages have dared to disturb its quiet."

"Oh! my mother—my sisters!" exclaimed the girl—"yes—go and see if they—"

"Hush!" whispered her cousin, "we will soon satisfy you. I trust that your friends are uninjured, for Charles and Edgar are old enough to defend the house with the assistance of the guns, and the dogs, which must have warned them of the Indians' approach in time. Do not fear."

They pushed onward and found it as Alfred had predicted. The doors had been bolted, and the boys had made such a formidable show of war that the savages had not attacked the house. But they found the family in the greatest distress, fearing that the Indians had murdered or carried off their Ellen.

On the way, Alfred told his cousin how it happened that they had met with Walden. The Americans had defeated the enemy for the second time, and, after the battle, this small party of militia, which had been raised in the neighborhood to assist the forces of General Stark, was returning to their homes, when Walden met them with the intelligence of the Indians' depredations. Pushing forward with all speed, they returned by the same way Walden had taken when pursued by the savages, and reached the spot where Ellen had been left, just in time to save her life.

Not many years after this event, when the British had been driven from the country and peace restored, there was a meeting of joyful hearts and happy faces in the cottage of Ellen's father. The ties of love which had long united the hearts of Alfred and his lovely cousin, were sanctified and made eternal by the bonds of wedlock; and it is said that Walden had the pleasure of giving away the bride.

## LOUIS PHILIPPE IN 1840.

It was a fine, wild, windy day, no rain, but the clouds careering rapidly overhead across the deep blue sky, and the waves rearing themselves majestically from the surface of the waters, then breaking with a deafening roar and a blinding shower of foam, upon the dark and naked rocks of Boulogne—when a vessel was seen struggling with the adverse wind and battling sea, and slowly, painfully, but at last successfully endeavouring to win its way within the narrow mouth of the port.

Louis Philippe, with his sons and suite, were on board that vessel, which was conveying him from his chateau at Eu to Boulogne.

It was on the day after the descent of Prince Louis Napoleon upon the neighbouring village of Vimeux—a descent most madly planned and undertaken, and which had ended in the capture and imprisonment of the prince, who, with but fifty followers, with no personal qualifications for the attempt, no influence,

few friends, scant store of treasure, risked life and all his earthly hopes upon the perishing influence of a name.

The queen and princesses had already arrived; they came by land, and had hastened at once to the rooms of the Etablissement, which overlooks the sea. The queen watched, with an agonized anxiety, the progress of the vessel conveying her royal husband to the shore.

There had been a fierce tempest the preceding night, and the ocean was greatly agitated. The queen wept as she beheld the struggling vessel slowly toiling round the headland—now hidden in the trough of the waves, now borne aloft upon their towering crests. Twice the steamer made vain attempts to enter the harbour of Boulogne; twice she was foiled with imminent danger of shipwreck; each time the fears of the queen increased; each time she wrung

her hands more fervently, wept bitterer tears, and prayed more deeply and audibly.

Whatever may be the opinions entertained of the character and political career of Louis Philippe, at least all parties must agree in admiration of his private life and conduct—a life distinguished by domestic virtues, and conduct which has inspired towards his person, in the breasts of those nearest to him, a love no time has had power to cool—a passionate devotion, as warm as it is enduring.

At last, the narrow entrance of the harbour was gained—the steamer glided into the smooth water of the port; the queen wept with delight as she had before wept with terror, and the king stepped firmly and proudly on the shore of his domain.

The private carriage of Mr. Coates (so well-known to the public by the appellation of “Romeo Coates”) was sent to the port to meet the king; he entered it, and driving rapidly into the town, proceeded to arrange with the authorities and the commanding officer of the troops the ceremonies about to be observed.

Louis Philippe had acted with great judgment and promptitude in this matter; he knew not as yet how far the people of Boulogne, and the portion of the army there in garrison were implicated in the attempt of the prince; but he knew that nothing goes so far to tranquillise and amuse the French mind, as excitement and show, and that his surest chance of retaining their allegiance was to present them with as speedy a spectacle as possible, one which might obliterate from their memories the recollections of the banners and soaring eagles of the prince, of the gallant demeanour and noble forms of the handsome Poles who had accompanied him, and who were now lying severely wounded in the hospital to which they had been borne.

Accordingly, it was announced formally that the king would review the troops in the market-place, and would first address the people from the same spot; ere the hour appointed for the ceremonial, the market-place was one vast plain of human beings, every outlet, every corner was crowded, every house was filled to its roof with spectators; with the greatest difficulty could the horses of the king and his suite, and the carriages containing the ladies of the royal party, make their way to the appointed station.

A space was kept clear in front of the church, and it was so contrived that the back of his majesty was protected by the edifice in question, while on one side of him were the queen and other ladies, on the opposite were his sons and some of the members of his staff and suite.

Louis Philippe was in uniform; he sat his horse with ease and confidence rather than with grace; but there was something kingly in his aspect, in his erect mein, great bulk, in the calmness of his bearing, in his attitudes—lofty rather than elegant—which he assumed while addressing the people.

He never looked to the right or the left; save when he turned towards the populace in the course of his harangue, no sign of trepidation, or even of caution, was visible with him—but it might be noticed that his sons kept their horses in constant, though slight motion, thus constantly interposing themselves between him and the different faces of the multitude; while the stern old marshal, who formed one of the party—the keen-eyed diplomatist, whose dark garb and plain cocked-hat, formed so striking a contrast with the gay

uniforms of the rest, alike seemed bent upon the same object. All the sons of the king had accompanied him, with the exception of the Prince of Joinville—all were fine-looking young men—all wore uniform of some description—one was in the costume of the national guard, one in showy cavalry regimentals; while, in a splendid lancer-dress, supreme in all things—in stature, in beauty, in elegance, in fascination of manners, in all that could charm the eye, and, through the eye, win the heart, appeared the much-beloved, long-lamented, Duke of Orleans.

The king concluded his oration; the people shouted and waved their caps; the king and his sons uncovered their heads, bowing to the crowd; the wind for a moment was suffered to lift the grizzled but abundant locks of Louis Philippe, to wave from the broad, noble brow the golden and glossy tresses of his devoted heir.

The queen and the princesses, also, arose, and bent to the people, who greeted them with hearty cheers; but it was impossible for the queen to conceal her emotion—a mingled hope and terror were visible on her countenance—it could easily be perceived that she was wrought to the utmost pitch of nervous anxiety; her appearance inspired pity as well as respect. Madam Adelaide was more calm—if she suffered, she could better conceal her sufferings. The Princess Clementine was animated and cheerful; while the lovely face of the Duchess of Nemours was pale, but rather with fatigue than with anxiety.

Then followed the review—a scene which presented a striking contrast to the impressive and really interesting spectacle just witnessed; there had been no time for preparation, and Louis Philippe had at least the satisfaction of seeing things as they actually existed in the garrison of Boulogne. Nor could he avoid hearing the ill-suppressed titters and wondering exclamations that arose among that vast crowd, at least one-half of which was composed of English, as the few companies of infantry composing the garrison shuffled and scrambled in manifest dread and discomfort past the noble group surveying them.

Nothing is more remarkable, in the French service, than the disparity in appearance presented by the different corps that compose the army, while those we would call the “crack” regiments are, perhaps, superior to the troops of any other country in point of showy and strictly military exterior, those of a less distinguished grade are as miserably inferior; the regiment that defiled before Louis Philippe that day belonged to the latter class, and with their stooping gait, their shabby and ill-fitting uniforms, their pale, half-starved looking visages, their dirt and apparent poverty, seemed a disgrace to the king and the country they served.

The National Guard marched with more confidence and in better appearance, while the mounted gen-d’arms, in their clean uniforms, and on their respectable well-fed steeds, were by far the most creditable of the party.

The procession was closed by four or five guns, mounted on rickety carriages, drawn by wretched horses, whose harness of rope and rusty chains realised all the old-fashioned ideas of French equipage.

But a great change has taken place since that day in the warlike equipment and strength of Boulogne; a review now would be a different sight from what it was then.



However, Louis Philippe was (or affected to be) much pleased with all he saw; he again addressed the citizens and soldiers; he paid many compliments; distributed a few orders; and then, dismounting, he resigned his horse into the hands of an attendant, and entering the carriage of the queen, returned with her to the hotel.

In less than half-an-hour, the royal party left Boulogne, departing in three carriages and four, which followed the large travelling omnibus of the King of the French, drawn by six horses.

All the carriages were closed; and the blinds and windows were so arranged as to admit light and air to the parties within, but efficiently to screen their persons from observation.

"That is Louis Philippe's private carriage," remarked an Englishman near me; "that yellow omnibus was built for him in London, and he always travels in it; he will be within to-day."

"Pardon me," replied a Frenchman beside him, "he is not within; and no one, save those actually in the carriage with him, know in which he rides; even the postillions are ignorant on that point."

And this was long ago!—when Louis Philippe was the darling of his people—the citizen king—the King of the Barricades! !

Then, and now—in far Germany—far away from her gay native France—from that false and smiling land—beneath the dark, shadowy, sombre, Austrian forests, through which dark rivers run, and wild cold winds are howling—there wanders an aged woman—a princess, and the daughter of a long line of kings.

But she is an exile—doubly exiled. Twice has she been driven forth from her country and her inheritance—twice; but she turns her back upon it now.

Of what are her thoughts? Does she see again the bloody and dying forms of all her dearest, nearest friends, perishing beneath the murderous hands of her countrymen and theirs? Does she again live through those moments of frenzied separation from the parents who left her for a death so cruel and undeserved? Does she again, in her wild imaginings, watch by the death-couch of that angelic brother, who died beneath the infliction of the keenest bodily and mental pangs—by the slow torture of a broken heart?

What a fate has been hers!—her childhood drenched in blood; her youth torn from her; her age embittered by such memories; her heart bleeding still and forever, from wounds so incurable!

But she has lived for vengeance; the vengeance—tardy, perchance, but sure—with which Heaven visits the destroyers of the innocent.

And she said, when driven forth for the second time from the palace and the kingdom of her fathers—she said, while all the deep contempt, the utter abhorrence, the scorn, the hate of her heart, spoke on her lofty brow and in her tear-dimmed eyes—she said, while gazing for the last time upon the city of her birth, whence she had twice beheld a mob of howling parricides hoot their legitimate sovereign, once to the scaffold, once to exile—she said,

"I shall live to see the man who climbs upon our ruin to the throne, driven forth as we are driven."

Some, then, called it a wild prophecy, and it was laughed to scorn; but, she! unfortunate daughter of the most miserable of mothers—of Marie Antoinette—she spoke truly, and her words have been well fulfilled.

## THE PIANO.

"*Extensive Sale of Objects of Curiosity, Pictures, Books, Clocks, and other Furniture, the Property of a Lady lately deceased.*"—Such was the announcement in *Galvani's Messenger*, which first struck my eye as I sat listlessly looking out of the reading-room window in the Rue Vivienne, alternately glancing at the journal I have mentioned, and the heavy drops of rain as they pattered against the panes of glass. Inwardly I had been drawing a comparison between my present situation and that of the gentleman similarly situated and graphically described by Washington Irving. As far as actual position was concerned, I yielded without hesitation to the stout gentleman, for he had at least a flock of ducks to watch and observe, whereas in the court-yard of Monsieur Galignini, not even a blade of grass showed itself to break the monotony of the scene.

It may seem strange that in a gay metropolis like Paris, where every one confessedly resorts for amusement, that I should feel thus lone and dull, puzzled, awfully puzzled, how to kill time, yet many an English traveller, I feel confident, will bear me out, that nothing is so solitary, so care-begetting as the consci-

ousness of being an utter stranger, "unknowing and unknown," in a large and populous city.

The words, however, I had just read, at once struck out a new path of pleasure for me to tread. Many men love attending auctions, many go to them without any desire to purchase, for the mere delight of gazing at the exciting scene, but none ever, I believe, liked lounging in one of those marts so well as myself. None could ever have been more anxious to increase his cabinet of *virtù*. None was ever more delighted at the idea of the amusement he was about to share in than was I, when I came to the advertisement in question, so quickly putting on my hat, and placing my cane under my arm, in the true John Bull style, I hastily quitted the room, and calling for a cab, was in less than ten minutes safely landed in the auction rooms in the Rue ———.

Here was a scene for a philosopher to analyse—the cool, the cunning dealer, the anxious virtuoso, the eager female and the careless idler. The rich, the poor, the humble, and the proud, all brought to a common level, by a desire to purchase some article of furniture, or, like myself, to kill time. The pretty gris-

ette ogling, coyly attempting to avoid the very glances she seeks—the looks of anger exhibited by those who were out-bid, and the quiet triumph of the happy purchasers, all combined to afford me a rich treat, for I forgot to tell my readers at the out-start, that I am a great studier of the book of Nature, and that I never behold a countenance in which I do not endeavour to trace the character of the heart to which it serves as title-page. In short, I am a sort of peripatetic philosopher, whose first principle is founded on a trite line of Pope, which tells us that—

The proper study of mankind is man.

But as I have very little to do with the story I am about to relate, I'll at once plunge into my subject.

One of the first objects offered for sale on my entrance was an old piano, an instrument so utterly worthless that I was not a little astonished at hearing a sharp competition suddenly arise, and the hitherto monotonous tone of the auctioneer, the slow bidding repeated by him, in a moment pour forth with a volubility which would not have disgraced many of our first-rate sons of the hammer.

In French auctions it is customary for the actual worth (*mise à prix*) of every lot to be publicly stated by a sworn appraiser as the object is put up for sale. The piano had thus been valued at 150 francs, the chances were, that it would of course be sold at considerably under that sum.

"One hundred and eighty!" cried a merchant opposite to me, evidently drawn on this exorbitant bid by opposition.

"One hundred and eighty-five!" echoed close to my ear.

The tone in which this sum was named made me turn towards the speaker; the evident emotion with which the words were uttered, instantly aroused my curiosity.

"One hundred and ninety! One hundred and ninety-five!"

"Two hundred," roared out the now maddened dealer, "two hundred!"

"Two hundred," repeated the auctioneer, "will any one bid more? 'tis against you sir!" added he, speaking in a tone of soft-insinuation, turning to the young man beside me.

"Two hundred and ———. Great Heaven! I cannot—I have not got it,"—and as the auctioneer knocked down the article to the dealer, I saw the young man, after casting a look of almost despair at the instrument he seemed so highly to prize, turn away, and with a tear in his eye approached the door.

I am a little bit of a philanthropist as well as a philosopher. The young man's evident agitation, his disappointment suddenly created in my breast a desire to serve him. From his dress and style he was certainly an artist or a musician. His long black hair curling down his back clearly denoted this. His dark habiliments bespoke him to be a mourner. His youth and seeming grief at losing the piano at once interested me, so stepping up to him I stammered out something about my regret at seeing him outbid, and tried to console him by assuring him that the instrument was not worth half the money paid for it.

"I know it, sir, I know it—but I would have given every thing I possessed to obtain it."

"Why not then—?" I paused—the youth eyed me from head to foot, he seemed to be doubting

within his own mind whether my questions arose from kindness or mere curiosity, whether it would be right to reply candidly to a stranger or no; for an instant he assumed a haughty look of wounded pride, and was about to turn away, when more properly reading the real motive which urged my questions, he suddenly changed his demeanour, and with a look of despair yet candour, replied,

"You would ask me, sir, why I did not continue to bid for an object so prized? I will reply to you without shame; I offered all the money I possess in the world for it; I had no more, or I would never have allowed another to possess that instrument."

"I beg your pardon, but will you do me the favour to speak to me in a moment or two outside the street-door; if you will await for me I will be with you in less than five minutes."

The stranger bowed, and though he seemed rather puzzled at my strange request, promised to comply.

I hastened back to the auction-room, and passing through the crowd found the late eager dealer examining with evident marks of disappointment his purchase. The heat of opposition had passed away, and he was now curiously reviewing the fruits of the struggle.

"You have made a bad bargain there, my friend," said I, approaching him.

"Perhaps so," replied he, for no broker ever allows *positively* that he has made a dear purchase.

"Will you part with it?"

The man looked up—a cunning glance shot from his eye. I at once saw my mistake. From my readiness to take the article off his hands, he again began to think he had made a good bargain, and after a discussion of some minutes, only ceded the piano to me at a profit of fifty francs, though I really believe he would gladly have given half that sum to have got any one to relieve him from it ten minutes before.

The bargain concluded, the money paid, I hastened out to the young stranger. When I told him what I had done I thought he would have embraced me. Never did I see joy so clearly, so warmly expressed. He poured forth his gratitude in terms I should be ashamed to record. He begged and prayed me to tell him how he could repay me. As to the money, he hoped soon to be able to refund it, but my kindness—never, never, could he repay that. I was his best friend on earth—I was, in fact—but I see no use in telling all he said; suffice it to add, I assured him all I asked in return was his motives for thus desiring to possess an entirely worthless piano.

"It is a long story—a harassing one, but I will tell it you."

"Will you come and lunch with me? Desire the instrument to be sent home to your lodgings, and return with me to Meurice's."

He instantly agreed. After the meal, he thus related

#### THE ARTIST'S STORY.\*

"I am the son of respectable but needy parents. Plunged into a ruinous law-suit by the misconduct of one of his nearest relations, my father found his pecuniary affairs so dreadfully embarrassed that he deter-

\* I need not, perhaps, state for the information of the reader, that musicians, and every other professor, even down to the very cook, are styled *artistes* in France.—*Author*. Were so a month ago. What they are now styled, Citizen Ledra Rollin only knows.—*Printer's Devil*.



mined on bringing me up a music-master: In my earliest years I have ever displayed a taste for that art, and on the very instrument you saw this day I first learned to play. The acquirement was then intended as an accomplishment, when subsequently my parents fell into poverty, it became my only means of subsistence. There is no passion which more ardently increases than does the love of music. Each day my study became more pleasing, and as I overcame each difficulty, a desire to encounter more obstacles hourly sprang up in my breast. In a word, I applied myself so diligently and with such success that I was fortunate enough to carry off the first prize of the *Conservatoire* for my execution of Thalberg's "Moïse." My delight at this fortunate circumstance only served to make the art I professed more dear to me. My parents soon afterwards died, and I was left alone in the world to shift for myself.

"Thanks to good fortune rather than to my particular merit, I found plenty of scholars, and I already began to dream of realizing a future competence, when I was recommended as musical instructor to Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse, an orphan heiress, who resided with an uncle, to whose guardianship she had been committed, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

"Agatha d'Olbreuse, sir, was a divine creature, I can scarcely believe that she was ever designed for this world. So perfect in every way, in mind, in talent—in person equally gifted. She was one of the few beings whom we see and cannot designate otherwise than as an angel. You will pardon my raptures—you will, perhaps, blame them—but they are only just tributes to the worth of one now in heaven," and the youth paused for a moment, a tear glistened in his eye, but checking his emotion, he hurriedly continued—"It may readily be imagined that such a being soon became my best pupil; indeed, I have no hesitation in saying she soon excelled her master.

"I am now about to confess my folly, my presumption—were there a stronger expression I would make use of it—to express my hardihood. I fell desperately in love with Agatha, and she from pity, for I can scarcely believe it could be otherwise, condescended to reciprocate the feeling. Oh, how we loved! Our looks must have betrayed us, for there was a deep devotion seated in our souls, which must have been expressed in our eyes. When interrupted in our moments of mutual confession of affection by visitors or members of the family, then would we together hang over the piano, the same piano you have this day purchased for me (for she had expressed a desire to learn on the very instrument by which I had acquired my musical fame,) and in melting melody express those outpourings of love which we did not dare to utter.

"Agatha had promised to become my wife, but, alas! she was only nineteen, and the two years which must intervene before she could be a free agent, seemed to us an age. A few weeks only of this period had elapsed when Monsieur Roy, her uncle, discovered our attachment, and considering, with great justice, that his niece was entitled to a better match, banished me the house, threatening to remove Agatha from France, if she did not instantly consent to give her promise never to see me without his leave. I induced her to give this pledge, and we separated, hoping soon to meet again under happier circumstances. To keep up, however, a sort of correspondence,

to express even when distant the sympathy of our souls, we agreed daily, at a certain hour, to play a particular air—a touching ballad I had taught her on the piano; for this purpose I left her the one which I now repossess, and whose chords have so often vibrated to the tender sorrows of my adored Agatha. This state of things had endured nearly two years. Already I knew the period had arrived which would bring freedom to her and happiness to myself, and I only awaited her summons to throw myself at her feet, when one morning, to my great surprise, a servant of Mr. Roy's entered my breakfast-room. He requested me to follow him to his master. I did so. On our way he informed me that Agatha, *my Agatha*, was dying!"

For a few moments the young artist paused, overcome by grief; becoming at length more calm, with an effort he continued,

"In her last moments she had desired to see me, and I was not sent for to take leave of her. How can I ever paint the scene which met my view as I entered the chamber where all I loved was about to be snatched from me, or the feelings which then shook my breast? I will hurry over it.

"On her bed, evidently in the very last stage of rapid decline, lay my once lovely and blooming Agatha, pale, more pale than Parian marble.

"As I entered, she attempted to raise her head, but, alas! she was already too powerless to do so. Her relations and friends—or rather fiends, for they had brought her to this by their cruelty—made way for me to approach her. I did so; and kneeling down, I kissed her cold hand, as I fervently offered up a prayer to Heaven to receive her soul.

"In an instant a languid smile played upon her angelic features, and, pointing to my piano, which stood open in the room, expressed by signs (for her voice was completely gone) a desire that I should touch it.

"I flew to it, and with feelings of grief beyond description, I played over the melancholy air we had agreed upon as the record of our feelings. My heart seemed to respond to every note, and I could almost fancy I heard her voice in every tone. Suddenly a chord rudely and loudly gave way—at that instant Agatha's poor soul took its eternal flight.

"Can you now wonder that I desired to possess an instrument whose every note seems to breathe her voice—our mutual friend—our only confidant? I heard that the property of Agatha was to be sold, in order to be divided between her relations. This it was which prevented my hitherto leaving Paris. I have waited now six months for the moment when I could purchase the only object on earth dear to me. Imagine, then, sir, how grateful I must feel to you who have enabled me to obtain the only treasure I desired to possess in this world."

After a few common attempts on my part to console him, the artist arose, and assuring me I should see him again before he left Paris, took up his hat and quitted me.

The next morning I was sitting before my fire in the act of reading several letters I had received from England, when my new friend and protégé rushed in.

I expressed my surprise at seeing him return so soon.

"Ah, sir, 'tis to you I owe all. I knew that my Agatha wished me to possess that piano. See, see

this," and he handed me a paper. It ran as follows:

"Surrounded in my last moments by persons who have hitherto never shown me any esteem or affection, well aware of their sordid views, I only dare confide my last will and testament to this my long-cherished piano.

"I hereby give and bequeath to Henri Aubriot, professor of music, in return for the sincere love he has ever evinced for me, every thing which I now, or which I may ever have been entitled to possess.

"I pardon my guardian for having attempted to force me into a marriage repugnant with my feelings,

because I believe he sincerely thought it would be for my advantage.

"Lastly, I beseech the person into whose hands this document may fall, to publish and make this my last will.

"Made and dated two days after becoming 21 years of age.

"AGATHA D'OLBREUSE.

"12th, Dec., 1840."

The artist whose story I have here narrated, and whose history I have given under the name of *Aubriot*, is now the celebrated —

But no, it is not fair to give his *real* appellation.

## TO MY SISTER.

[ORIGINAL.]

My sister dear, by thy desire  
I tune again my muse's lyre,  
And if its humble strains impart  
A moment's pleasure to thy heart,  
Or cause thee some light joy to feel  
By aught its tones of love reveal,  
'Tis all I ask—I seek not fame,  
Thy smile the dear reward I claim;  
Thy soul will sure respond to mine,  
And own the influence divine  
Of those affections, pure as truth,  
That fill the heart in days of youth,  
When Hope paints all the future bright,  
And Fancy wings her airy flight  
On golden pinions to the bowers  
That love has formed of fairest flowers,  
Whose brilliant hues and fragrant sweets  
The heart with rapture fondly greets,  
Nor dreams their beauties e'er will fade,  
Or sorrow o'er them throw a shade;  
But disappointment's chilling blast  
May o'er such cherished joys be cast,  
And wither all our rose-bud hopes  
Before one leaf of promise ope's.  
Anticipation oft deceives,  
When round the heart her spell she weaves,  
Expected joys may end in grief,  
And darkest fears may find relief;  
When pleasure's cup is filled with sweets,  
Just as the eager lips it meets,  
Fate stands behind, and to the ground  
Dashes the promised joy around;  
Or, if the threat'ning storm-cloud spreads  
Its gloom o'er our devoted heads,  
Some accidental breeze may rise,

Dispel the storm and clear the skies.  
Our youthful days are fleeting fast,  
Like rain bow hues, too bright to last;  
To them we soon must bid adieu,  
Yet oft remembrance will renew  
Those scenes whose light shines on the mind  
Like that the day-god leaves behind  
When at the close of some fair day  
His rays reluctant die away  
In beauty from the glowing west,  
Whence lately shone his golden crest;  
Yes, oft the thoughts must fondly dwell  
On scenes the young heart loved so well,  
When many a kindred heart and mind  
In friendship's festive wreaths were twined,  
And all were happy, for they knew  
Some loved ones shared their pleasures too.  
Yet earthly joys must pass away,  
They bud and bloom and then decay;  
The gay, the beautiful and fair,  
And all who claim our fondest care,  
Must, like the freshness and the bloom  
Of youth, but hasten to their doom;  
Death's the inevitable fate  
Of all in this our mortal state.—  
But there's a light shines through the gloom,  
Awakening hope beyond the tomb,  
Its rays of glory beam afar,  
'Tis named "The Bright and Morning Star,"  
Whose light first beamed on Bethlehem's plains  
To greet the eyes of shepherd swains,  
While angel-messengers of love,  
Descending from the throne above,  
Proclaimed the Harbinger of Peace,  
And bade all fears and sorrows cease.



# PULPIT PORTRAITS; OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

No. 6.

REV. JOHN G. MORRIS.

[ORIGINAL.]

COMMON sense is the sense most lacking in these days of traffic and money making. Why it is so is a matter that we can not fathom or comprehend, especially as the possession of that inestimable quality seldom fails of procuring for its possessor all the true happiness that the human mind is desirous of obtaining. It is by earnestness and well directed thought that the secret spring of the understanding is reached, rather than by oratorical display or flowery declamation. It is not those who make the most noise, and shout the loudest in the world, that, in the end, succeed; it is not those who make pretensions which they have not the stamina or qualifications to back; it is not those who create, in the minds of the populace, an ideal of their greatness, that carry conviction to the hearts of men, and bind them, as it were, in a band of harmony and love. It is a different race of men that accomplish this noble and lofty achievement, a race of men who have the genuine spirit of enthusiasm to prompt them, without the worthless pretensions, and narrow contracted ideas of humanity, belonging to the other race. They are, in other words, men of sound practical common sense, whose judgments are not warped by prejudice, or blinded by misdirected or guilty ambition.

How different is the man who truly loves and worships God, and who has no higher aim and no other wish than the regeneration of his species, and the accomplishment of good, from the one whose whole life is spent in scheming and devising plans by which he may be elevated to some splendid station, which he dreams, whenever reached, will add lustre to his name while living, and immortality when all that is earthly shall have passed away.

Unhappily, the road which leads to the paths of virtue and fortune, lie sometimes in very opposite directions, and to reach the latter, the former is very frequently overlooked. The ambitious man oftentimes endeavors, not only by fraud and falsehood, to accomplish his purpose, but descends, likewise, to the vulgar arts of intrigue and cabal, to supplant or destroy those who stand in the way of his greatness. If he succeeds he rests secure, for a time, in his position; but the sunshine does not always last, and before long, before he is hardly aware of the transformation himself, the footstool on which he rests begins to totter; and he feels, in the innermost depths of his soul, the terrible truth that he must fall. He has obtained his wished-for greatness, but is most miserably disappointed in the happiness which he expects to enjoy from it. The station which he occupies and which has been the dream of his life, appears, in his own eyes, and in those who have elevated him to it, polluted and defiled, and he stands forth before the world with the garb of hypocrisy torn from his limbs—a living picture of disgrace and humiliation. He invokes in vain the powers of forgetfulness and oblivion; he endeavors to find solace in the wine

cup; indulges in every profligate pleasure—the usual resources of ruined characters; but still the dark and dismal shadows haunt him with unrelenting fury. No matter what he does, no matter where he goes, no matter how many fawning sycophants he has around him, he is still pursued by the avenging furies of shame and remorse.

The man who prefers doing good for his fellow creatures, rather than lifting himself above them, is the man of all who is the most happy, and finds true enjoyment, an enjoyment which satisfies the heart in the realization of his own good deeds. His work is every where, and he goes about with a mind at ease, conscious that he is not working for to-day, but for eternity. He feels in his soul that the good which he accomplishes will not vanish, as a bright dream or a picture of surpassing loveliness, but that it will last forever, and that his reward will be everlasting and durable. His character and that of the ambitious man is illustrated in the following fable, the moral of which will be easily discovered. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strictest amity, with noisy haughtiness and disdain thus bespoke him: "What, brother! still in the same state! Still low and creeping! Are you not ashamed when you behold me, who, though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and shall shortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided those friendly rains continue which have favored my banks, but neglected yours?" "Very true," replies the humble rivulet, "you are now swollen to a great size; but methinks you have become withal somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and my purity."

Few men think of the sacrifice they make to obtain a fancied position of greatness. To be sure, self elevation is one of the noblest qualities of our nature, but the riding rough-shod over manly principle and the most sacred virtues of humanity, to obtain an object which oftentimes, in the end, is found to be a cheat; often produces consequences far from being either pleasant or agreeable.

The man who has clustering around his heart the richest sympathies for his fellow creatures, is without the infirmities of avarice or ambition, and that callousness to the beauties of nature for which some men are remarkable. His love of nature is unbounded, and his soul is susceptible of the most beautiful and charming impressions. With the poet he can with equal rapture and sincerity exclaim—

"I care not, Fortune, what you may deny;  
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve."

To a mind like his no part of creation is without its charms. The lustre of the rising and setting sun, the

sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the crowded city and the solitary Isle, the howling wilderness tossing or soaring to the storm, the flowery lawn, the murmuring rivulet or the uproar of the ocean, the grove, the lawn, the whisper of the breeze, in the radiance of summer or the gloom of winter, he finds something to rouse reflection, to beautify his fancy or ennoble his intellectual faculties. Is not such a man blessed above all others? He is the good man without pretension, and performs his deeds of charity and kindness aloof from the corrupting influence of ambitious motives. Possessed of an acute sensibility, all his actions and all his movements are guided by those heavenly hand-maids, virtue and truth, who direct his steps to the true paths of glory and immortality. Such a man is the Rev. John G. Morris, the subject of our sketch.

He has been for a number of years the pastor of the English Lutheran congregation, worshipping in the edifice in Lexington street, between Park and Howard, Baltimore. When he first commenced his labors there his congregation was very small, but in a short time it nearly doubled, and it is now one of the largest and most respectable in the "City of Monuments." His hearers cling to him almost as close as the ivy to the oak, and but few listen to his admirable discourses without becoming impressed with his peculiar powers of suasion. His manner is earnest, making no efforts of unnecessary display, and depending rather more on truth and elevated sentiment to produce conviction, than flowery sentences and oratorical display. He wishes to be understood, and therefore says what he has to say intelligibly and to the point, so that the commonest understanding may fathom his language. He is plain, free spoken, and oftentimes blunt. Common sense pervades all his discourses, and he exhibits no ambition to have his sermons act as a soporific on the minds of his hearers. But under the garb of simplicity there is beating a strong heart, whose pulsations throb in unison with those of his fellow creatures. He knows their wants,

and with the spirit of meekness and truth, becoming his station, directs them in the flowery path which leads to happiness. He is, withal, a man of fine scholastic attainments, though, as we said before, he does not depend on erudition to produce conviction in the minds of his hearers. To animate the drooping spirits, and to place revelation upon the imperishable foundations of true philosophy, is his highest aim.

Dr. Morris is a native of the village of York, Pennsylvania. He commenced his collegiate studies at Princeton, but graduated at Dickenson College, with high honor to himself, and in the enjoyment of the esteem of all who knew him. In the Divinity School at Princeton he laid the foundation of those acquirements as a theological and Hebrew scholar, which have since attracted the notice and admiration of so many of the institutions of the country. He declined the appointment of President of Pennsylvania College, and also that of Professor of Hebrew and Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary of the Lutheran churches at Gettysburg, Pa., preferring to continue in his pastoral relations with the people of his congregation.

Dr. Morris is a fine German scholar. He has translated one volume of Sconhard's treatise on Popular Theology, besides several other valuable and useful works in the German language. He was for two years editor of the "Lutheran Observer," and has written several works of merit, among them the "Catechumen's and Communicant's Guide," which, we learn, passed through several editions, although confined, in a measure, to the Lutheran Church. The study of Natural History has ever been a great favorite with him, and one of his discourses on this subject was delivered before the Philomatheon Society of Pennsylvania College, and has since been published in pamphlet form.

Unassuming in his manners, instructive and genial in his conversation, Dr. Morris has won around him a host of friends who know rightly how to appreciate his worth. He is now in his forty-fourth year.

#### REV. HENRY ANTHON, D. D.

##### No. 7.

In the front rank of our most eminent divines stands Rev. Henry Anthon. He has won his way to distinction slowly but surely, preferring a reputation lasting and durable to any ephemeral advancement. During his life he has studied much, and he is a man whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers. The spirit of ambition which actuated him in his younger days was encouraged, he measured himself with his equals, and learned from frequent competition the place which nature had allotted to him. How many men whose names are now forgotten and unknown, might have been bright ornaments to society and the country, if they had pursued the same course, and instead of growing weary and drooping by the wayside, at the commencement of the journey, strengthened their souls to the search of truth, and continued on faithfully until the goal at last appeared in sight.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigor, when all goes on

prosperously and happily, and when success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, we sometimes do not feel the want of the consolations of religion. But let the scene be changed—let friends and fortune forsake us, let poverty with his iron gripe place his hand upon us, and sickness and sorrow cross the threshold of our home, how quick do we feel the necessity of that which we before rejected. In early life Dr. Anthon was impressed with the sacred truths of religion, and had learned to know the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions.

He is of Prussian descent, and was born in the western part of this State. His father was for some time attached to the medical service of the British army, and served under Sir Jeffrey Amherst, during what is called the "old French War." Dr. Anthon's brother, John Anthon, is a lawyer of considerable celebrity in this State, and a man of deep learning and eminently proficient in his profession. Charles Anthon, another brother, has been for a long while one



of the professors in Columbia College, and well known for his high attainments in classical literature.

Dr. Anthon passed through his classical and theological studies with high honor, and he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church well prepared to carry out its objects. He has been for some years rector of St. Mark's, or, as it is frequently called, Stuyvesant Church, erected on what constituted a portion of Governor Stuyvesant's farm. He is a very able preacher, his style chaste and correct. His solid learning and unfeigned piety give a weight and impressiveness to all he utters, while his classic taste enables him to clothe his thoughts in language the most appropriate, beautiful and commanding.

Dr. Anthon, it will be recollected, was the first minister who visited the cell of John C. Colt, after his sentence for the murder of Samuel Adams, the printer. His visits were frequent, and he continued them up to the hour of Colt's tragical death. From a little sketch, written of him shortly after that event, we extract the following:—"The reverend gentleman has been, by many, very severely blamed, in allowing himself to be deceived by that unfortunate man and suicide, in regard to his contrite penitence

and submission to the will of the law. Can a minister of the gospel read the *inner* heart of him whom he prays with better than another? Are we not, all of us, daily deceived in the worth and estimation in which we have held particular men? Again, Mr. Anthon was ruthlessly taken to task for his voluntary proffer to assume the care and guardianship of the illegitimate child of Colt, and educate him in a proper manner. In this was seen the true philanthropy of the Christian. The sins of the father, on such an awful occasion, should not be inflicted upon the child; and Mr. Anthon acted morally noble, in his offer made at such time and under such circumstances. The act should endear him in the hearts of all men."

At one time, it will be remembered, that Dr. Anthon was prominently before the Christian community in regard to the doctrine of Puseyism. He, with the Rev. Mr. Smith, of St. Peter's Church, at the time when Puseyism was raging so violently in this country and England, protested against the ordination of Mr. Cary, on the ground of his religious creed approximating towards the Roman Catholic Religion.

Dr. Anthon is now in the prime of life, and holds a high place in the esteem of all who know him.

#### REV. SPENCER H. CONE.

##### No. 8.

DOUBTLESS there are but few of our readers who have not heard of the melancholy night when the Richmond Theatre was destroyed by fire, and when over one hundred respectable inhabitants, men, women and children, perished in the flames, while many others were severely injured and crippled for life. The scene, as described, must have been one of the most appalling and heart-rending on record. While the play was going on, when the audience thought of little else but the enchanting picture on the stage, a cry was heard, and as it echoed through the house a thrill of terror shook the hearts of all—"Fire!" God of mercy, how terrible was that shout as it reached the ear of the young bride as she sat beside her chosen one, dreaming of naught but happiness and the pleasant scene before her—death, death in its most awful shape, stared her in the face, and for a moment a thousand thoughts rose in her mind, thoughts of home and friends, and all that she held most dear on earth. Roused from her bright dream of happiness by a shout like that, how fearful indeed must have been her feelings—husbands were calling for their wives, parents for their children, brothers and sisters for each other, all shouting and yelling as one withering feeling of death—death in its most horrible shape, ran through their frames. The strange light of a thousand eyes flashed in the burning building. Now huge columns of smoke would burst from the stage, now smoke and flame went curling up to the ceiling, while flashes of purple and gold darted out and lit up with a fearful glimmer the faces of those below. At last the flames grew redder and redder, the heat became intense, and the crackling timbers were heard giving way—the last hope of escape had vanished, the dread reality stared them in the face, and as the withering heat touched their limbs, some clasped each other fondly and died, while many unable to bear the excruciating

torment, threw themselves from the windows and roof of the building to the pavement, bruising and mangling themselves in a manner truly frightful. At last the burning timbers gave way, the building tottered, and with a terrible shout from the mob without, the crash was heard, and all below was a heap of ruins.

'Twas a sad night in Richmond, and terrible indeed was the scene that was presented next day. There were but very few who had not lost a friend or relative in the conflagration; in fact; for a long while after nearly every person residing there was in mourning.

The subject of our sketch, in the year 1811, became attached to the Theatre, Richmond, Va., and was engaged there on the night of the destruction of the building. In his early youth he had imbibed a taste for the theatre and theatrical entertainments, and being often thrown in the society of actors and "young men about town," his taste soon grew into a passion, and he resolved to adopt the stage as a profession. Few are aware of the misery, privation and hardships, that a young man, blinded by a false ambition, has to encounter when commencing his career as a hero of the sock and buskin. When once the threshold is passed there is no turn back, unless he, with a bold effort, throws down the painted sceptre forever. To drown his cares and sorrows the *bottle* stares him in the face, and, alas! before he scarcely reaches the dawn of life, with unstrung nerves and shattered frame, he sinks into a drunkard's grave.

Poor and friendless, young Cone would have struggled on in the theatrical profession, had he not witnessed the fearful scenes on the night of the conflagration. They had such an effect upon his mind that he immediately resolved to quit the stage forever. He did so, he kept his word, and in a short

time became a Christian. He had seen life in all its various phases, his study had been that of men's hearts and habits, and when authorized to preach the gospel, he commenced his labors in the Lord's vineyard with a thorough knowledge of the work he had before him. His conversion was under extraordinary circumstances, and he felt deeply the importance of the truth reposed in him as a minister of the gospel. Many years ago he was ordained pastor over the Oliver street Baptist congregation, which, though quite small at the commencement of his labors, grew in a short time to one of the largest in the city. He became a great favorite with all who visited his church, and he has long been celebrated and favorably known as one of the principal pillars of his persuasion throughout the United States. He has taken a great interest in foreign missions, and all the philanthropic and Christian objects of the day, and has on several occasions been elected Moderator of the National Conventions of the Baptist Church. For his exertions in the cause of human progress, and for his endeavors to elevate to a happier state the poor and friendless, the ignorant and uneducated, he has won

"golden opinions," not only from the members of his own Church, but from every religious denomination. He is, in a word, one who works not for a man, but for all mankind.

The style of Dr. Cone is marked and striking—his words are well chosen, and each one is placed in a position where it will produce the most "telling" effect. His thoughts are always couched in beautiful language, and his sermons are always replete with interesting and instructive material. In his manner there is a force and earnestness which speaks in language more potent than words of the emotions and the feelings of his soul. Knowing the path which leads to death and ruin, he would have his hearers avoid it, while he points them to a brighter and a better one, whose termination is everlasting bliss.

In 1843, a magnificent church, in the Gothic style, was erected by his congregation in Broome street, near the Bowery. Mr. Cone is beloved and respected by all who know him, a highly useful member of society, and a pure and upright Christian. He is now in his fifty-seventh year.

## THE MONUMENT.

[ORIGINAL.]

EVERY day the hand is inscribing on the records of Time, 1848. This *Monument of Years* is the only one to which all may turn the eye, and see written in characters that will remain while *years endure*, the epitaph of Jesus Christ.

In tracing this record, millions of hands have been busy since he left our earth, and what a column must it now present! Its foundation is broad as the civilized world, and its shaft is towering to the skies!

Affection places the costly marble by the side of the loved one, and goes there to weep; but we have only to look on this *simple record*, and we feel ourselves by the tomb of the *Saviour of the World*! Here we may contemplate His pure, His beautiful life, when that divine heart beat with human pulsations, and that benevolent eye looked with tears and with pity on the condition of man in his fallen state. But oh how this Monument stands out in *imposing* relief, when we look up to it, written all over with the records of revolving years, and think of the blessings

that have flowed into the hearts of many generations of conscious, thinking beings from the Saviour's *sufferings and death*!

The light that beams from the Cross is that which has given *civilization to men*! It is Christianity that has spread the wing of safety around our dwellings, in the protection of our laws. It is its love, its holy principles that breaks the yoke of oppression, and provides a home for the friendless child of want, and gently wipes the tear from the eye of misery! Ah, yes! and it sings in heavenly cadence, as the angels breathe it over their golden lyres, the song of "*Peace*" to the children of men.

Let all then look up to this great Monument of Ages, and there read the value of the *blessings it commemorates*! There is not an enjoyment of our lives, not a pure emotion within our bosoms, not a ray of light upon our pathway, but it gleams in beauty and distinctness from the *Cross of Jesus Christ*!

## THE "CALLA ETHIOPICA," FROM THE GREEN-HOUSE OF A FRIEND.

[ORIGINAL.]

Beautiful Calla! Thou comest to me  
In the greenest, the richest of drapery,  
Thou art Friendship's gift, and I love thee well—  
All the charms that are thine I could not tell.

Thanks be to her, who thus could spare  
Thy stainless beauty, so queenly fair,  
To cheer the heart, and to charm the eye.  
That looks on thy loveliness *gratefully*.

Thou art left, sweet plant, on earth to be  
An emblem of Eden's purity—  
And to point with thy teaching leaf of love,  
Where the *pure now dwell*, with the pure above.

When oppressed with grief, or grieved with sin,  
Be thou my faithful talisman,  
A precious token kindly given—  
A thought—a ray—a gleam of Heaven.

ANGELA.



## THE FATE OF BAUDOUIN.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND FROM THE CHRONICLES OF FLANDERS.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1220, when peace began to bless the land, two knights wended their way slowly through the Forest of Glancone, near Valenciennes, not however equipped as they were wont to be, in full armour, but merely covered with a slight surcoat of mail, while a light *bassinet* replaced their ordinary helmet. From the richness of their apparel, they were evidently men of high rank; while the joyous tones of fair banter in which they indulged proved them to be old and tried friends.

The younger of the two, Henri de Blois, had scarcely reached the age of forty, although he had bled in the Holy Land, and gained for himself the renown of a brave warrior some two or three-and-twenty years before. His companion, the Seigneur de Ghistelle, who was five or six years older, had shared his dangers on the plains of Palestine; and now that war no longer called them as brothers to fight side by side, they remained the firm and sworn allies of the valiant crusader.

At the time we speak of, Jeanne reigned as Countess of Flanders and Hainault. She was still in her prime, and if chronicles tell truth, fair and graceful in no common degree. The fate of her father, who had suddenly disappeared some twenty years previous in the Holy Land, never having been clearly known, (some asserting that he had fallen on the field, others that he had been imprisoned, and put to death by the hands of the infidel,) Jeanne had assumed the government, and reigned over the dominions of her late father with great firmness and equity. Her husband, Ferrand of Portugal, having been taken prisoner eight years before at the battle of Bouvines, and detained in the Louvre by the French King, the fair Countess (with a feeling natural to those times) looked upon herself as a widow, more particularly as it had been positively intimated to her that a divorce might be obtained by asking.

Many had been the offers of marriage made to her, many the brilliant alliances proffered; but they all met with a steady refusal. The heart of the Countess was evidently pre-engaged, and to whom Henri de Blois well knew; for during the fêtes the Knights were now returning from attending, she had so publicly let her love for the crusader manifest itself, that none could be ignorant of the partiality and choice—a choice she seemed to glory in.

Henri, however, but ill returned her favourable sentiments. It is true ambition goaded him on to encourage her passion, and his vanity took part on the same side; yet it was evident to his companion, who jested with him as they rode, that no real love existed in the heart of his friend to repay the fond advances of the love-sick Jeanne.

"Still, Henri," added the Seigneur, in conclusion of a conversation carried on, on this topic, and altering his voice to a more serious tone, "you do wrong, very wrong to let her see that you slight her proffered love. By my faith, my good friend, you know not how dangerous it is to play with a woman's passions. Once let her perceive her advances to be scorned, and you possess a mortal enemy, more fearfully to be dreaded than Saladin and his whole host."

"Hark!" interrupted his friend, "do you hear nothing?"

They distinguished, in the next moment, the piercing cries of a female; and plunging their rowels into the sides of their chargers, galloped off to the spot whence the screams proceeded.

They were just in time. Four ruffians well armed were carrying off a young and beautiful female, doubtlessly well paid for their crime by some rich and powerful Seigneur, and so indeed it proved; for on seeing the approach of the Knights, the villains fled, leaving their captive free. The affrighted girl, flying towards her preservers, threw herself on her knees to thank them, and explained to them that, having refused the hand of a neighbouring and powerful chief, he had caused her to be carried off during the absence of her father, who had been summoned, probably by some forged document, to the presence of the Countess Jeanne. Her name was Genevieve de la Tourelle.

Henri now jumped off his horse, and lifting the poor girl, who was faint and agitated, to the saddle, respectfully led the animal along with care and attention. For the first time his heart was troubled.—The winning manner in which she had told her adventure, her entire confidence in his protection, and above all, her perfect beauty, at once struck him, and made captive that mind which even ambitious lures had vainly endeavoured to assault.

Overcome by the fears she had undergone, Genevieve evidently required care and repose. This sadly annoyed and perplexed the Knights, who were about to form a bed of the leaves which had fallen, when they perceived, at a distance, a hermit returning towards his cell, a spot so completely hidden by the wood, that they had failed to observe it. They hailed the holy man, and in a few minutes more, the happily rescued *demoiselle* was lying on the ancho-rite's couch, while the good Father busied himself in preparing restoratives and strengthening balms for his fair patient. During these operations, his cowl fell back, and thinking himself unobserved, he omitted to replace it.

"It is he, by Heavens! It is he," cried Henri, starting up.

"Merciful Providence! It is Baudouin!" exclaimed the Seigneur de Ghistelle at the same instant.

The monk endeavoured to replace his hood, evidently confused, and annoyed at their recognition.

"Nay, Sire," said Henri, falling on one knee, "why thus shun observation? you cannot deny to those who have served under your banner, the gratification of doing homage to the greatest and most beloved Emperor that ever sat on the throne of Constantinople."

"My son, enough of this. An accidental likeness, perhaps, misleads you. Why strive to disturb my quiet life?"

"Do you deny that you are our once loved commander?"

"I am what you behold, a poor yet contented hermit, happy in my solitude, asking only that I may be allowed to worship my God in quiet and repose."

"Your name, Sir Friar, if I may venture to ask it?"

"My present name is assumed, my former one forgotten. I have, it is true, once, like yourselves, borne arms, and met the infidel in many a hot encounter.—At times, visions of my former deeds arise, and agitate my soul; but checking these, I turn again to God, and humbly beseech him to wipe out the recollections of ambitious strife. Why then recall the past to me, whose only joys rest on the future?"

The Knights felt staggered, and for a moment consulted together.

Henri then resumed, "But should your State, your subjects, or your daughter's welfare, demand your presence, would you remain in dull inactivity, and see them sacrificed?"

"Nay strive not thus by taking me by surprise, to wrest a secret from me which I have screened within my breast for years. Look on me, treat me but as a humble minister of God: and may he bless you!"

"Let our prayers prevail. Remain not thus in obscurity," cried the Seigneur de Ghistelle, kissing the hermit's hand. "Why seek to shun the love of your people, and thus hide yourself from the gaze of those who would die to serve you?"

"Alas! my children, you but little know the world! Where, after twenty year's absence, should I find friends and supporters?"

"In the hearts of all brave and loyal men! Behold two, at least, whose lives are at your service!"

"Nay, my good friend," replied the Hermit King; "I but too well know your courage, since I saw it tried on the plains of Orestes, near Adrianople. Your courage, Henri de Blois, I can never forget, nor the devotion of your friend here, who received a wound intended for you."

All doubt was now at an end. Well they remembered the day and hour to which the Emperor alluded, and in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, besought their sovereign to accompany them to Valenciennes.

After a great deal of argument, the monk reluctantly consented. It was therefore agreed, that as soon as the sufferer recovered, he should visit the city and discover himself.

The rest of the evening was passed in conversation relative to their campaigns in Palestine, when the hermit still further strengthened their belief in his identity, by alluding to many persons, and circumstances, whom he alone could have known. After some time they discussed the great difficulty they would probably have in re-establishing Baudouin on his throne. To effect this, he would be compelled to dispossess his own daughter of her provinces of Hainault and Flanders, and his brother, Robert d'Auxerre, who had ascended the Imperial throne of Constantinople, on the disappearance of the late Emperor, of his kingdom.

Baudouin still wished to be left alone. For several years he had forgotten, and had been forgot by all the world. "Why, therefore," urged the monk, "why again appear, to lose my own tranquility, to injure my nearest akin, and stir up strife amongst my well-loved subjects?"

To these arguments, however, the Knights refused to listen, and it was finally settled, that on the following day, they were to return, and conduct the ex-Emperor and his fair charge into the city.

The shades of evening were fast closing, and Ge-

nevieve still slept. The Knights arose, and once more doing homage to their valiant chief, retired from the cell, and hastened to spread the news through Valenciennes.

On the following morning, the two Knights, who had been indefatigable during the night in collecting the former friends and followers of the Emperor, returned to the Hermit's cell, where they found the good Father in earnest prayer. Seeing, however, the body approach, he arose from his knees, and came forth to meet them. About thirty nobles of the first families in Flanders, headed the procession, followed by some hundreds of persons on foot, more than half of whom were well acquainted with the person of their ex-Emperor. No sooner did they catch a glimpse of the monk, who had thrown over his shoulders a scarlet Armenian cloak, than one and all rushed forward to do homage to him. There could no longer be any doubt; it was Baudouin who stood before them. Many who had joined the band, merely for the purpose of curiosity, were struck with the real carriage and dignity of the stranger, while the greater part of the spectators, who had sought the hermitage, believing that some unfair trick was meant, were suddenly confounded, and convinced on seeing the Emperor himself, who now came up to them and saluted each one (who had shared his Campaign in Palestine) by name.

The cavalcade was about to move off, when it was suggested that messengers should be sent forward to apprise Jeanne of the recognition and arrival of her father. Many objected to this, inasmuch as it was well known that the news had been communicated to her the night before; but these were overruled, and couriers sent off at full gallop, preceding the party, who moved at a foot's pace, halting occasionally, to give time for the Countess to arrange her plans.

Henri de Blois was perfectly happy. He rode beside the palfrey of Genevieve, whom he every hour prized more and more. Recovered from her fright, she now enchanted him as much by her wit as she had previously enchained him by her beauty. Her noble father, full of gratitude towards her deliverer, rode in the train of the restored Monarch, and smiled to see the evident looks of admiration his daughter's loveliness called forth.

In the mean time, the Countess had not been idle. On the first whisper of the intelligence, she had called together her eldest advisers. But alas! amidst their opinions, she found the most conflicting differences. She therefore dismissed them, and hurried to her oratory, there to meditate, and arrange her future proceedings.

After a rule of twenty years, after duly mourning as dead the author of her existence, was the sceptre to be thus abruptly snatched from her? Was she to be wronged and dispossessed of her dominions by one, who, probably, was an impostor? who reckoning on some accidental likeness, and counting on the lapse of time, as likely to impair the memories of the Crusaders, had suddenly started up to wrest from her her rightful inheritance! No! her every feeling revolted from the sacrifice. She would not cede a single inch of territory; she would, at every risk, oppose the claims they forcibly thrust upon her.

It is true, that Conscience seemed to whisper in her ear the dreadful crime she was committing, if she



unlawfully withheld the possessions she but held in trust for her father. Of that parent himself, good sense and candour bid her, at least, personally to ascertain the identity or otherwise. But alas! ambition pleaded in her breast, that if she recognised in him the Emperor Baudouin, she must instantly quit her state, and again become an humble individual. With these arguments distracting her, Jeanne passed the whole night without retiring to her room; and still in doubt how to act, she saw the messengers of Baudouin enter her presence. When, however, she learnt the claims of the "impostor," as she styled him, were upheld and enforced by Henri de Blois; when she discovered that it was his hand that was about to drag her from the throne, and, above all, that he was accompanying a demoiselle of surpassing loveliness to the city, the bright fabric of her love visions instantly melted away, and with them every womanly feeling. She peremptorily refused to receive the newly-found Emperor, and commanded him, under pain of capital punishment, instantly to repair to Namur, there to be examined by a council of twenty-five members touching his identity. She ordered the city gates to be closed, and rushing to her room, gave way to all the violence of grief and passion, that find their strongest empire in the female breast.

When, therefore, the procession arrived near the city, they were met with the persons they had despatched, accompanied by two officers of the Countess, who desired them to turn round, and make for Namur, at the same time delivering to Baudouin the official document, commanding him to appear and answer such questions as a council there assembled should be pleased to put to him. For a moment a flush of anger rose to the countenance of the Emperor, but quickly recovering his serenity, he bowed to the officers, and turning about, chose six nobles as his escort, who freely proffered their services to conduct him in safety to Namur. Genevieve de Tourelle and her father, earnestly soliciting to be of the number, were permitted also to accompany their sovereign.— Henri de Blois rode on his right hand, and the Seigneur de Ghistelle on his left.

The third day after their arrival at Namur was the one fixed for hearing Baudouin's cause. The council was held in a large room hung with crimson cloth and golden fringe. The commissioners (twenty-five in number,) took their seats at a long table, raised about two feet above the rest of the chamber. The Emperor had a chair placed for him immediately in front of his examiners. Three knights stood on either side of him, while the rest of the hall was filled with some of the most exalted personages in Flanders and Hainault.

After a few moments of consultation, the President thus addressed him:—

"Old man, whoever thou art, know that our most gracious sovereign, anxious to prevent her people from falling into the snares which ambition may spread out to entrap their credulity, has appointed us to examine into the present affair, and dissipate the clouds of mystery with which you are surrounded, and thus allow truth to shine forth. You are commanded, therefore, to answer with candour the questions that I shall put to you, and be correct in your replies, for on them depends your fate."

The late Hermit bowed, and the President proceeded.

"What name do you claim?"

Tranquilly looking up, the subject of their inquiries answered—

"Protesting most solemnly against the incompetency of this tribunal to one, who alone is answerable to the King of France, I will not hesitate to reply to your question. Claiming, however, whatever may be your decision, a full and impartial hearing from Louis the Eighth, to whom I will instantly prove, as is due from his first vassal, for as such I hold my estates of Flanders, that I am truly Baudouin, Count of Flanders, Hainault, and Holland, Zealand, and West Friesland, and Emperor of Constantinople."

"If you are, as you assert, Emperor of the Greeks, why do you not make yourself known in Palestine?"

"Because, after so long an absence, I but too well knew I could never find friends sufficiently powerful to protect me against Theodore Lascaris, who has usurped the title of Emperor of Constantinople, and from whom (had I fallen into his hands,) I should have received more cruel treatment than the barbarians from whose fetters I had just escaped. Besides this, the first wish of an exile is to seek his native place."

"Why did you not return before the death of your brother-in-law, Philip Augustus?"

"The destiny of man is in the hands of God alone; on this point I will fully explain myself to the King of France."

The President now endeavoured to embarrass the Emperor with questions, many of which were irrelevant and vexatious. But he, by his clear perception, his dignified replies, and unhesitating manner, so completely foiled him in his attempt to abash and confuse him, that many of the members, finding themselves compromised, and clearly seeing that they were in the presence of their rightful sovereign, began to murmur, and express their conviction of the justice of the Hermit's claims. Several of the bystanders also pressed forward to do homage to him, and the whole affair took a turn so unexpected by those who had anticipated a far different result, that the President was fain to dissolve the Court, and defer judgment, until the Countess Jeanne's good pleasure should be known.

In the mean time, Baudouin vainly endeavoured to remain in obscurity. Fresh partisans daily flocked to his dwelling, offering him their fealty and support, and the affair began to be bruited through the neighbouring countries.

As no evidence could be adduced to prove that the late Emperor had been slain, no just opposition could be offered to the claims of the Hermit King, no fair plea to damp the ardour of those who every day ranged themselves on his side.

Under these circumstances Jeanne deemed it advisable to allow of his appeal to the decision of the King of France, and accordingly sent ambassadors to Louis the king, soliciting him "to hear and decide on the claims of a cunning impostor, who, if not made an example of, would introduce anarchy and discord into the provinces of Hainault and Flanders, a wretch who had sacrilegiously dared to assume the name and appearance of her late lamented father, Baudouin the First, of blessed memory. She therefore

prays his Majesty to come to her assistance, and protect her from this well imagined plot."

The King of France, urged by these and other reasons, which the Countess privately made known to him, consented to hear the case, and accordingly cited the hermit to appear before him at Compeigne on the eighth day following, there to establish his claims, and be reinstated in his rightful government, or, being proved to be a base impostor, to receive the reward due to one who had endeavoured to create a civil war. To these conditions Baudouin gladly consented, and repaired to Compeigne as desired.

Arrived within a few miles, the claimant to the Imperial Throne halted, and established himself at a small hostel, there to await the day which was to decide his fate, when, it had been arranged, he was to make his entry, solemnly escorted by his friends; the better, by publicly shewing how powerfully he was supported, to ensure impartial justice.

In the mean time he deemed it expedient to publish a narrative of the incidents, since his sudden disappearance, when fighting under the walls of Adrianople for his country and his God. Taken a prisoner, he had been conveyed by his captors to a small town in Bulgaria, where he had been thrown into a dungeon, and detained during fifteen years. At the end of that time, his guards relaxing in their vigilance, he managed to escape; but after innumerable hardships he had been again seized by a party of wandering Arabs, who after retaining him as a slave, and making him perform every sort of degrading toil, had sold him to some Syrians, in whose service he remained during two years, carrying water, and felling trees in common with the other captives. Happily, however, during a short suspension of hostilities, he had been enabled to make himself known to some German merchants, who had taken advantage of the truce to push their commerce into the interior, but fully recognising in him the late Emperor of Constantinople, they had immediately ransomed him for a mere trifle, the Syrians being wholly unaware of the noble hostage they possessed. Once free, his heart yearned again to behold his native land. He accordingly returned; when finding his daughter in the happy possession of his late territories, and those territories happily and justly ruled, and the Countess's mind made up to the loss of her parent, he preferred remaining in solitude, (which from long habit had become his second nature, worshipping God, as he was wont to do when in the dungeons of the infidel, and praying heaven to shower down blessings on his daughter,) to creating a schism amongst his people, and bringing misery on the heads of those he loved best, by appearing, and setting forth his claims. Every dream of ambition had long ceased to convulse his breast; a future life his only hope, a place in the eternal kingdom his only glory. Since, however, he had thus been dragged forward, he felt it due to himself, due to those friends who had supported him, to prove the validity of his claims, even though he should abdicate the next hour.

A document to this effect was circulated amongst the people, who already looked upon his restoration as certain.

At length the important dawn arrived. Crowds thronged to meet the extraordinary man, who had thus boldly laid claim to one of the richest estates attached to the crown of France.

It was in vain that Louis VIII. strove to withdraw their attention by a pageant he that morning had announced.

Thousands of eager and curious spectators flocked to meet the procession, which now entered into Compeigne.

First marched several Knights on foot, four abreast, without arms or plumes. These were the most powerful and warm partizans of the ex-monarch. After them came two Knights (Henri de Blois and the Seigneur de Ghistelle) on horseback, dressed in complete armour, but without sword or other offensive weapons, bearing between them a large shield, on which was represented a chain, surrounded by broken scymetars, and surmounted by a large cross in silver. Next came two negroes bearing on a velvet cushion a large seal of massive gold; and immediately behind them a herald at arms, supporting a standard, on which was inscribed "The August Elect of God." After him other Knights, two and two, according to their various degrees of rank. And now came the object of every beholder's interest, Baudouin himself, mounted on a white charger, which he bestrode with all the dignity and grace of a gallant and experienced warrior. His majestic appearance, his snow-white steed, his beneficent smile at once prepossessed the crowd in his favour, and riveted the attention of all; and many a "God speed you" burst from the lips of the spectators as the old man, far from attempting to practice on their credulity by gorgeous apparel, or military clothing, passed by, his head uncovered, his grey locks slightly waving with the wind, his shoulders covered with a simple and unbroidered mantle, and a robe of unpretending simplicity.

The cortege was closed by Genevieve, with other ladies of high rank, and a retinue of *huissiers*, bearing their white staves of office.

Louis, who himself presided in the Council-chamber, is said to have started on beholding the Hermit enter; but recovering his self-possession, and looking on him with a cold and stern regard, he desired the Bishop of Beauvais to propose the questions, it had been arranged should be put to the *soi-disant* Emperor. *Firstly*,—In what place he had done homage for his country of Flanders to Philip Augustus?—*Secondly*,—Where, and by whom, he had been invested with the order of knighthood—and *Lastly*,—Where, and on what day, he had obtained the hand of Margaret de Champagne, the legitimate wife of Baudouin the first?

The interrogated demanded an adjournment of three days, for the purpose of replying to these queries, urging as a reason for thus demanding a delay, which might seem indecorous and unnecessary, the natural confusion he felt in thus being cited before one of the greatest sovereigns of his time, and almost as a culprit before the most exalted and brilliant assemblage that Europe had for many years beheld collected together, his defective memory, injured at once by age and misfortune, and the chaotic mixture of dates, almost entirely wiped out by years of captivity and slavery in a foreign land. On these grounds he ventured to ask a sufficient time to be granted him to collect and arrange his thoughts.

The postponement being allowed, the ex-Emperor delivered his answers on the third morning to the Bishop of Beauvais, who laid them before the King, who was greatly displeased at the boldness displayed



in them. Taking advantage, therefore, of some slight discrepancies and errors in them, he pronounced the claimant to be an impostor, forbade him, at his peril, ever again to assume the name of Baudouin, and commanded him to quit the country within eight-and-forty hours.

Abandoned by the greater number of his most influential supporters, who shrank from him as soon as the decision of Louis was publicly promulgated, the unfortunate old man attempted to pass through Flanders on his way to Burgundy, disguised as an itinerant merchant; but Jeanne, too much interested in his capture to allow him thus easily to escape, sent a gentleman of the Court, named Erard Castence, in pursuit of him, who, overtaking him within a few miles of the frontiers, seized him, and, after confining him a few days in his own chateau, delivered him up to the Countess on receiving from her four hundred marks of silver.

He was now ordered to Lille, where he underwent every sort of torture imagination could devise. Against these he bore up for a long time. At length, broken in body and spirit, life no longer seeming of any value to him, since he had become an object of hatred even to his own child, he consented to state, in the form of a confession, whatever his torturers desired him to make known. These falsehoods, wrung from him in the midst of his agonies, served as a pretext for his execution. He was condemned to be paraded through the streets of Lille, strapped to his horse, and then publicly executed in the Market-place.

When Jeanne received notice of this sentence for her confirmation, although she had hitherto enforced the proceedings against the old man with the eagerness more of a demon than a Christian woman, her heart began to relent; and really believing him to be her parent, she began to view the case in its right light. All the love he had shewn her as a child, the fond caresses he had showered on her in her infancy, the pride with which he had exhibited her to his people as their future Sovereign, all arose before her view, and conscience added a thousand stings to memory, as she saw her own image arise before her, a tyrant and a parricide! She beat her breast with anguish, as she looked back upon the tortures she had caused the old man, and hated herself as she reviewed her past conduct. Ambition, after a short struggle, gave way to nature, and she was about to sign his pardon, and a full avowal of her own faults, when a servant entered and announced the arrival of a messenger from the Count de Blois. Pleasure lit up the fair visage of the Countess. Her whole love for him rose into her bosom. He would doubtless applaud her conduct, and although deprived of her throne, she would yet become the bride of him she so highly prized. In the next instant the Esquire was

ushered into her presence. After kneeling, he thus delivered his errand:—

"Henri, Count de Blois, desires most humbly your permission to defend with his life, in a combat, *a outrance*, the innocence of him who calls himself Baudouin, Count of Flanders, and Emperor of Constantinople, against all gainsayers, and prays your gracious leave to solicit this trial, as a boon from our Sovereign Lord, the King of France."

The Countess paused for a moment. She already felt within her mind the delights of an approving conscience, and conceiving the pleasure Henri would feel from hearing of her clemency and justice from her own lips, she with a smile desired his instant attendance on her.

"The Count is at Lille, but I will, with all speed, convey your gracious wishes to him."

"What does he there?"

"He espoused but yesterday Genevieve de la Tourelle, now Countess of Blois and Plaschendaël."

An ill-suppressed cry escaped from the Countess, as she ejaculated, or rather whispered, the word "Indeed!" Her whole soul seemed to change. Her demon spirit triumphed, and, rushing towards a table, she hastily signed a document which lay upon it.—Then turning to the messenger, she added in a voice of ill-concealed anger, "Go, Sir Esquire, and tell your Count that I refuse to receive his petition; that ere your reach him, the wretched impostor will have ceased to exist; and that, for his support of a traitor, I hereby banish him for ever from my presence and my court. Tell his fair bride we shall yet have to deal with her Lord for the many crimes of *lesè Majesté* he has committed."

The messenger bowed and withdrew, astonished at the altered manner of his Sovereign, while Jeanne, filled with the pangs of disappointed love, eagerly despatched the order for the execution of her own father, who was hung in Lille in the year 1220, to the horror and disgust of every true Christian.

Two circumstances have been handed down to us, which carry conviction to every impartial mind, that the old Hermit was the true Baudouin, and father of the Countess Jeanne, and that she well knew it. In the first place, just before his death, he described certain private marks on the person of his child, that none but her father, her mother, and her nurse, could have told, and which after her death were found strictly correct. And secondly Jeanne, soon after his death (after which she never held up her head,) founded an hospital at Lille, still in existence, called the "Hôpital Comtesse," and caused all the linen, furniture, plate, and every other object belonging to it, to be marked with a gibbet, a device she herself chose, and which may be seen, even in the present day, surmounting the arms of the Sovereign.

### CANTEBURY.

WE have been requested to publish the following fine sonnet of Wordsworth's (rarely quoted), on the subject of Canterbury. It is a fine specimen of the poet's abilities, and as such we offer it, independent of its local and historical application:

"For ever hallowed be this morning fair;  
Blest be the unconscious shore on which we tread;  
And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead

Of martial banner, in procession bear;  
The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,  
The pictured Saviour!—By Augustin led,  
They come—and onward travel without dread,  
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,  
Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free:  
Rich conquest waits them: the tempestuous sea  
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,  
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,  
Those good men humble by a few bare words,  
And calm with fear of God's divinity."

## LOUIS BLANC.

My first sight of Louis Blanc was at the palace of the Luxembourg. "*Voilà la petite !*" said a Frenchman near me, as he entered. He is, indeed, a little man, with a great *distingue*—a pigmy of price—a dwarf in body, but a giant in mind. He stands hardly four feet in height. His air, too, is extremely youthful, with his smooth, fair, hairless face, and his neat, slim, little figure. Although he approaches the manhood of forty, he might easily be mistaken for a boy of eighteen. Although he has a stern strength about him, it might be supposed from his first appearance that he was weak and effeminate. He entered, however, as one of the Provisional Government of the Republic of France, to deliver addresses to assemblies of working-men and masters, collected together by him, in his function of President of the Commission for the Government of the Workmen, to consult and decide on a plan for the organization of industry. He spoke, and the working-men were melted to tears, and even the masters were moved. His tones were soft and showery, or earnest and energetic. With his little figure buttoned up tight in a blue coat with gilt buttons, there he stood, mounted up, evidently awakening, convincing, deciding, with modulated voice and expressive action. There he stood, though so small, not the least of the great men who now rule over the destinies of the France of the Third Revolution.

Louis Blanc was born at Madrid, October 28, 1813. His father was at that time inspector-general of finances in Spain. His mother was of Corsican origin, and he himself was brought up in Corsica, until he was seven years old. In 1820, he was sent with his brother to the college of Rhodes, where, when he was fifteen, he was more learned than his masters.—At least, so says one of his biographers. In 1830, he left college, and rejoined his father in Paris. It was at the time of the barricades; and he threw over the barriers the buttons of his coat, because they bore on them the *fleur-de-lis*. Little did he think then, however, that, eighteen years afterwards, the Paris which he entered would salute him with acclamations in the midst of new barricades which he himself had contributed to raise. His father, a pensioner, was ruined by the fall of the Bourbons, and was consequently unable to further assist his son, whose first endeavour was to seek some situation. If now his figure is juvenile, his aspect then was almost infantine! Although seventeen, his biographers assert that he would have been supposed not more than twelve or thirteen years of age. With this childish appearance, his manners were also timid. In vain he wandered over Paris seeking for an employment which should afford him but simple subsistence. His appearance prejudiced people against him. In the midst of France, in Paris—that monstrous city, which some have said should be the capital of the civilized world, he was likely to die of hunger. He reasoned upon this, and concluded that his situation was but the logical consequence of that vicious system, if system it can be called, which now obtains in society. In his sleepless nights, he meditated on plans of reform, and vowed, during the day, to engage in a determined war with those inhuman institutions which condemned the most numerous class to misery or to death. From

his own experience, Louis Blanc was thus first struck with the terrible position of thousands who, notwithstanding every endeavour, are unable to find spheres in which to labour, either in body or mind.

Assisted by a small pension which had been given him by his uncle, he continued to seek employment with an indefatigable perseverance. He gave lessons in mathematics; and, in 1831, he found a situation as an under-clerk. During this time, also, he had addressed himself to a friend of his family, M. de Flaugergues, an old president of the Chamber of Deputies. This gentleman had remarked the high intelligence of young Blanc, and wished to inspire him with a taste for politics as a science. By him he was initiated into the first principles of political economy. At the house of the Gerald family, likewise, he made the acquaintance of M. Lorne de Brillemont, brother of the old deputy of that name, who was then seeking a tutor for the sons of M. Hallette, of Arras. This gentleman, after spending an hour with Louis Blanc, judged him fully worthy, and proposed him for the situation. It was a good chance for the young clerk, and he was accepted. He stayed two years at Arras. It was there he burnished his first weapons as a publicist and a poet. Besides some remarkable articles which he published in the "*Propagateur du Pas-de-Calais*," he there composed three works—a poem entitled "*Mirabeau*," a poem on the *Hotel des Invalides*, and an "*Eloge de Manuel*"—which were crowned by the Academy of Arras. The activity he possessed now longed, however, for a wider field. The education of M. Hallette's children was finished, and he desired to enter into the lists of the Parisian press.

He returned to Paris in 1834, with letters of introduction to Conseil, the collaborator of Armand Carrel in the "*National*." But Conseil was like most Parisian journalists, he was everywhere and nowhere. Louis Blanc sought him for many days without success. At that time the "*National*" was published in the Rue Croissant. One day, as the young author went for the tenth time to the offices of that journal, nearly despairing of ever finding the uncomeatable Conseil, he raised his eyes towards heaven, as if to call for it to witness the inutility of his efforts, and perceived an inscription, bearing in large letters, the words, "*Le Bons Sens*." That journal was as advanced in the advocacy of reform as the "*National*," and Louis Blanc, having two articles in his pocket, decided on leaving one for the "*Bons Sens*." It was, however, no small matter for one so modest to meet the editor in chief. Just as he was about penetrating into his sanctuary, a species of involuntary terror pervaded his limbs. "*What shall I say ?*" thought he—"my young look will go against me. They will suppose my articles are not my own." The perspiration stood upon his forehead. The door was there before him, and he had not the strength to open it. He stood still in the passage, without advancing or receding. At length a door opened, and he found himself face to face with a porter. "*Who do you want ?*" said the porter. Louis Blanc was caught. "*Sir,*" he replied, "*I seek the office of the chief editor of the 'Bons Sens.'*" "*Come with me, and I will lead you to it,*" was the answer. Thus providence, in the



shape of a porter, played a great part in the destiny of Louis Blanc. It was in despite of himself that he was conducted before MM. Rodde and Cauchois-Lemaire, then principal editors of the "*Bons Sens*." M. Rodde received the young author with great affability, but M. Cauchois-Lemaire looked more grave. He has avowed since, that he hesitated to take as serious such precocious maturity. He could not for the moment believe in the young Hercules. A first article was, however, accepted, and a second, and a third; and, in fine, M. Cauchois-Lemaire made a provisional offer of 1,200 francs to his young assistant. After fifteen days, however, they placed the salary of Louis Blanc at 2,000 francs, then at 3,000; and lastly, the chief editorship was confided to him. The sensation which his articles produced was immense, and they exercised great influence upon the democratic party, and helped considerably to associate them for a common purpose, by the union of the theories of the political school and the social school—the one as the means, the other as the end.

In his new position Louis Blanc entered into relations with the "*National*," for which he wrote a number of political articles. "There," says M. Sarrans, "was Carrel, that man of a thousand, that choice spirit, powerful in character and in genius, and who, from the heights of his probity, crushed all the intriguants without principle, whom the revolutionary whirlwind had blown upon the top of the ladder." Carrel was a Voltairian. But it happened one day that Louis Blanc submitted to his examination an article, in which he attacked the insufficiency of the political and social reforms preached by the patriarch of Ferney. Voltaire, according to Louis Blanc, had caused the political revolution of '89, Rousseau the social revolution of '93; and he preferred Rousseau to Voltaire. This proposition was so contrary to the ideas of Carrel, that for a moment it perplexed his excellent judgment. Struck, however, with the vivid reflections and strong thoughts of his opponent, the great publicist demanded time to reflect, and afterwards did not hesitate to defend the severe principles of Louis Blanc against the attacks of those who had adopted nothing but the vices of a revolution. This debate was, moreover, the epoch of a considerable change in the political and social tendencies of the "*National*."

In 1834, Louis Blanc published also, in the "*Republican Review*," various works of high importance; among others, a magnificent article on Virtue considered as the Means of Government, the title of which is sufficient to recommend it; and a beautiful estimate and appreciation of Mirabeau. He contributed also to other reviews. In 1838, however, a new proprietary wished to change the political tendencies of the "*Bons Sens*," and Louis Blanc, with all the other editors, retired. This retirement caused the death of the journal. Another tribune was wanted for the eloquent defender of the popular cause, and Louis Blanc immediately founded the "*Revue du Progress*," in which he has profoundly treated almost all the great questions of the time, whether political, social, financial, commercial, literary, or industrial. During the time that he gave his name and talent to this publication, he was also occupied with his most famous work on the "*Organization of Industry*." Never had a book such a re-echo as this. That problem, which had used up generations of thinkers, was there popularised. If the

problem, in many respects, yet remains unsolved by Louis Blanc, he has still the credit of having rendered its superficialities more intelligible to the mass, more simple to the student. And now, moreover, as member of the Provisional Government, and as president of the commission named to regulate and guarantee to each the right of living by labour, he has an opportunity, better than has been offered since the days of Lycurgus, of testing by practice the theory of a true society organism. The suppression or non-employment, the misery of which he, like so many thousand others, have felt, is the great political object of Louis Blanc. Others, like him, have wrote, and thought, and worked, through neglect, poverty, and persecution. He has now the opportunity to act.—The hour is, if he is the man. May his action be clear, calm, and decisive; and may the good God grant it success!

In his "*Organization of Industry*," Louis Blanc thus defines his political system:—"That which is wanting," says he, "for the enfranchisement of the working classes is the tools of labour: the function of government is to furnish them. If you would have us define the State, according to our conception, we should reply: the State is the banker of the poor." In other words, he accepts the idea that the employment of all its members is the obligation of a nation, or that national employment is the duty and function of government.

The first ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe were frightful with great events. While editing the "*Revue du Progress*," it occurred to Louis Blanc that he would also be the historian of these. He paid a visit to each of the actors in that eventful drama. He told each that he intended to write the history of the last ten years, and requested that they would relate to him the events in which they had any share, direct or indirect; indicating, at the same time, that he should apply his judgment in the use of the materials furnished. Thus originated the "*Historie de Dix Ans*," a work which, in the historical library, is worthy to rank after "*Zenophon's Anabasis*," and "*Cæsar's Commentaries*." This was followed up by Louis Blanc with his "*History of the French Revolution*," which he develops with all the grandeur of the epic spirit which it possessed. It has been well said to unite the vigour of Tacitus with the profundity of Pascal. In this work, also, he gives us the formula of his philosophy: "Three great principles," says he, "obtain in the world, and in history: authority, individualism, fraternity. \* \* \* The principle of authority is that which stupifies the life of nations with worn-out creeds, with a superstitious respect for tradition, with inequality; and which employs constraint as the means of government. The principle of individualism is that which, taking man apart from society, renders him the sole judge of that which is around and within him—gives him an exalted sentiment of his rights, without indicating his duties—abandons him to his own powers, and lets all other government go on as it will. The principle of fraternity is that which regarding as solidary, or indissolubly connected together, all the members of the great human family, tends to organise society, the work of man, on the model of the human body, the work of God, and founds the power of government on persuasion, on voluntary assent. Authority has been manifested by Catholicism with an *éclat* which

astonishes. It prevailed till Luther. Individualism, inaugurated by Luther, is developed with an irresistible power; and separated from the religious element, it rules the present—it is the soul of things.—Fraternity, announced by the thinkers of "the Mountain," disappeared then in a tempest; and at present appears to us but in the far-off land of the ideal; but all grand hearts call for it, and it already occupies and illumines the highest spheres of intelligence. Of these three principles, the first engenders oppression, by the suppression of personality; the second causes oppression by anarchy; and the third alone by harmony gives birth to liberty." Such is a succinct statement of Louis Blanc's political positions. They are more true than they are original, and they are all the more to be accepted for this.

Thus was Louis Blanc engaged till the Revolution of February. Previously he took part in the patriotic banquets at Paris, and at Dijon. The thirty hours of February have elevated him to one of the first positions in France. He is by no means the least important of the members of the Provisional Government. The ascendancy which he exercises over the masses is immense, but it is rational. He has instinctively and completely seized the idea of the present revolution. He fully comprehends that it is not only a politi-

cal revolt, but also an industrial insurrection, a new general societary movement. He well knows that it is more than a question of monarchy and republic; that it is the working-classes claiming not only universal suffrage, but universal employment, and the means of subsistence; in fine, that it is the problem of industrial organization insisting on solution. Aware of this, his action in the Government is firm and decisive. He knows that the wants of the people are reasonable, and that, unless they are granted, there will be anarchy and counter-revolution. This he would prevent by employing the people; thus giving them at once rights and duties, and at the same time raising them above the temptation of demagogues. Among the founders of the New French Republic, by the side of such brilliant names as Lamartine and Arago, posterity will worthily place the name of Louis Blanc.

[NOTE.—We very greatly fear that the schemes of Louis Blanc and his associates may not ultimately be so profitable to France, as they and their admirers believe. The idea of making the Government a universal employer will not, we think, turn out advantageously, and, in the end, the loss must be borne by the producing classes of that country. The solution of the problem is rapidly advancing, and will leave the world more convinced, we suspect, than it found it, that, in the division of labour, Government cannot efficiently and directly become great trading, manufacturing, and agriculturing companies.]

## TO THE FIRST SPRING BIRD.

[ORIGINAL.]

I have heard the voice of thy early song,  
'Mid the naked boughs of the old bare tree—  
There sweetly still thy song prolong,  
For thrilling is thy minstrelsy!

Thine is the voice of evening spring.  
When captive nature shall be free;  
Still, little warbler, sweetly sing—  
Thine are the notes of liberty!

Like the dawn of Hope on the night despair,  
When the heart was held with its tyrant sway,

Like the twinkling light of the morning star,  
That precedes the brightness—the fullness of day,

Like a bird from the "spirit-land" thou'st come,  
Of friends that are gone thou dost sadly sing,  
That while Spring shall restore to Earth her bloom,  
No life to the grave has it power to bring!

On the tomb there rests a longer night,  
A winter of deeper—of colder gloom—  
Angels shall usher its dawning light—  
A glorious spring to a Christian's tomb!

ANGELA.

## LIFE'S CHANGES.

[ORIGINAL.]

Must it be thus?—I  
Could have hoped that we together side by  
Side, in holiest friendship living, might  
Have passed our days.—But there are times when  
We must deeply feel that our brief life below,  
Is but a pilgrimage through lands that are  
Not ours—for where we find the welling springs  
Of pure delight, and fain would fold the wing,  
And drink from its pure fountains, our stay must  
Not be there—Change is the motto here, fixed  
On each precious thing to which our hearts  
Attach and cling; and thus how oft they bleed—  
And the warm frequent tear as often falls—

Yes this is life—thus  
We go on—we meet a few brief moments—  
Taste the joys of friendship's interchange, and  
Then pass on to other scenes, perhaps to  
Meet no more this side the grave; but to  
The Christian's heart how sweet the thought, that  
It will not be long, before these parting scenes,  
These changing homes, will all give place to an  
Enduring bliss that lies beyond the skies—  
And there these buds of earthly friendship  
Shall mature, unfolding all their sweets  
In the pure light and atmosphere of Heaven.

ANGELA.



## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*The Three Days of February, 1848, with Sketches of Lamartine, Guizot, &c.* By Percy B. St. John. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1848.

This compact little narrative of the revolution of last February, by an eye witness of all that he describes, will serve for the present to stay the intense curiosity of the public to learn everything connected with that remarkable event, until a fuller and better account can be given. Revolutions are as productive of books as they are of great men. There have been thousands and thousands of volumes written about our own revolution, and the press is still teeming with new works on the first and second French revolutions, while the great revolution of England, or the great rebellion, as it is called by High Churchmen and Tories, has been hardly less prolific of books; therefore, if a great book be a great evil, as some philosophers have said, a revolution must be a much greater evil, as it is productive of a good many great books. It is a remarkable indication of the innate love of the Anglo-Saxon race for politics; that no books, not even romances, are half so popular with English and American readers as those which treat of revolutionary times and revolutionary men. Who could imagine, that, after the innumerable standard works already in existence on the subject of our own revolution, that two such writers as Mr. Headley and Mr. Lippard could create a furore in the literary world by a new series of revolutionary sketches. It appears that now-a-days every literary man turns his pen to account by writing a history of a revolution. We see that in Philadelphia a partnership has been formed by two literary gentlemen, formerly connected with the newspaper press in New York, Messrs. G. G. Foster and Thomas Dunn English, who have jointly produced a work on the last revolution in France. We have not had the pleasure of reading this partnership production, but it is highly spoken of by the Philadelphia press, and we can well believe it to be anything but a dull book, let it have what quality it may of a political character.

Politics in France are certainly composed of very different elements from those that enter into political ethics in the U. States. The last revolution has forced into political power the eminent literary and scientific men of the nation; but politics here force literary and scientific men into the shade. A small attorney is supposed capable, *ex-officio*, to discharge the duties of any office in the United States, from that of the chief magistrate to a Brigadier-General; while literary men are not supposed to be capable of serving the public in any office which has a salary connected with it. All our Ambassadors, Secretary of State, Commanders of Armies, Post-Masters, Consuls, Governors, Representatives and Presidents, are lawyers; but in France they manage things very differently. The foremost man of the nation, he to whom the destinies of France, and of all Europe, in fact, are at this moment confided, is a sentimental poet. The foremost man of all the world now is Lamartine, who, some four months since, was only known as the author of some poems of religious sentiment. Now he is the ruler, or rather the adviser, of a nation of freemen. A slight sketch of this remarkable man will not be unacceptable to our readers at this time. Alphonse de Lamartine was born at Mâcon in France, on the 21st of October, 1792. His family name was De Prat, but he took that of Lamartine, after a maternal uncle, from whom he inherited a considerable fortune. His father was an officer under Louis XVI, and his mother was grand-daughter of Madame Des Roys, under-governess to the Princess d'Orléans. The Lamartine family were deeply involved by the revolution, and the poet's earliest recollections are of a prison, in which he visited his father.

In his "Travels in the East," in 1832-33, he says—"My mother had received from her mother, when on her death-bed, a handsome Bible of Royanmont, from which she taught me to

read when I was very young. This Bible had engravings of sacred subjects at nearly every page. When I had read about half a page with tolerable correctness, my mother allowed me to see a picture; and, placing the book open on her knees, she explained the subject to me as a recompense for my progress. She was most tender and affectionate by nature, and the impressive and solemn tone of her clear and silvery voice added to all she said an accent of strength, impressiveness, and love, which still resounds in my ears after six years that that voice has, alas! been mute."

On leaving college, Lamartine passed some time at Lyons, whence he made his first visit to Italy, returning to Paris in the latter days of the empire. At a distance from his mother and his fatherly preceptors, he passed some time in that idleness which frequently characterizes the earlier days of men who are destined for a conspicuous and influential career. In 1813 he revisited Italy.

On the fall of the emperor, Lamartine offered his services to be restored king, and he joined the body-guard of the royal family in 1815.

After the hundred days, he retired from military service and completed his first "*Méditations Poétiques*." In 1820 Lamartine—just recovering from a violent attack of illness, resulting mainly from mental excitement—went from bookseller to bookseller in Paris, offering a small volume in verse, and everywhere meeting with refusal, until at length one of the trade, named Nicole, resolved on printing the "*Méditations*." The volume was published without name, preface, or introduction, and would have fallen still-born from the press, but that Jules Janin seeing the unpretending pamphlet on a book-stall, bought it and carried it home. So charmed was Janin with his "*Premières Méditations*," that he wrote a careful review of them, in a publication with which he was then connected. A large demand was at once created for the poems, and Lamartine, like Byron, "awoke one morning and found himself famous."

Lamartine was always an admirer of Byron, and when that great poet died, leaving his "*Childe Harold*" incomplete, Lamartine resolved to add a canto, and "*Le Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage de Harold*" was favorably received by all lovers of Byron.

His literary success opened a diplomatic career to Lamartine; and, being appointed *attaché* to the legation of Florence, he went to Tuscany. In 1821 he was appointed secretary to the French embassy at Naples, where he married a young, rich, and well-connected English lady.

He afterwards visited London in the same capacity, returning to Tuscany as *Chargé d'Affaires*. In the mean while his fortune was increased by an inheritance derived from his uncle.

The "*Secondes Méditations*," appeared in 1823, and to these were accorded higher praise than even to the first. Then followed his sketch "*Socrates*," and then (in order of publication) the "*Last Canto of Childe Harold*." In this poem there is an address to Italy, in which the poet laments the degradation of this land of heroes.

This apostrophe appearing to Colonel Pepé (brother of the Neapolitan general) offensive to his nation, he called out Lamartine, whom he met at a party; and the poet was severely wounded. He wrote to the Grand Duke requesting that Pepé might not be punished; and this chivalrous conduct acquired for him the highest admiration in Florence.

Having in 1824 published "*Le Chant du Sacre*," he returned to France in 1829; and in the month of May in the same year his "*Harmonies Poétiques Religieuses*" appeared.

Lamartine was received as member of the *Académie Française*, in April, 1830, and was about to set forth as minister plen-

potentary to Athens, when the revolution of July broke out; and, although Louis Philippe offered to confirm him in the Greek embassy, he refused the offer, and bade adieu to diplomacy, as he believed, forever.

On the 29th of May, 1832, he chartered a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons, with a crew of sixteen men, and sailed for Egypt. It was during the voyage to the East that he kept his Journal, afterwards re-produced under the title of "*Le Voyage en Orient*."

The most remarkable part of his book on the East to us, is that which relates to an interview which he had with the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, who clearly foretold, whether by character or not is more than we have a right to say, the great part which the poet was to play in the destiny of his nation.

At that time nothing would have seemed more remote, than the probability of Lamartine ever being a prominent actor in the political Government of France, for he had been twice rejected by two different constituencies to whom he offered his services as a Deputy in the National Assembly. Lady Hester Stanhope pretended to read the destinies of nations in the stars, like the old Astrologers, and when Lamartine visited her she offered to reveal to him his future course in life, although he was unknown to her even by name. She said to him:

"It is God who has conducted you hither, to enlighten your soul; you are one of those men of a good disposition, whom he requires as his instrument to accomplish the marvellous works which he will soon accomplish among mankind."

"You are one of those men whom I expected, whom Providence has sent to me, and who has a great part to perform in the world that is preparing. In a short time you will return to Europe. The fate of Europe is decided. France alone has a great mission to accomplish. YOU WILL PARTICIPATE IN IT! I do not yet know in what manner; but if you be anxious to know, I will consult the stars to-night, and reveal it to you. I do not yet know the name of all; I see now three at present—four—perhaps five, and there may be more. One of them is certainly Mercury, which imparts clearness and color to the mind and tongue. You must be a poet; it is legible in your eyes and in the upper part of your countenance. Lower down you are under the influence of very different stars, almost in opposition; there is an influence of energy and action."

"What is your name?"

"I told her.

"I never heard it before," she said, with an accent of truth.

"Ah, my lady, you see what human glory is. In my life I have composed a few verses, which have caused my name to be repeated a thousand times by all the literary echoes of Europe; but even that echo is too feeble to cross your ocean and your mountains."

At the end of November, Lamartine returned to Beyrouth, where he had left his wife and child Julia; and in the beginning of December he lost this

"Sole daughter of his house and heart,"

After an illness of a few days only.

During his absence at the East he was elected a deputy to the department of the North, and returned to France to enter upon his political career which has led to such an exalted height.

In 1835 he published his poem of *Jocelyn*. In this he used for the first time, dramatic form and modern history. Then followed *La Chute d'un Ange*; but this had not the popularity of his previous productions. Then his *Recueils Poétiques* were published.

On entering upon his functions as deputy, M. de Lamartine joined the Conservatives, then headed by Guizot. A dissolution of the Chamber taking place, he was elected representative of Mâcon, the place of his birth. Lamartine gradually formed and headed a party styled the "*Parti Social*;" and taking a lead, soon went in advance of Guizot on the progress of social questions.

In his *Voyage en Orient*, he thus presented his practical system to the social world:—

"You say that every thing dies, and that there is no longer any faith or belief;—there is a faith; this faith is general reason; language is its organ, the press is its apostle; it seeks to recon-

struct in its own image, religions, civilizations, societies and legislations. It seeks in religion, God, one and perfect, as its dogma; eternal morality as its symbol; adoration and charity its worship: in politics, humanity above all nationalities; in legislation, man equal to man, men the brothers of men—*legislative Christianity*."

We have given a very brief outline of the history of this truly great man; but it is not necessary that we should say more of one of whom every day's paper says so much. The best part of Lamartine's life, that which has been proved so gloriously the last few months, our readers are doubtless already familiar with. We shall see whether the future will fulfil what the present has so nobly promised.

#### *Wuthering Heights. Harper & Brothers.*

In our last number we gave an extract from this new Novel, by the author of *Jane Eyre*; but as we had then only read a very small part of the book, we could give no opinion of its merits. From the violent manner in which the work has been denounced by the greater part of our newspapers, as being a conglomeration of atheism, coarseness and malignity, no doubt the curiosity of many have been piqued to examine its contents, for the mere enjoyment of their horrors. Those who have pronounced such bad judgments upon the book cannot have read it, or if they have, they have strangely misunderstood it. They have been terrified at the directness and severe simplicity of its language, for surely there has been no novel published during the present century, so purely spiritual in its character, more elevated in motive, or better calculated to produce a wholesome effect upon the minds of those who read it. Some have expressed a doubt of its being written by the author of *Jane Eyre*, but there never were two books which were more palpably the production of one mind, than *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*. In fact, one seems to be a sequel of the other; they differ only in the names of the characters, and the character of the incidents narrated. They were manifestly written under the same inspiration, and to illustrate the same principle. One motive is transparent in each. The same feelings pervade both works. The same decided, strong and terrible, yet most humane and kindly spirit breathes through both books. *Jane Eyre* was written to illustrate the evils of an uncongenial marriage, *Wuthering Heights* to illustrate the evils of keeping two souls asunder, whose affinities rendered a union essential to the happiness of each. Such frightful, horrible, and heart-crushing, yet perfectly natural experiences as the two books relate, could never have been given with such appalling energy, but by one who had felt the evils which are so forcibly described. But there is something beyond this motive common to both books, which indicates a common fraternity. It is a belief in the theory of a communication between embodied and disembodied spirits. This gives an individuality and distinctness to the author, whose mental character is the offspring of the present times. He could only have existed in the days of phrenomagnetism. He believes in ghosts as firmly as our punitan ancestors believed in witches. There is no infidelity in the books, but on the contrary, they are spiritual as Dante's *Comedy*. The scenes in *Jane Eyre* and in *Wuthering Heights*, are nearly identical; they are in the North of England; there is no town life in either. The author's experiences of nature have all been in a cold bleak climate; he knows nothing but of rain, and wind, and snow; desolate hills, pine trees, and howling blasts. He has but one idea of summer time, and that is gathering apples in an orchard. He has lived in a thinly-settled bleak country, always in an old house, with but few companions, whose characters have been harsh and strongly marked, as the characters of men always are who live by themselves. He knows nothing of the conventional refinements of educated society. The terrible simplicity of his language, the directness with which he blurs out his thoughts, can only be equalled by the Old Testament. After being sickened and sated with magazine inanities and



paerilites, after being nauseated with the *niminy-piminies* of our literature, to read such a book as *Wuthering Heights*, is like breathing the pure bracing atmosphere of the North, after being enervated by sweltering among Southern slaves. It is no wonder that Rosa Matilda-ish critics have been frightened nearly to death by reading these books. They contain none of those dismal waggeries, nor wearisome sentimentalities which so infect the popular literature of the day. The catastrophe in *Wuthering Heights*, like that of *Jane Eyre*, is perfectly natural, yet wholly unexpected. You cannot guess from reading the first chapter what will be contained in the last, as you can do in the case of ordinary novels, neither will it afford you the least gratification to attempt to arrive at the conclusion of the matter by reading the last chapter after reading the book half through. It will leave you as much in the dark as ever. To know how the story ends you must follow the author. He will not mislead you, nor cheat you out of your time, by compelling you to read one sentence which you could afford to dispense with. You might cut out two-thirds of Dickens' tales and still have them entire as stories, but you could not spare a line from *Jane Eyre* or *Wuthering Heights* without injury to the narrative. There is the same kind of dread interest in *Wuthering Heights*, which so fastens upon one in *Macbeth* and the *Bride of Lammermoor*, in the beginning of these terrifying tragedies. You feel that you are about to witness the realization of some dread decree of fate which fascinates your attention, while you shudder to anticipate it. Excepting *Macbeth* and the *Bride of Lammermoor*, we have never opened a book so full of the elements of genuine tragedy as *Wuthering Heights*. The author is a man of genius of the highest order in the ranks of the romancers; his books are as unlike any others that have ever been written, as though there had never been any others. His power of characterization, particularly in the delineation of women, is equal to that of any living novelist, while his descriptive talents, and his power of construction are unsurpassed. The characters which he has created in *Wuthering Heights*, are inexpressibly repulsive, and the incidents of the story horrible and revolting; yet they are intensely fascinating from their naturalness, and the skillfulness with which they are delineated. Let him work upon the feelings of his reader as he may, and compel him to tears and groans, he never offends the judgment, or insults one's common sense by the narrative of improbable or impossible circumstances. The author of *Wuthering Heights* is honest in his purpose and sincere in his manner of dealing with you. He says the plainest things in the plainest words, and never hesitates to speak his convictions lest he should give offence. He makes no attempt to gain your sympathy by uttering conventional cajoleries about popular virtues and unpopular vices. He does not, as Dickens has done in *Dombey*, suddenly transform a harsh ungenial nature into one all gentleness and kindness. He does not make the man without a tear leave us in the last chapter, with a handkerchief to his eye. He is consistent with himself, and his characters with themselves. You leave them as you find them, as you do *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, *Richard*, and *Romeo*. The following entire scene will afford a good idea of the author's manner.

"Mrs. Linton bent forward, and listened breathlessly. The minute after a step traversed the hall; the open house was too tempting for Heathcliff to resist walking in: most likely he supposed that I was inclined to shirk my promise, and so resolved to trust to his own audacity.

"With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly; she motioned me to admit him; but he found it out ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

"He neither spoke nor loosed his hold for some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say; but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! The same conviction had stricken him as me, from the instant he beheld her, that there was no prospect of ultimate recovery there—she was fated, sure to die.

"Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! how can I bear it!" was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair.

"And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish, they did not melt.

"What now?" said Catherine, leaning back, and retarding his look with a suddenly clouded brow—her humour was a mere vane for constantly varying caprices. "You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both come to bewail the deed to me, as if you were the people to be pitied! I shall not pity you, not I. You have killed me—and thriven on it, I think. How strong you are! How many years do you mean to live after I am gone?"

"Heathcliff had knelt on one knee to embrace her; he attempted to rise, but she seized his hair, and kept him down.

"I wish I could hold you," she continued, bitterly, "till we were both dead! I shouldn't care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn't you suffer? I do! Will you forget me—will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say, twenty years hence, 'That's the grave of Catherine Earnshaw. I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I've loved many others since—my children are dearer to me than she was; and, at death, I shall not rejoice that I am going to her, I shall be sorry that I must leave them!'" Will you say so, Heathcliff?"

"Don't torture me till I'm as mad as yourself," cried he, wrenching his head free, and grinding his teeth.

"The two, to a cool spectator, made a strange and fearful picture. Well might Catherine deem that Heaven would be a land of exile to her, unless, with her mortal body, she cast away her mortal character also. Her present countenance had a wild vindictiveness in its white cheek, and bloodless lip, and scintillating eye; and she retained in her closed fingers a portion of the locks she had been grasping. As to her companion, while raising himself with one hand, he had taken her arm with the other; and so inadequate was his stock of gentleness to the requirements of her condition, that on his letting go, I saw four distinct impressions left blue in the colourless skin.

"Are you possessed with a devil," he pursued, savagely, "to talk in that manner to me, when you are dying? Do you reflect that all those words will be branded in my memory, and eating deeper eternally, after you have left me? You know you lie to say I have killed you; and, Catherine, you know that I could as soon forget you as my existence! Is it not sufficient for your infernal selfishness that while you are at peace I shall writhe in the torments of hell?"

"I shall not be at peace," moaned Catherine, recalled to a scene of physical weakness, by the violent, unequalled throbbing of her heart, which beat, visibly and audibly, under this excess of agitation.

"She said nothing further till the paroxysm was over; then she continued, more kindly—

"I'm not wishing you greater torment than I have, Heathcliff! I only wish us never to be parted—and should a word of mine distress you hereafter, think I feel the same distress underground, and for my own sake, forgive me! Come here and kneel down again! You never harmed me in your life. Nay, if you nurse anger, that will be worse to remember than my harsh words! Won't you come here again? Do!"

"Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leaned over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it; turning abruptly, he walked to the fireplace, where he stood silent, with his back towards us.

"Mrs. Linton's glance followed him suspiciously; every movement woke a new sentiment in her. After a pause, and a prolonged gaze, she resumed, addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment,

"Oh, you see, Nelly! he would not relent a moment, to keep me out of the grave! That is how I'm loved! Well, never mind! That is not my Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me—he's in my soul. And," added she, musingly, "the thing that irks me most is this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there; not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength—you are sorry for me—very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for you. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I wonder he won't be near me!" She went on to herself, "I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff."

"In her eagerness, she rose and supported herself on the arms of the chair. At that earnest appeal, he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes wide, and wet at last, flashed fiercely on her; his breath heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder; and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were

locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive. In fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species; it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so I stood off and held my tongue, in great perplexity.

"A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek to his, as he held her; while he, in return, covered her with frantic caresses, said, wildly—

"You teach me now how cruel you've been—cruel and false. Why did you despise me? Why did you betray your own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort—you deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and wring out my kisses and tears. They'll damn you. You loved me—then what right had you to leave me? What right—answer me—for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery, and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us, you, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart—you have broken it—and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you—Oh, God, would you live with your soul in the grave?"

"Let me alone. Let me alone," sobbed Catherine. "If I've done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me, too; but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!"

"It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands," he answered. "Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes. I forgive what you have done to me. I love my murderer—but yours! How can I?"

"They were silent—their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff could weep on a great occasion like this."

*Dombey & Son. 2 Vols. New York. John Wiley.*

We do not know how many editions of *Dombey & Son* have been published on this side of the Atlantic, but we believe this to be the best of them all. It is handsomely printed, and well illustrated with wood cuts from the original designs by Phiz. An edition has been published in one volume by Burgess & Stringer, and a similar one by Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia. Mr. Wiley has also in preparation another edition with all the illustrations, and a portrait of the author. The work has also been published by a great number of newspapers entire, and it is within bounds to say that at least five hundred thousand copies have already been circulated in the United States. No other book has ever had such a circulation as this. If the author had been allowed one cent a copy, which would be little enough to pay one who has delighted and profited such an immense number of people, he would derive from the sale of this one book in the United States five thousand dollars. But under an unjust and most unwise copyright law he receives not one copper for his labour from those who enjoy its fruits. This is a reproach to us which we hope to live to see wiped out. If any labourer is worthy of his hire, surely it is the author, for there is none who renders such great saving for so small a compensation. If the American author has a right to the control of his literary property, then the British author has an equal right, and the moral wrong of depriving Mr. Dickens of his right of property in *Dombey & Son*, is just as great as it would be to confiscate the calicoes or velvets of any Manchester manufacturer who should send them here to sell. The English government has already passed a law, extending to American authors all the privileges enjoyed by British authors, provided that the United States will pass a reciprocal law. But Congress has never yet seen proper to pass this reciprocity notwithstanding that the subject has been brought to the notice of our representatives for many years past. Petitions have already been presented to the present Congress urging the passage of an international copyright law; and a Committee composed of very excellent men, among whom we were most happy to see the name of Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, has been appointed to take charge of the matter. We are not with-

out hopes that something will be done in this matter even at the present session of Congress.

But to return to *Dombey*. The reading public have followed the author through nineteen months, eagerly devouring the engrossing story as it was doled out in monthly instalments, and have waited on the fortunes of Mr. Toots and Diogenes the dog with as much constancy as though the fate of the nation depended upon their movements. All the characters in the narrative, for it can hardly be called a story, have grown upon our affections, and become as much old acquaintances as though they were our school fellows or partners in business. What a wonderful power of genius, to create out of an empty void a new world teeming with real beings who will never know change. Other men will grow old, die and be forgotten, but Mr. Toots will live forever in perennial youth and innocence. Louis Philippe, the Emperor of Russia, President Polk, Santa Anna, Mr. Russ the colossus of roads, Genin the hatter, and all the other great men of the day who occupy men's thoughts and figure in the newspapers, will all die, and perhaps be forgotten, but Susan Nipper, Old Sol Gills, Rob the Grinder, Professor Baps, Captain Cuttle, Mrs. Mac Stinger, old Bunsby, Mrs. Chic, Miss Tox, Cousin Ferris, Joey B., to say nothing of *Dombey*, Edith, Florence, little Paul, Walter Gay, Doctor Blimber, Carker, the excellent Mr. Tooodles, the Game Chicken, and the other principal personages of the story, will live forever and be talked about when we all are dead and consigned to drear oblivion. As the Italian monk said of the pictures, we are the shadows and they are the realities. Our daily life is a fiction; but the record of *Dombey* is veritable history. The people of Mr. Dickens's books are like the Gods of the Greeks, they are "heirs of fame."

All the characters in this most amusing book are maintained with vigour to the end, but *Dombey* himself, who completely loses his identity and becomes a meek and contrite being. The character has always appeared to us extremely unnatural, artificial and forced. It has had no consistency from the beginning. If such a being as *Dombey* could ever have existed, which we deny, he could never have changed. Nothing but death could have brought him down. He had not humanity enough in his nature for human sympathy to work upon. The author doubtless intended to show that nothing could operate on such a cold imperious nature, and melt the heart of a *Dombey*, but gentleness and love. His plan is very imperfectly worked out, for we do not know whether the modification of *Dombey* was caused by the gentle acts of Florence or the accumulation of misfortunes which fell upon his proud head. Neither nor both combined could ever have wrought a change in *Dombey*.

Dickens has lost none of that original power of humorous description which first gained the attention of the world in his sketches, and raised his popularity to such an unparalleled extent in *Pickwick*. The marriage of Captain Bunsby to Mrs. Mac Stinger is in his happiest manner, and shows that he has not yet exhausted his rich vein of satirical humour. The marriage of Captain Bunsby is an episode in *Dombey*, and will stand as well by itself as in the book. It is so perfect a specimen of the author's peculiar style that we cannot resist the temptation to give it to our readers entire.

Captain Cuttle has been "fetching a walk," when suddenly like the "ancient mariner," of Coleridge, he comes upon a marriage procession which strikes him all agast.

This awful demonstration was headed by that determined woman, Mrs. MacStinger, who, preserving a countenance of inexorable resolution, and wearing conspicuously attached to her obdurate bosom a stupendous watch and appendages, which the captain recognized at a glance as the property of Bunsby, conducted under her arm no other than that sagacious mariner; he, with the distraught and melancholy visage of a captive borne into a foreign land, meekly resigning himself to her will. Behind them appeared the young MacStingers, in a body, exulting. Behind them, two ladies of a terrible and steadfast aspect, leading



between them a short gentleman in a tall hat, who likewise exulted. In the wake, appeared Bunsby's boy, bearing umbrellas. The whole were in good marching order; and a dreadful smartness that pervaded the party would have sufficiently announced, if the intrepid countenances of the ladies had been wanting, that it was a procession of sacrifice, and that the victim was Bunsby.

The first impulse of the captain was to run away. This also appeared to be the first impulse of Bunsby, hopeless as its execution must have proved. But a cry of recognition proceeding from the party, and Alexander MacStinger running up to the captain with open arms, the captain struck.

"Well, Cap'en Cuttle!" said Mrs. MacStinger. "This is indeed a meeting! I hear no malice now, Cap'en Cuttle—you needn't fear that I am a going to cast any reflexions. I hope to go to the altar in another spirit." Here Mrs. MacStinger paused, and drawing herself up, and inflating her bosom with a long breath, said, in allusion to the victim, "My usband, Cap'en Cuttle!"

The abject Bunsby looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor at his bride, nor at his friend, but straight before him at nothing. The Captain putting out his hand, Bunsby put out his; but, in answer to the Captain's greeting, spake no word.

"Cap'en Cuttle," said Mrs. MacStinger, "if you would wish to heal up past animosities, and to see the last of your friend, my usband, as a single person, we should be appy of your company to chapel. Here is a lady here," said Mrs. MacStinger turning round to the more intrepid of the two, "my bridesmaid, that will be glad of your protection, Cap'en Cuttle."

The short gentleman in the tall hat, who it appeared was the husband of the other lady, and who evidently exulted at the reduction of a fellow creature to his own condition, gave place at this, and resigned the lady to Captain Cuttle. The lady immediately seized him, and observing that there was no time to lose, gave the word, in a strong voice, to advance.

The captain's concern for his friend, not unmingled at first, with some concern for himself—for a shadowy terror that he might be marred by violence, possessed him, until his knowledge of the service came to his relief, and remembering the legal obligation of saying, "I will," he felt himself personally safe so long as he resolved, if asked any question, distinctly to reply, "I won't"—threw him into a profuse perspiration; and rendered him, for a time, insensible to the movements of the procession, of which he now formed a feature, and to the conversation of his fair companion. But as he became less agitated, he learnt from this lady that she was the widow of a Mr. Bokum, who had held an employment in the Custom House; that she was the dearest friend of Mrs. Mac Stinger, whom she considered a pattern of her sex; that she had often heard of the captain, and now hoped he had repented of his past life; that she trusted Mr. Bunsby knew what a blessing he had gained, but that she feared men seldom did know what such blessings were, until they had lost them; with more to the same purpose.

All this time the captain could not but observe that Mrs. Bokum kept her eyes steadily on the bridegroom, and that whenever they came near a court or other narrow turning which appeared favourable for flight, she was on the alert to cut him off if he attempted escape. The other lady too, as well as her husband, the short gentleman with the tall hat, were plainly on guard, according to a preconceived plan; and the wretched man was so secured by Mrs. Mac Stinger, that any effort at self-preservation by flight was rendered futile. This, indeed, was apparent to the mere populace, who expressed their perception of the fact by jeers and cries; to all of which the dread Mac Stinger was inflexibly indifferent, while Bunsby himself appeared in a state of unconsciousness.

The captain made many attempts to accost the philosopher, if only in a monosyllable or a signal; but always failed, in consequence of the vigilance of the guard, and the difficulty, at all times peculiar to Bunsby's constitation, of having his attention aroused by any outward and visible sign whatever. Thus they approached the chapel, a neat whitewashed edifice, recently engaged by the Reverend Melchisedech Howler, who had consented on very urgent solicitation, to give the world another two years of existence, but had informed his followers that then it must positively go.

While the Reverend Melchisedech was offering up some extemporary orisons, the captain found an opportunity of growling in the bridegroom's ear:

"What cheer, my lad, what cheer?"

To which Bunsby replied, with a forgetfulness of the Reverend Melchisedech, which nothing but his desperate circumstances could have excused:

"D—d bad."

"Jack Bunsby," whispered the Captain, "do you do this here, o' your own free will?"

Mr. Bunsby answered "No."

"Why do you do it, then, my lad?" inquired the captain, not unnaturally.

Bunsby, still looking, and always looking with an immovable countenance, at the opposite side of the world, made no reply.

"Why not sheer off?" said the captain.

"Eh?" whispered Bunsby, with a momentary gleam of hope.

"Sheer off," said the captain.

"Where's the good?" retorted the forlorn sage. "She'd capter me agen."

"Try!" replied the captain. "Cheer up! Come! Now's your time. Sheer off. Jack Bunsby!"

Jack Bunsby, however, instead of profiting by the advice, said in a doleful whisper:

"It all began in that there chest o' your'n. Why did I ever convey her into port that night?"

"My lad," faltered the captain, "I thought as you had come over her; not as she had come over you. A man as has got such opinions as you have!"

Mr. Bunsby merely uttered a suppressed groan.

"Come!" said the captain, nudging him with his elbow, "now's your time! Sheer off, I'll cover your retreat. The time's a flying. Bunsby! It's for liberty! Will you come?"

Bunsby was immovable.

"Bunsby!" whispered the Captain, "will you, twice!"

Bunsby wouldn't twice.

"Bunsby!" urged the captain, "it's for liberty. Will you three times? Now or never!"

Bunsby didn't then, and didn't ever; for Mrs. Mac Stinger immediately afterwards married him.

One of the most frightful circumstances of the ceremony to the captain, was the deadly interest exhibited therein by Juliana Mac Stinger; and the fatal concentration of her faculties, with which that promising child, already the image of her parent, observed the whole proceedings. The captain saw in this a succession of man-traps stretching out infinitely; a series of ages of oppression and coercion, through which the seafaring line was doomed. It was a more memorable sight than the unflinching steadiness of Mrs. Bokum and the other lady, the exultation of the short gentleman in the tall hat; or even the fell inflexibility of Mrs. Mac Stinger. The Master Mac Stingers understood little of what was going on, and cared less; being chiefly engaged, during the ceremony, in treading on one another's half-boots; but the contrast afforded by those wretched infants only set off and adorned the precocious woman in Juliana. Another year or two, the captain thought, and to lodge where that child was, would be destruction.

The ceremony was concluded by a general spring of the young family on Mr. Bunsby, whom they hailed by the endearing name of father, and from whom they solicited halfpence. These gushes of affection over the procession was about to issue forth again, when it was delayed for some little time by an unexpected transport on the part of the Alexander Mac Stinger. That dear child, it seemed, connecting a chapel with tombstones, when it was entered for any purpose apart from the ordinary religious exercises, could not be persuaded but that his mother was now to be decently interred, and lost to him for ever. In the anguish of this conviction he screamed with astonishing force, and turned black in the face. However touching these marks of a tender disposition were to his mother, it was not in the character of that remarkable woman to permit her recognition of them to degenerate into weakness. Therefore, after vainly endeavouring to convince his reason by shakes, pokes, bawlings out and similar applications to his head, she led him into the air, and tried another method; which was manifested to the marriage party by a quick succession of sharp sounds, resembling applause, and, subsequently, by their seeing Alexander in contact with the coolest paving stone in the coast, greatly flushed, and loudly lamenting.

The procession being then in a condition to form itself once more, and repair to Brig Place, where a marriage feast was in readiness, returned as it had come; not without the receipt, by Bunsby, of many humorous congratulations from the populace on his recently acquired happiness. The captain accompanied it as far as the house door, but, being made uneasy by the gentler manner of Mrs. Bokum, who, now that she was relieved from her engrossing duty—for the watchfulness and alacrity of the ladies sensibly diminished when the bridegroom was safely married—had greater leisure to show an interest in his behalf, there left it and the captive; faintly pleading an appointment, and promising to return presently. The captain had another cause for uneasiness, in remorsefully reflecting that he had been the first means of Bunsby's entrapment, though certainly without intending it, and through his unbounded faith in the resources of that philosopher.

*Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York; for the year 1848. By D. T. Valentine. 1848.*

This unpretending little annual is stored with four hundred pages of valuable historical and statistical matter, besides a dozen or two of well executed illustrations of local objects, and some valuable maps of the city.

New York is becoming a great city; the details of her grandeur in this volume are startling from their magnificence. Yet it requires a different kind of book to give an adequate idea of

the real greatness of the subject. Figures alone will not do it. There needs to be a picturesque description of the immense warehouses, the great exchange, the crowded docks, the shipyards, the steamboats, the ships, the ferries, the markets, the theatres, the squares, the avenues, the palaces, the churches, and the ceaseless throngs of busy mortals that circulate through the arteries of the great metropolis of the New World. But an inkling may be got of the magnitude of the city from Mr. Valentine's figures. There are five Public Parks in the city: the Battery contains 11 acres, the Park  $10\frac{1}{2}$ , Hudson Square 4, Washington Square 9, Tompkins square is the largest in the city. Gramercy Park is small but extremely beautiful; Union Square is very grand and very beautiful, its extent is not given by Mr. Valentine. Besides these, are Hamilton Square, Madison Square and Abingdon Square, which is triangular in shape. There are thirteen public markets. Since the year 1834, there have been erected in New York, 17,176 new houses, which would make a very large city of themselves: There are 27 licensed pawnbrokers, 53 "second-hand dealers," and 168 licensed junk shops; 19 intelligence offices; 327 omnibuses; 427 hackney coaches; 3780 taverns; 3033 licensed carts; 400 dirt carts; 68 charcoal carts. There are 80,000 newspapers mailed daily at the Post Office in this city; there are 20,000 dead letters sent quarterly to the General Post Office. In the year 1847, there arrived at the port of New York, from sea, 173,024 passengers. Number of deaths reported in 1847, 15,788.

*Mark Wilton, the Merchant's Clerk.* By Charles B. Tayler. New York: Sanford & Swords. 1848.

The author of Mark Wilton is so well known by his previous works, "The Records of a Good Man's Life," and "Lady Mary," that nothing need be said by us in his praise. Mark Wilton is, like his other productions, a religious novel, but it possesses a higher degree of merit than can be claimed for the majority of the class to which it belongs. We give an extract from which the character of the narrative may be judged.

"If you, my reader, be a youth, or a man of unbridled temper or passions—intractable, and intolerant of contradiction and opposition, oh, think of Hanson! He determined to take his own way. He yielded to the Evil Spirit, whose slave he was; for 'he that committeth sin is the servant of sin.' He served a hard master, and one who effectually succeeded in deceiving him; for, while he whispered, 'Take your own way—give as wild a license as you will to your violent temper, your stormy passion, your lusts, and your intemperance; be as wilful and as stubborn as you please; dare everything, and boast of your daring—you are your own master!'—that father of lies—that murderer of the souls and bodies of his deluded and miserable bond-slaves—was all the while entangling him in his fatal snares, and winding round him, more and more closely, his hellish chains, till at last he sunk a fettered and a helpless victim beneath his power. The gaol, and the felon's dock—the awful sentence of the earthly judge—the hangman, the rope, and the gallows, were the only recompense which he received for the brutal license which for a time he gained and gloried in. Or it may be that you are naturally the very opposite of what Hanson was; you may be gentle, refined, and eminently pleasing—but secretly intent on one subject, self-gratification—devoted to one pursuit, that of ungodly pleasure! Are you aware of your danger? Think upon Desmond! You can scarcely be more fitted than he was to ingratiate yourself with those around you, and to win your way with graceful ease to the eminence which he reached; but your fall may be as sudden—your death as desolate as his!

"Or, perchance, you may be really well-disposed—amiable—full of all generous impulses, but the mere creature of feeling and imagination—with no settled principles, no resolute purpose to do what is simply right in the sight of God and man, let the consequences be what they will—unstable, and yielding like a fool to the influence of the present associate, whether for good or evil—blown hither and thither like a weathercock by every breath of the inconstant wind that trifles with it. Then reflect on my story. Sometimes the prodigal, who claims the portion of his father's goods that falleth to him, and departs to the far country, and wastes his substance in riotous living, till he has spent all, and there ariseth a mighty famine in that land—sometimes the prodigal comes back, but not often. The common case is that he dies famishing in the barren fields, the swine his only companions—their food his only fare. He may come to himself, but all hope has died within him; the will and the strength to arise

and go to his Father are gone; enfeebled and exhausted, he has fallen to rise no more. He would fain fill his belly with the husks by which swine are satisfied; but such food cannot nourish him, or give him strength to rise. And there—where there is not an eye to pity him, nor a heart to feel for him, nor a hand to raise or to relieve him—there, amid the dreariness and desolation of that mighty famine, prostrate and helpless, he perishes."

*Romance of the History of Louisiana. A Series of Lectures.* By Charles Gayarre. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1848. pp. 265.

The history of Louisiana is undoubtedly more picturesque, if it be not more romantic, than that of any of the Colonies of which the United States are now composed. It was settled in a picturesque age, by picturesque subjects, who spoke a language foreign to our own, and wore a costume which is even now chosen for scenic effects on the stage, and as models for artists to clothe their heroes in. There were titled adventurers, priests and outlaws, Spaniards and Frenchmen, among the first explorers of Louisiana, and undoubtedly there are many highly romantic incidents connected with the settlement of that part of our Union. But we do not think, from reading Mr. Gayarre's lectures, that he was fulfilling his mission when he attempted to give a romantic narrative of these events. His style is as ambitious as that of a school-boy, and he lets his motive leak out in his efforts to produce startling effects, forgetting that things never startle which you are prepared to see, but greatly disappoint expectation. There is much interesting matter, however, in Mr. Gayarre's volume, which is, in itself, so entertaining that it would not be an easy matter for the most bungling narrator wholly to spoil its effect. Mr. Gayarre's preface is offensive to good taste in the last degree. He should not have revealed the fact that he was in the habit of kicking his servants; such pastime may be very well for a certain class of literary men, but to those who keep no servants, and have never known the luxury of a "George," or a "black Charles," it sounds oddly enough. It is customary for some proprietors of magazines and other literary enterprises to talk about ordering "my editor" to do this, that, or the other; but to have a literary man talking about his "servant George" is something new to us. But, perhaps it was his publisher that he called by that name. *O, si sic omnes!*

*The Boy's Spring Book.* By Thomas Miller. Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This is a truly beautiful book for youngsters, and one calculated to give them a keen relish for country life, which should be instilled as a religious principle into the minds of all children, for it is only in the country that religious principles can be nurtured by their growing minds. There is a religion of nature, which is above the religion of books, that cannot be learned in cities. Thomas Miller, the Basket-maker, writes very prettily, with simplicity, earnestness and good faith. Moreover he relates his own boyish experiences, which are full of freshness and vigor. It happens unfortunately for our own country boys that much of the matter in the "Spring Book" is so purely local in its interest that one half its value is lost to our youth. But still there is beauty and sweetness enough left to render the Spring Book one of the most instructive volumes that we have recently seen for boys. It is printed in a very handsome manner, and copiously illustrated with wood cuts of great beauty from admirable drawings.

*Sir Theodore Broughton, or Laurel Water; By G. P. R. James, Esq.* New York. Harper & Brothers.

About forty years ago there was a certain Sir Theodosius Broughton, of Lawford Hall, who was supposed to have been poisoned by *Laurel Water*, administered to him by a certain Captain Donellan, who was tried for the crime, convicted and hung. Mr. James has introduced a Captain Donovan into his story, whose deeds and fate are similar to those of Captain Donellan. It is probable that every person who ever read of the story of Sir Theodosius Broughton, and his death by drinking laurel water, will at once believe that Mr. James, in his novel of Sir The-



odore Broughton, or Laurel Water, had intended to convert a melancholy fact into an interesting fiction. But such, according to Mr. James' preface, is not the case; and he labours very hard to convince the reader that he had no such intention; but we do not think that any reader will believe him, for if he did not wish to mislead his readers into such a belief, all he had to do was simply to call his tale "Sir Sniffer Tomkins, or Cologne Water," and nobody would have ever suspected him of making a romance out of the melancholy tragedy of Lawford Hall. However, this is no business of ours; Mr. James has a right to call his novels whatever he may please; but then people have a right to think about them just what they please, and we cannot help thinking that by Sir Theodore Broughton, he meant Sir Theodosius Broughton, and by Captain Donovan, Captain Donellan. This last novel of Mr. James' differs very materially from any of his former productions; for, while they all commence with the introduction of one or more horsemen who might have been seen at the close of a lowering day, &c., emerging from a dark forest, or a clump of trees; this one commences in the following bold and unique manner:

"There was an old man setting in an arm-chair—a very old man, and a very ugly one."

We have not the least doubt of his being old and ugly enough, and if any one wishes to know why he was sitting in an arm-chair, and how long he sat there, and also, who the old man was, let him consult the work itself, for we have no design of spoiling any body's pleasure by revealing such a secret, which should be left to the novelist to communicate.

Mr. James has not been indifferent to the criticisms on his novels, although he defends himself on the score of his descriptions, saying, what our own experience of his works has not verified, that, in order to fully understand his plots, it is necessary to read his descriptions. In reply to one of his children (sensible creatures!) who said, "I always skip descriptions in your books, papa," he says, "whoever skips any thing, omits that which was not written without an object, loses an emotion, in a fact, and will, in the end, perhaps, be obliged to turn back, because he does not find out the story which he has been running after so eagerly." This is no doubt true; the "object" of writing these interminable descriptions in Mr. James' novels, is to swell out the volume to the required guinea dimensions, and whoever omits reading them, loses an "emotion" of weariness, beyond a doubt. The very chapter from which the apology is taken, contains two others pages devoted to a particular description of a country inn, which serves no other purpose than to perplex the reader, and divert his attention from the story itself. Description for description's sake, is as Locke says of labour—against nature.

But let us do Mr. James the justice to say that he always writes correctly, although coldly, and at most, never introduces any but pure Anglo-Saxon words, and English idioms into his compositions. There is hardly a chapter in any of his works which might not serve as a reading lesson for learners of English.

*The Monk's Revenge. A Tale of the Crusades. By Samuel Spring. Williams & Brother. New York.*

Mr. Spring belongs to the old school of Romancists, as the choice of his subjects plainly shows. The splendid imagery of the east, the rites and ceremonies of the Mahomedans, the picturesque costumes and the deep feelings of love and hate which possess the hearts of the Osmanli are the traits which he loves to weave into his stories. His first tale of Giafar al Barmeki was very successful, and gained him considerable reputation. In the romantic tale before us, he has availed himself of the most strange and romantic period of Christian history, to blend the two elements together of eastern love and Christian vengeance. The merits of such a work cannot be displayed in extracts, but as a specimen of Mr. Spring's style we have selected the following paragraphs:

"Where two hearts long bound in friendship mingle in unison together, a source of quiet and enduring happiness dwells perpetually in the bosom. We feel that we are not alone, that there is one in whose love we can repose, let the world around frown upon it as it will. Wherever our path leads us a fresh stream winds with it,—covers it with verdure, and we pass onward without toil. But when a noble deed comes to us at the hand of a stranger, it stirs us with a deeper emotion. To meet a kindred spirit hitherto unknown, but by one act become most dear and familiar, the very depths of the soul spring up, as a fountain when first unsealed, wells upward to the light. Oh, this is a new found treasure,—an oasis in the desert, as we wander along the waste places of life! There, petty malice, creeping slander, ingratitude, envy, with its venomous tooth, vexed and goaded us as we toiled onward; here, we find repose, and how pure and rich must be that joy which can render us forgetful of our griefs, and make us sweet amends. Complaint then yields to gratitude; we kneel down in our hearts and thank God that he has made us as we are."

## A SONG.

Allah, who framed the stream and ocean's flood  
And stars that in their orbits never tire,  
He poured within my veins this restless blood,  
Kindled the spark thy breath hath blown to fire.  
But shall this flame that burns within my soul  
Cease, when the stars shall fade and seas forget to roll?

Let the wise Mollah say with reverend air  
That with this being I must cease to be,  
That bright-eyed maidens shall await thee there  
But that there is no paradise for me;  
Oh, I have read the word, read it with still delight  
And love hath lent its aid, and faith to give me sight.

When heavenly hours welcome thee at last  
I shall appear in all that happy throng,  
If thou hast loved me here, thou'lt greet the past,  
A past not for eternity too long.  
Clasp whom thou wilt—look! thou dost clasp me there,  
Voice, eye and lip, as thou hast known me here.

"Orta Undis." *And other Poems, by J. M. Legare. Boston. W. D. Ticknor & Co.*

THE distinguishing qualities of Mr. Legare's poetry are chasteness of sentiment, classical tone, and correctness. It is such poetry as a well educated young man, of good habits and good talents might write; but it does not contain those flashes of genius in the shape of original turns of thought which at once impress the reader with the presence of a new and a true poet. There is certainly nothing in Mr. Legare's poetry to cause one to think that he is not a poet, but then there is nothing to induce the belief that he is. We must wait for his next volume, before we can judge accurately of his powers, but the presumption is that he will more than sustain the good impression which he has created in this his first volume. *Orta Undis* is in Latin, and the other pieces in the volume are short and mostly amatory. The following specimens of Mr. Legare's verses will convey some notion of his manner.

## LOQUITUR DIANA.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Oh Dian, thou who from thy skies  
Dost nightly look into her eyes  
(Her brown eyes unto thee upturned),  
Say if her heart hath ever burned  
As mine for her hath yearned?"

"Remembers she each summer night  
When we beheld thee, from the height,  
The silent woods of gloom deliver:  
And saw in eddies of the river  
Thy arrows fall and shiver.

"Caressingly I held in mine  
Her little hands: No joys of wine,  
Or gold, or books in mortal ken,  
Can yield such happiness again.  
—Ah, Dian, why repeat them then?"

(Luna loquitar.)

"Why bring them back?—Oh murmur vain!  
Doth not the miser count his gain  
In coffers hid?—Thou safe and fast  
Beneath the lid that shuts the past  
These golden hours hast.

"What more would'st thou or any one?  
A precious heart thy deeds have won  
For thee. Behold how earnestly  
With lifted eyes she follows me,  
Believing that I look on thee!"

*History of the Girondists. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Harper & Brothers. 1848.*

The publication of the third and concluding volume of this deeply interesting work, comes at a most opportune moment, when everything relating to France, and particularly to the great revolution is read with avidity by the public. But a work on the first revolution by Lamartine, the leading spirit of the last, must possess an interest beyond any ordinary history. This third volume of the Girondists is composed almost entirely of the wild and inconceivable romances of the revolution, which the pen of an imaginative man, like Lamartine, could alone properly depict. The history of Charlotte Corday is narrated here with a power of description never surpassed, and many incidents of her life, and her address to the French nation are now given to the public for the first time.

*The Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants. By Frederick Gerstacker. Translated by David Black. New York: Appleton & Co. 1848. pp. 216.*

This is a very interesting narrative of the adventures of a small company of Oldenburghers, and other Germans, who embarked at Bremen Haven, for New York, with the intention of purchasing a tract of land in the far west, and founding a Colony. The Emigrants reach the Big Hatchee, where the land was purchased, but their agent proving dishonest they were afterwards separated and dispersed over the country; some of them died and some returned home. The narrative is written in that charming style of simple earnestness so peculiar to German writers, and is one of the most entertaining books that we have recently dipped into. We give a part of a chapter relating the events which befel the Emigrants while they were in New York, where they spent but a week, previous to leaving for the west.

"Hotly and oppressively did the sun shine down upon the mirror-like surface of Staten Island Bay, the next day, when the boat, containing the steerage passengers of the *Hoffnung*, reached the quay at New York, and threw its ropes ashore. The sailors had not had time to make fast before a complete flood of persons pressed forward from every side from which it was possible to get upon deck, and crowded every corner and gangway of the vessel.

A great number of those who jumped on board to welcome the fresh comers to their new homes appeared to be actuated, not by curiosity only, but also by zeal to make themselves useful, and without looking around they seized upon boxes and chests, and seemed inclined to empty the whole vessel.

"Hullo there! where are you off to with that chest," cried the brewer, seizing at the same time the above-mentioned article of luggage with both hands, and dragging it from the shoulders of a sturdy negro, who was just about to step on shore with it.

The black, it is true, explained his intentions in a few words, but as the brewer unfortunately could not understand a syllable of what he was saying, he merely shook his head, and carried back his chest to the remainder of his luggage. The same sort of thing occurred to all the rest, until at last the master of the boat interfered, drove the intruders back, and the few seamen on board, with the willing assistance of the Germans themselves, got the whole of the passengers' things on shore, and several of the emigrants kept watch by them. This last measure seemed a very necessary one, for, as carron vultures surround a dying animal, so did carters, black and white, surround the piled-up boxes, impatiently waiting the moment when each of them might carry off his load.

Pastor Hehrmann, the elder Siebert, and Mr. Beeher, now joined them, and after a hearty shaking of hands with their fellow-travellers on the so-longed-for terra firma, took counsel how best to lodge them properly, since they could not well all find room together in one tavern.

Many had brought with them the addresses of 'good' German inns in New York, obtained through acquaintances or relations

who had formerly sojourned at them, and found them comfortable. Others were directed to a so-called 'German Boarding-house' in Pearl street, and a large number, including nearly all the Oldenburghers, determined to remain on the quay, where they saw three German public-houses side by side, as well to have a view of the shipping as to save the money required for the removal of their luggage, which they at once got on their own shoulders, and carried across into the 'Schweitzer's Heimat,' (the Switzer's Home.)

Siebert advised them not to take up their quarters at these waterside public-houses, but they had made up their minds; they listened, it is true, patiently to his representations and arguments, but still went and did as they wished.

Mr. Siebert now exhorted each of them to be careful in noting accurately the number of the cart which carried his property, so that, in the event of their being separated from it, they might not lose their little all, and he then started, with a portion of his fellow-travellers, towards the boarding house, whilst several two-wheeled carts, with their baggage, accompanied them.

In less than two hours the whole company was scattered; and we will now follow the Oldenburghers for a moment, who, persecuted by the jokes and jeers of the carters plying on the quay, carried their heavy chests into the inn, in front of which hung a gaudy sign, intending to represent a Swiss landscape, with the superscription 'Schweitzer's Heimat.'

The landlord, who was a fat man, and who might have passed for a good-natured looking fellow, had it not been for a slight cast in his eye, met them at the door, and called to them, in a not-to-be-mistaken Swiss dialect, to carry their things into the large saloon.

The thing was sooner said than done—for it was no easy matter to get the colossal boxes and chests up the narrow and steep staircase. However they succeeded at last, and found themselves in a very large roomy apartment, which might claim the title of a 'saloon,' and contained about twenty double beds, while besides these, in two long rows, there stood a number of boxes and bags. Immediately afterwards, their host followed, and indicated a particular corner for their luggage.

'Are there more people to sleep here, then?' inquired one of the Oldenburghers, who began, perhaps, to think the thing rather uncomfortable.

'Yes,' replied our host, 'we are a little crowded for the moment, but to-morrow many of them are going away, and if you will only make yourselves comfortable for to-night, the matter can be arranged.'

'And two have to sleep in one bed?' asked another.

'It might happen,' replied the landlord, 'that we might be compelled to accommodate three in some of them; it's only for one night, and you are not spoiled—on board ship, things are worse, I know;' he laughed, and descended the steep stairs.

'Yes that's true enough—on board the ship it's worse still. But upon my word, I don't see why on that account it should not be otherwise here in New York.'

The others confronted him with 'Well, it's for one night only!' and easily pacified, they walked down to the bar-room, where a kind of barman, half sailor, half waiter, stood behind a counter covered with unwashed glasses, and filled liquors for the guests out of pitchers and bottles.

Tobacco smoke and noise filled the room, and the sound of curses and laughter, violence and hallowing met them at their entrance. They called for a can of cider, it is true, in an unoccupied corner—but they did not feel at home or comfortable there, and determined, at least, to go and have a look at New York.

Meanwhile Mr. Siebert had led his proteges to a somewhat more decent and better house; and the brewer, the little tailor, the shoemaker, and old Schmidt, the quondam ambassador to the committee, took a room together. But the shoemaker was in despair, for one of his chests, contained all the tools of his trade, and many other things, was no where to be found. He had last seen it upon the shoulders of a negro who was walking behind the cart containing the other luggage, but distracted by the gaudily-ornamented shops, he had lost sight of the black suddenly, and neither him nor the chest did he ever see again.

All inquiry was in vain, and he was now convinced how much reason Mr. Siebert had to recommend particular attention to their property.

The others felt themselves the more comfortable, and the little tailor declared it was worth while to travel to America, if it were only to look at the streets and the people. Soon afterwards they were summoned to dinner, and in the large room of the house they found a long table spread, at which all of them, without distinction of rank, took their seats, and were allowed to torture their teeth with some very tough beef.

The dinner was not particular good; but a glass of cider, which they got with it, consoled them, and a stroll through the town was agreed upon by all the Germans immediately after dinner. The shoemaker alone remained behind, in order to prepare a pot of his new expeditious blacking, with which he hoped to earn something, and to reimburse himself somewhat for the loss of his chest.



## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, MAY 20, 1848.

*To the Editor of Holden's Dollar Magazine.*

Dear Sir:—A good many exaggerated rumours have no doubt reached New York, respecting the great Chartist demonstration, and a good many of the foolish things that have appeared in our journals been transferred to the American papers. The demonstration was a slender affair of itself, but the turn out of special constables to put down any disturbance that might be created by the Chartists, was one of the most imposing and formidable demonstrations of popular will that I have ever witnessed in the great metropolis.

The government were very much frightened, but the voluntary enrolment of two hundred thousand of the staunchest citizens in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, must have thoroughly convinced the most timid Tory that the established order of things are in no possible danger of being moved an inch by any force that the Chartists or any other mob could muster on Kennington Common, or any other place. The truth is, that England enjoys a popular government, although the show of a royal court is still kept up to gratify the pride of the nation; and where there is a popular government there can be no danger of a mob ever interfering to overthrow the constituted authorities.

The whole force of the Chartists has been variously estimated at from ten to thirty thousand; but, judging from my own observations, the procession could not have numbered much over, nor much under, fifteen thousand men and boys, all told. There were a good many respectable, thoughtful looking men in the procession; a few men of worth, and now and then a man of education and liberal principles; but the greater part of the crowd consisted of ill-dressed, ill-looking labourers, and not a small number of vagabonds, of whom there are always a plenty to join in any procession which gives them for an hour a little consequence. The object of the procession was to present the Chartist petition for parliamentary reform to parliament, which was then in session. The streets through which the procession passed were lined with constables, who had no other weapon in their hands than a short baton, or stick.

Sir Robert Peel, who enrolled himself among the constables on this occasion, carried a mahogany truncheon, but a good many carried batons of the new substance, called Gutta Percha, and the next day sold them again for nearly as much as they cost. A man who was not a constable on that day was looked on as suspiciously as though he had a pistol in his hand. Some of the constables were feeble enough in appearance, and looked as though they would be very likely to take to their heels the moment they perceived any danger, but the majority were substantial looking fellows whose batons might very easily fell an ox.

All business was suspended for one day, except the business of eating and drinking, and as Englishmen find an excuse in every unusual event for taking a drink, the ale houses and gin shops must have driven a very smart trade. The next day after the affair was all over, London looked as usual, and the only vestiges of the great demonstration that remained were the disappointed countenances of Mr. Feargus O'Connor and his little clique, and the wooden ramparts that had been erected on the roof of the Bank of England. But, although the Chartist mob has been dispersed, the principles for which the Chartists contend are spreading rapidly in the minds of the people; and a new league has been formed by the same leaders whose devotion to the cause of the people gained them the benefits of free trade in corn, for the purpose of securing to them annual parliaments, universal suffrage, and vote by ballot.

Cobden, George Thompson, Ewart, Colonel Peronnet Thompson, Doctor Bowring, and the other brave spirits who laboured

so zealously for free trade are at the head, of the new league, and there can be no doubt that they will eventually carry their points; for in addition to their own strength they will, of course, have the entire force of the Chartists proper on their side.

But, a truce to politics, you get enough, I dare say, of such matter in the daily papers. There is nothing very new in Literature or Arts, in the Metropolis, John Forster's biography of Goldsmith has just been published by Bradbury & Evans, the proprietors of *Punch*, and by Chapman & Hall the original proprietors of *Pickwick*, and the first publishers who brought out *Dickens*. The biography of Goldsmith makes a large volume, is beautifully illustrated with wood-cuts from designs by Maclise, Richard Doyle and John Leech, the two latter must be well known to American readers from their contributions to *Punch*. Forster, the author of the biography, belongs to the *Punch* clique, all of whom hang together like a band of brothers, and render each other great assistance. He is an amateur actor, and a great admirer of McCready, whose style he follows in his acting. Forster is probably better known to American readers by his history of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth, than by any other work; he is also the author of the life of Cromwell, and was for many years the assistant editor of the *Examiner* while that paper remained in the hands of Fonblanque, but he has now left it. He has dedicated his biography of Goldsmith to Charles Dickens in a very quaint but not very beautiful sonnet.

As the capital work of Forster's has not yet reached the United States, and will not probably be immediately republished, then I shall be doing your readers a service by giving them the following taste of its excellent quality.

## THE RIGHTS AND OFFICE OF LITERATURE.

"When *Irene* failed, and Johnson was asked how he felt, he answered 'like the Monument'; but when he had arrived at comfort and independence, and carelessly taking up one day his own fine satire, opened it at the lines which paint the scholar's fate, and the obstructions, almost insurmountable, in his way to fortune and fame, he burst into a passion and tears. Not for what he had himself endured, whose labour was at last victoriously closed; but for all the disastrous chances that still awaited others. It is the world's concern. There is a subtle spirit of compensation at work, when men regard it least, which to the spiritual sense accommodates the vilest need, and lightens the wearisome burden. Milton talked of the lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented should be the reward of those whose published labours have advanced the good of mankind; and it is a set-off, doubtless, in the large account. The 'two carriages' and the 'style' of Griffiths are long passed away into the rubbish they sprang from, and all of us will be apt enough now to thank heaven that we were not Griffiths. Jacob Tonson's hundred thousand pounds are now of less account than the bad shillings he insinuated into Dryden's payments; and the fame of Mr. Secretary Nottingham is very much overtopped by the pillory of De Foe. The Italian princes who beggared Dante are still without pity writhing in his deathless poem, while Europe looks to the beggar as to a star in heaven; nor has Italy's greater day, or the magnificence which crowded the Court of Augustus, left behind them a name of any earthly interest, to compare with his who restored land to Virgil, and who succoured the fugitive Horace. These are the results which have obtained in all countries, and been confessed by every age; and it will be well when they win for literature other living regards, and higher present consideration, than it has yet been able to obtain. Men of genius can more easily starve, than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them. What new arrangement, what kind of consideration may be required, will not be very distant from the simple acknowledgment that greater honour and respects ARE due."

The most noticeable work of art that has recently appeared, is a volume of sketches, highly and correctly coloured, by Captain Warre, of North American scenery, from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Oregon. Captain Warre made the journey last year; his drawings are the most beautiful landscape sketches that have ever been published; some of his drawings of views of

the Rocky Mountains, in the Wallamette valley and at the sources of the Columbia River are extremely beautiful, and must possess great interest for the people of your country. The book has but just come out; but it will probably be imported by some of your booksellers when you will have an opportunity of examining it.

The new work, called Gavarni in London does not make a very great sensation, and the cause is very obvious. Gavarni, though one of the greatest of living artists, is so imbued with French feelings, his hand has been so long accustomed to tracing the peculiarities of Frenchmen, and the delineation of Parisian *Gamens*, *Lorettes* and *Grisettes*, that he cannot at once turn to London and dash off its peculiarities of humanity with that facility which he has so remarkably displayed in his sketches for the *Diable à Paris* and for the *Charivari*.

Our theatrical people have been a good deal pleased with the American actress Mrs. Barrett, who threatens to draw attention from the pretty Mrs. Nisbitt, who has returned once more to the stage, since the death of her last husband, Sir William Boothby. She is, in fact, Lady Boothby, but she had the good sense to return to her old name when she returned to her old profession. It would sound very oddly to hear an actress addressed as "your ladyship." Mrs. Bishop who is now in America, is the wife of Sir Henry Bishop, and might call herself Lady Bishop if she choose; but her friend Bochs probably thinks it better that she should not make use of her title; and so I think myself, while she lives apart from her husband. Mrs. Wood, who was in your country some years since, was the wife of Lord William Lennox, and might have been called Lady Lennox had she been disposed to do so. The stage has been often graced by Peereses and Baronesses, and once by a royal Duchess, for such was Mrs. Jordan, the wife of King William the Fourth, when he was Duke of Clarence. Mrs. Jordan's children are now peers, but none have the talents or beauty of their mother, who was a woman of genius, and a noble hearted creature. They all take after their father, and were it not for the laws of the country, which forbid the marriage of one of the royal family with a subject, Mrs. Jordan's grandson would now be on the throne of England instead of our little Queen Victoria, who has not yet returned from her visit to Osborn House in the Isle of Wight, where she went to be out of harm's way on the day of the Chartist demonstration.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has been giving readings from Shakespeare, lately, and has been very successful in her new performances before the public. The long residence of this gifted woman in the United States, and her most unhappy marriage there, must make her an object of interest in the eyes of Americans, apart from her claims to public sympathy on the score of genius, and her misfortunes. It is reported here, in theatrical circles, but I know not with what degree of truth, that Mrs. Butler will very shortly return to the United States to fulfil an engagement with the manager of the Park Theatre. Although, Mrs. Butler has not attained to that high position on the stage which was reached by her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, and her sister, the operatic singer, who is now the Countess Sartoris, yet she is unquestionably a greater genius than any of the illustrious

family to which she belongs, and her name will reflect more brilliancy upon the name of Kemble, than any of them any men and women of genius who have borne it. The dramatic readings of Mrs. Butler took place at the Collegiate Institution. The plays which she selected for her readings were *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *As You Like It*. She achieved her greatest success in the latter piece; she was very happy in the personation of Rosalind, and hardly less so in the very opposite character of old Adam. But all the characters in this incomparable play, were given with touching effect. The melancholy and philosophising Jacques was an exquisite piece of reading; her manner of giving the *Seven Ages*, which has been read by every school boy in christendom, and is almost as familiar as the Lord's Prayer, was most beautifully rendered. Mrs. Butler has no need to go upon the stage, if she will but continue her readings, for they are infinitely preferable to a dramatic performance. The Theatres are occupied with show pieces for the Easter holidays. What is called the regular drama, but which should be called the regular bore, is but indifferently patronized at our Theatres. The taste of the public runs in an opposite direction, and it is almost time that it did. Among the popular songs now sung in our streets, are the *Negro Melodies* which have been introduced here by the *Virginia Minstrels*, the "*New Orleans Serenaders*," the "*Ethiopian Melodists*," and other musical gentlemen with blackened faces, who have visited us from your side of the water. These popular airs are heard at the corners of all the streets, chaunted by itinerating vocalists, and ground out of squealing hurdy-gurdies. The Whittington Club, an Institution established for the benefit of linen drapers' clerks, by Douglas Jerrold, who is the president of it, gives concerts and lectures almost nightly, which are well patronized by the middle classes of London. Some of the members of this club have formed themselves into a dramatic association, for the purpose of giving performances for charitable objects, similar to those by Dickens, and other distinguished authors and artists, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. A performance of the *Merchant of Venice* is to be given by the Whittington Club Amateurs at the Strand Theatre, on the 9th of next month.

Jenny Lind has returned, and is creating an immense excitement among musical amateurs. She is to appear next month at the Queen's Theatre, or Italian Opera House. London is honored at this time with the presence of a good many run-a-way sprigs of nobility. Here are Prince Metternich of Austria, Don Miguel of Portugal, and all the Bourbons of France. By and by they will doubtless be running over to New York in the steamers, and in another age they will be all extinct, Europe will be republican from end to end, and the last of the kings will serve as a subject for the novelist, as the last of the Tribunes, and the last of the Mohicans have done. The most persecuted man now in London is Lord Brougham. Since his recent attempt at naturalization in France he has been ridiculed by all manner of caricaturists from the Times down to Punch. Poor fellow! if he is not fond of being laughed at he must wish himself anybody but Lord Brougham. But, perhaps like Maworm, in the *Hypocrite*, he "likes to be despised."



## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE legitimate topics of the month of May are flowers. To read the poets, one would think that nothing was ever done in this pleasant month by anybody, but to walk in the fields and gather nosegays; to sit under the shade of venerable trees and talk sentiment with beautiful country girls, or to catch trout and shear sheep. But May has its cares, like the other months, as well as its flowers; if butter cups and dandelions, crocuses, violets, pansies, tulips, snow drops, daisies, lilack, lilies, peonies, corcoris, syringas, daffodils, anemones, and flowering almonds, are then in blossom, so are white-wash brushes, dusters, paint-pots, scrubbing brushes, and all the innumerable implements of house-cleaning, which we know very well by sight, but cannot call by name. May is a pleasant month in the country for those who are not under the necessity of ploughing, harrowing, hoeing, and sowing seed, but in the city it is the most uncomfortable month in the whole year, because it is more unsettled. It is neither hot nor cold, to begin with, or rather it is too hot for a fire, and too cold to dispense with one; you feel uncomfortable in your winter clothes, and afraid to venture upon thin ones. Then the fashions are not settled, and you are uncertain what to purchase for a vest or pantaloons. But in no city in the world is May attended with such a train of annoyances and discomforts as in New York, for here every body moves, and go where you will, you are sure of finding things topsy-turvy, women in dishabille, furniture in the middle of the floor, carpets up, no fire in the grates, the parlour chairs in linen jackets, the piano locked up, the chandeliers without lights, the man of the house busy and his wife not fit to see company. By the first of June affairs begin to get into a settled condition, and order reigns in Warsaw. As for order in New York, we never expect again to see it; the fashion for pulling down old houses and building up new ones, of adding additional stories to old ones, and digging under the pavements for cellar room, appears to have broken out with new violence this year. What with widening streets, laying down Russ pavements, and building new Hotels, the city is kept in a tremendous hurly-burly. The large granite building on the corner of Broadway and Chamber street, is being greatly enlarged into a splendid Hotel, for Mr. Howard, who used to keep Howard's Hotel, on the corner of Maiden Lane; the American Hotel is having a new front; the Park Place House is receiving an addition of two or three new stories; a large Hotel is going up on the south side of Union Square, and a large one on the corner of Frankfort and Chatham streets, opposite the Park; and the City Hotel has a new proprietor. The accommodations for travellers will be increased nearly one-third in New York during the present year; yet the hotels are always full, and their proprietors always prosperous. The tendencies of modern society seem to lead to a kind of caravanseray life; individual households are avoided by both the rich and the poor—by the poor, because it is cheaper living together, and by the rich, because it is less troublesome than keeping house. But still, there are separate houses enough to make rents high, and what the Fourierites call "the miseries of the isolated household," are still very attractive to the great majority of the middling classes. But the benefits of combination, or association, are daily becoming more apparent, and people begin to perceive that there is economy and comfort in union as well as in strength. Perhaps there cannot be a better exemplification afforded of the benefits of association than that of a magazine, or a newspaper. The time was once that a Bible cost a handsome estate, merely because there were very few produced, only a few persons associated together to purchase them, but now, when all christendom unites to purchase Bibles, they can be had for next to nothing. It is the case with books of other kinds. In England, a novel by Bulwer sells at from five

dollars to seven, while the same work sells here at twenty-five cents, and the sale at the small price produces nearly as large a profit, hating the cost of copyright, as that at the large price. Bulwer's last novel, "Lucretia," sold here to the extent of nearly fifty thousand copies, while in England there were but little over fifteen hundred sold. By putting the price of our Magazine at the lowest mark at which such a work can be produced, we form a voluntary association, who enable us to carry it on to the benefit of all parties; but if we could not rely upon the very large circulation which the lowness of price and excellence of material are sure to gain for it, we should either be obliged to depreciate the quality or double the price. Instead of having to resort to either of these unpleasant alternatives, we are happily enabled by the great increase of our subscribers, or associates in this popular work, to lessen the price by increasing the quality of the material. We shall take our subscribers and the public by surprise on the issue of the July number, which will be the first number of the second volume. In that number we shall commence the publication of illustrations, greater in number, and of a quality greatly superior to any that have ever been furnished by an American Magazine. These illustrations will be from *six to twelve* wood cuts, in the highest style of the art, by some of our best wood engravers, from designs by our best artists. We shall print a very large edition of the July number of the Magazine, but we are confident that the richness, beauty, and amount of illustrations, together with the added interest to other departments of the Magazine, will so greatly increase the demand, that it will be difficult to supply the increased orders of our agents. As we are anxious that none of the friends of our undertaking who wish to receive the Magazine the next year, should be disappointed in receiving the first number of the new volume, they should send their names to us early in June, as we shall serve them in the order in which their names appear on our books. Among the pictorial illustrations will be found a very beautifully engraved portrait of the Rev. Dr. Potts, of this city, and of the famous Lamartine, copied in the finest style of the art, from an original French picture. The other engravings will be illustrations of some of the most celebrated scenes, and picturesque architectural views in Great Britain, comprising views of the collegiate city of Oxford, with some of the most remarkable monuments in which that ancient seat of learning abounds, and views of Windsor Castle, and the lovely scenery of the banks of the river Thames. Great as these improvements are on our original plan, and largely as our expenditures will be necessarily increased thereby, they are but an indication of what we intend doing as our circulation increases, and we feel confident of being sustained by the public in our endeavours to meet their patronage and approbation.

It is remarkable that there have been so few successful poetical satires produced during the present century. The last satire was that of Byron's *British Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Since his time none of the great poets have tried their hand at satire, except Moore, whose *Fudge Family* and *Two-Penny Post Bag* have lost all their interest since the immediate subjects that he satirised have been forgotten. A new edition of the satires of Horace has recently been published, in London, by Thomas Keightly, and the follies of the Romans, which are so happily shown by the great satirist, appears as fresh and amusing to modern readers, as do the burlesques of Punch. But the satires which have been published in England and America during the past twenty years are as dull as an old almanac. Bulwer's *Siamese Twins*, which was meant for satire, has been already laid on the shelf, never to be taken down; the same fate has attended the *New Timon*, which, last year, made some talk; as for American satires, the only successful attempt that has been made

was that of Halleck's. *Finny* is a satirical poem, although it was not called a satire; but there have been a good many poems published under the name of satire which contain nothing satirical. We have understood that a genuine satirical poem was in press and would soon be published, from one of the truest poets that America has yet produced, not even excepting Bryant, who wrote a satire on Jefferson in his fourteenth year. Mr. Keightly gives the following derivation of the term *satire*:

"The original *satura* (afterwards *satira*, like *maximus-imus*) seems to have been somewhat like our *hodge-podge*, a mixture of various matters; for we are told that a dish heaped up with various fruits and presented at the temple of the gods were thus named, as also was a kind of pudding or sausage in which there were various ingredients. It is plainly an adjective with the substantive suppressed in the ordinary manner. From this idea of mixing and blending varieties, the name was applied in a literary sense to a rude kind of drama (Liv. vii. 1), and then Ennius gave it to a collection of poems in various measures and on various subjects. Lucilius afterwards gave this name to the poems written in what we now term the satirical style, in which he castigated the vices of his contemporaries; for his subjects were various and he used a diversity of metres. Lucilius, as is well known, was the model whom Horace sought to emulate."

Everybody loves to read satire, except those who are satirised, but nobody loves the satirist. It is one of the most dangerous faculties that a man can be gifted with, to have that keen perception of the foibles of other people which leads one irresistibly to expose them in that humorous manner which is denominated, satire. There are different kinds of satire, the bitter and the good natured, but some people are apt to confound mere denunciation with satire. The greatest of English satirists was Swift, and after him Fielding and Hogarth. The present race of English satirists, the Albert Smiths, Mayhews, & Becketts, Jerrolds and Thackerays, have a vein of their own. They pride themselves on being jolly, and some of them are the jolliest of mortals. The greatest, best tempered, keenest sighted and most original is Thackeray, who is almost equal, in his way, to Fielding. He has a treble power which very few satirists have ever possessed. He is equally happy with the pen and the pencil, and his versification is very nearly as felicitous as his prose. To these admirable satirists and humorists may be added John Leech, Robert Doyle and George Cruikshank, who are as good with the pencil as the others are with the pen. We leave out of the catalogue the immortal name of Dickens, because he is something more than a satirist. To the honor of all these writers and artists it must be said that their efforts are all on the side of reform; they have never debased their talents by pandering to wealth, station or power. They have worked for truth and humanity, and in all they have done, in their wildest vagaries, Truth and the beauty of goodness have never been reproached. Here is an extract from one of the last *Punches*, which breathes the true spirit of the new school of satirical reformers:

#### "A HINT FOR EXETER HALL."

"A week or two, and pilgrims from all parts of England will gather at Exeter Hall. There, in their comprehensive benevolence, they will plead the cause of the heathen, and subscribe with all their hearts and all their pockets, for the conversion of infidels of all colours. This is, no doubt, very praiseworthy in its meaning; but may it not be a little absurd in its effect? For our own part, we think that Exeter Hall is a little too apt to search for distant wretchedness, with a telescope; forgetting the misery that lies at its very feet. A night or two since, Mr. GLADSTONE quoted a letter from the late Dr. CHALMERS to the BISHOP OF LONDON. Here it is:

"Beware, above all things, of scattering your resources over too large a surface; if you have 50,000 destitute people in a district, and you can send only two clergymen among them, beware of confiding this large number of people to those two clergymen. Take a small and manageable number of the people, and give each clergyman a small district in which he can operate; be content with doing a little work at a time, and with doing it properly."

Upon this *Punch* writes to the zealous of Exeter Hall:

"Beware, above all things, of scattering your resources over the whole globe. If you have some three or four hundred millions of the heathen in the world, and you can only send five hundred clergymen (with New Testaments to scatter) among them, be-

ware of confiding the three or four hundred millions to those five hundred clergymen. Take Spitalfields, or Manchester, or Sheffield, or the filthy places of Liverpool, and give to a division of each place a clergyman; give him a home parish in which he can operate, and not a foreign island. Be content with doing a little at a time, and doing it properly; namely, convert St. Giles's to true Christianity, to temperance and cleanliness, and let Timbuctoo, for the time, take care of itself."

And this is the advice of *Punch* to the pilgrims of Exeter Hall."

As we have but just passed through the Anniversary Week, such a hint as the above might have been profitably bestowed upon some of the assemblies in our own Exeter Hall. We have just been looking over a sermon, or discourse rather, delivered by Wm. H. Dillingham before the sons of New England, in Philadelphia, on the last anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, in which the orator makes the following remarks on the tendencies of our literature to grotesqueries and exaggeration, which are, to a certain extent, entirely just; but not wholly so:

"We live in an age when the public taste requires that all should be in heroics, and our literary caterers yield to its demands. We are on the very verge of mock-heroics. It might even be well that some Cervantes should send us another knight-errant of peerless honor, stainless virtue, dauntless courage, and truthful love, who should make us so laugh at our own follies, by his whole-souled and simple-hearted extravaganzas, as to bring back things to the modesty of nature. Now, to arrest attention, everything must be presented in the shape of paradox. The reviewer makes his shades so very dark, and his lights so very bright, as to give a series of startling contradictions. History, to be attractive, must be clothed in the guise of fiction. The historical novel bewilders by its mixture of truth with falsehood. The pathos of song must have its equivalent of humor to make us laugh when we should rather weep. Learning must be made picturesque, and the common incidents of life dramatized, to appear as so many oddities. We have all got to be, somehow, bizarre; the whole world is fast becoming grotesque. Caricature is a perfect passion with us."

But, after all, we live in an age that does the best it can for itself, according to its circumstances, as every age always has done. We firmly believe it to be a very good age, and as far as we have any means of judging, it is certainly better than any of its predecessors. Who would wish to change it for any other that we have any knowledge of? There is the golden age to be sure, which we are apt to think must have been a very happy one from the complexion of its name, but then it so happens that all we know about it is its name, and for aught we know to the contrary, it might have been nothing more than a pinchbeck age, for as all is not gold that glitters, neither is all gold that is called so. But even though there may have been an age of gold, we would not exchange for it our age of steam. No. This is the age for true enjoyment. It is the age of cheap travelling, cheap Magazines, of Sea Steamers, Magnetic Telegraphs, Free Schools, Revolutions, and Russ pavements.

THE DRAMA.—Dramatic amusements in New York, during the past month, have been in a most singular condition. All the old methods of attracting audiences have been abolished, and managers have resorted to the novelty of new pieces of local interest, which have been in the highest degree popular. At the Broadway Theatre, a five act comedy by Mr. Brougham, called *Romance and Reality*, was very successful. It attempted to represent certain phases of American life, and the majority of the papers say with great effect, but from our own observation we did not think that the author had been very successful. Mr. Brougham is an Irish actor, and his opportunities of observing the peculiarities of American society cannot have been such as to enable him to hit off the salient points of the follies which may properly be put upon the stage. There was one character in the comedy, however, that was a very fair show-up of a certain phase in the life of Young America, although it was an exaggerated one, but, perhaps, not more exaggerated than the stage requires. This was the character of Barbara Manley, one of those ladies who are impatient under the restraints which the conventionalisms of society impose upon single ladies. Like George Sand, she smoked cigars and dressed in a hat and pantaloons,



and wrote for the reviews. The character was extremely grotesque, and by no means very agreeable, but it was new to the stage, and it had *vraisemblance* enough to make it entertaining. It was well played by Mrs. Winstanley. At the Olympic and Chatham Theatres, they have been attracting crowds of people nightly, and doubtless making a good deal of money by the representation of two pieces, which give *fac similes* of the lower strata of New York life, which may be seen about Catharine Market, the Bowery, and similar localities, which can boast of a very peculiar indigenous population. The great popularity of such pieces affords a pretty good indication of the state of dramatic taste in New York. The better class of the people do not visit the theatre. In the days of Garrick and Goldsmith, it was different, but in those days there were no lecture rooms, as there are now, where men of literary tastes assemble together. The Lyceum now, has taken the place of the Theatre, and the Athenæum of the Circus. At the Bowery Theatre a new native tragedy has been produced, said to be from the pen of the author of Puffer Hopkins, a work which many have heard of, but few have read, called *Leisler*. It is founded on the history of Jacob Leisler, the first martyr to Liberty in America, as he has been called. The Park Theatre has been closed for lack of patronage, and the Italian Opera House, to make use of a vulgar expression on a very genteel subject, has "busted up." The whole affair has collapsed, and no wonder, for it was badly constructed. It was an attempt to adopt the principle of "protection" in a matter which could only be profitably conducted on the principle of *laissez faire*. There is a good deal of refinement, a good deal of wealth, a good many idlers, a good many fashionables, a good deal of musical taste, but there are not enough of these requisite elements to the support of an Italian Opera, when combined, to defray the cost of such an establishment as that of the Astor Place Theatre. The whole thing failed; the house is shut up, the subscribers are complaining that they lost their money by paying in advance; the singers are without employment, and a multitude of supernumeraries, who obtained their living out of the establishment, have been, unfortunately, for them, turned adrift upon the world to shift for themselves. This is the fifth formal attempt that has been made to establish an Italian Opera Company in New York; none has ever succeeded, and we do not believe that any ever will. It is caviare to the multitude. The first Italian Opera Company in New York, was that of Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran. He arrived here with his *troupe*, when there were but one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in the city, and gave their first performance in the Park Theatre. His daughter was then a beautiful girl about eighteen years old, when her powers as a singer were at their full maturity. Garcia was a capital tenor singer and a good actor, and Augrasani, the *basso*, was one of the best that has been heard in New York. They sang one season in New York, and then broke up. Malibran, a French merchant in Old Slip, who was supposed to be very rich, married the young prima donna, and settled twenty thousand dollars on old Garcia, her father. He did not pay the money down, but gave his notes at six months. Garcia purchased dry goods with the notes of his son-in-law, and took his merchandise, which he had received in exchange for his daughter, to Mexico, where he attempted to sell them, but before the notes came due, Malibran failed, and we believe that Garcia, who had endorsed them, had some difficulty in consequence, and died in Mexico. After the failure of her husband, Madame Malibran sang at the Bowery Theatre, which was then under the management of Charles Gilfert the composer. Such was the popularity of Madame Malibran, even then, that prices of admission were doubled, on the nights when she sang, being two dollars for the boxes, and a dollar for the pit. At that time she was unknown in Europe, and the London papers sneered at us for making such a fuss about an unknown singer. Madame Malibran

went to England with her husband soon after her engagement at the Bowery Theatre terminated, and immediately became famous. She soon abandoned her husband, whom she had married in obedience to the commands of her father, who was represented to be a cruel tyrant in his family, and lived with the celebrated violinist, De Beriot, by whom she had several children, until her untimely death. The history of the Italian Opera in New York would make a very curious book, and we wonder that some of our scribbling authors have not undertaken it.

It is a remarkable fact, that while the Italian Opera, which is the highest development of the art, has failed for lack of support, although patronized by the wealthy and intellectual classes, that the African Opera, which is assuredly the very lowest circle of musical art, have been in the most eminent degree successful in this city. It is said that the Christy band of black minstrels have cleared some twenty thousand dollars a year while performing here. Very nearly the same results have been shown in other forms of art. At the exhibition of paintings in the National Academy, the worst performances attract the most attention, and the mediocre artists receive more patronage than those of the highest order of talents. This is to be accounted for on the principle that like likes like. An uncultivated mind cannot recognize the merit of a work which has been produced by a cultivated intellect. An ignorant plough-boy is unconscious of the charms of country life, and a cannibal would be entirely insensible to the delicate flavour of a French ragout. So with the cannibals of taste, who visit a gallery of pictures; the productions of genius are entirely overlooked, while the gay daubs of the neophytes of art are gazed upon with admiring eyes. There is a painting by William Page, in the exhibition of the National Academy, representing Ruth, Orpah, and Naomi, of the very highest order of art. So fine a painting, taken altogether, has never before been seen in this country. It is pure in sentiment, lofty in conception, simple and natural in the grouping, faultless in the drawing, grand in expression, and admirable in colour. It is not merely a string of laudatory epithets which we have bestowed upon this truly great work of art, but the simple expression of an honest conviction, for which we could give abundant reasons if our space would permit. Yet this great picture has been pronounced by many self-styled writers who take upon themselves to write on subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant, destitute of merit, and unfit for public exhibition. As a matter of course, the same persons who pronounce such an opinion upon this great work, lavish the highest terms of praise on some of the poorest paintings in the whole collection. It follows as a necessary consequence, that the same man who pronounces the best work bad, will pronounce the worst one good. It may be said that tastes differ. But tastes do not differ, they are as infallible as figures. A man of taste will, of course, differ from a man of no taste; but cultivated tastes always agree, because their standard of excellence is the same. Cobbet could see nothing to admire in Scott's works, and we remember hearing a publisher say, that for his part, he couldn't conceive what people found to admire in Shakespeare. In these cases it was not a difference in taste, but a total want of taste that caused those persons to pronounce such strange judgments. Since tastes do differ, perhaps somebody may disagree with us in the opinion, that Captain Tobin, of the Mexican Rangers, or something of the sort, is as much the wit, par excellence, of the Mexican war, as General Taylor is "its hero." Captain Tobin writes the most whimsical letters from his knapsack in Mexico, that we have ever read. There is nothing in any of the Charles O'Malley school of military novels, to match with the rollicking exuberant fun of Captain Tobin's despatches. The following is not the best specimen that we have seen, but it will do as a justification of our opinions:

PARRAS, Mexico, March 20, 1842.

Eds. Delta.—I am again in "dear, delightful Parras."\*

The Camanches have made another descent, and made another clean sweep of horses and mules. Don Manuel y Ibarra tells me he has lost 4000 head. The Indians were only a small party, but the Peons, or rather serfs, had no arms to fight them; and even if they had, they don't know how to use them. Such is the policy of the Mexican government. The rancheros are a splendid looking set of men; and when this country is annexed, they'll make capital *Sepoys*, if led by American officers, with a few companies of white men sprinkled amongst them.

Captain Adams, with his company of Texas Rangers, is here, and four companies of the Virginia Regiment—all under command of Captain Harper, one of the most gentlemanly officers I have ever met with. You may believe it when I tell you so, and I am not inclined to flatter him, as he has wounded me in the most delicate point, by dancing all night with a lady, who, they say, is going to marry me; but it's doubtful, 'cos she hasn't asked me yet, although it is leap year.

The Virginia Regiment is a splendid one: no wonder Colonel Hamtramck is so proud of it. It is the best I have ever seen, always excepting the "Washington Regiment, La. Brigade," of which said regiment the Mount Zionites, Co. D, commanded by myself, was the flower, as Lieut. Col. Forno used to say. Give him my love, and kiss him for me, if he will permit you. Ask him, too, if he remembers the day he swore he'd be d—d if he'd let me go over the Rio Grande to Matamoros; and also how I blarneyed him out of it, by taking a testament out of my pocket and reading him a verse. The testament was given me by the Rev. Arthur Maister, British Chaplain at Rio Janeiro, when I was *lying-in* sick in the hospital there. If this should meet his eyes, I wish him to accept the thanks of one to whom he was very kind, when the object of his kindness was very poor and friendless. But, if I talk sentiment, you'll put it down for the emblem of German literature, viz.: a big butcher blubbering over the calf he has just killed. The verse I read to Col. Forno, was from a letter written by a gentleman named Paul, to a *gosssoon* called Tim something. It's in the 1st Epistle, 5th Chapter, 23d Verse, and runs thus: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." The Colonel then told me to go to the realms reigned over by Lucifer, but to be back for the evening parade: I didn't go to the place directed, but I was back for the parade.

Writing of Paul puts me in mind of a dispute between two sailors, when I served on board the war schooner "Invincible." One of them said Paul was a saint; the other asserted that he was not. The matter was referred to the boatswain, an old Englishman from the *Hard* in Portsmouth. He decided that Paul was not a regular commissioned saint, but that he had a *brown paper warrant*.

Two of the Virginians have just come in, cut up into sausage-meat by the Mexicans. They had been missing some days, and as they were known to be excellent men and not deserters, a search was made for them; and Capt. Harper himself brought in their bodies, beautifully mangled with knives. They had been buried a day or two.

I had a narrow escape here from an inebriated virgin heifer I bought from Don Manuel. Lieut McGowan, of the Virginians, and myself, were watching the operation of tying her down, and when the *Vaccheros* had fixed her so that she couldn't move, she got up and made a tilt at us; we both ran at quarter-horse speed, and I had only time to close the door of the *corral*, or yard, when she came butt on to it, within an inch of Mc's posterities. "How do you feel, Mc?" said I. "That showed some presence of mind in you; come down to Campo's and take a drink," said he. When we returned, I shot the lady; and on disembowelling her, I discovered a fine little masculine calf, which I soon skinned, and I made a pot-pie of the little gentleman. That trick I learned from a Seminole Indian.

**A YANKEE'S IDEA OF HOME.**—A letter published in one of our daily papers from an American, in the city of Mexico, says: "There are so many English, Irish, Germans and Scotch here that it seems like home to me." He goes on to trace the resemblances. "The habits of these are the same as in our own cities, and, from force of circumstances, the city seems much as any other great capital. We have had an American theatrical company and an American circus, (both have now left us, the first some time since,) and our amusements—billiards, ten-pins, &c., are the same as at home. There is a fine cricket club, composed entirely of foreigners—principally of Englishmen—and before the cold weather sat in, we used to have a match every Sunday—Sunday being here the holiday of the week."

Sir John Carr, in his book of Irish travels, relates an amusing anecdote of an American whom he journeyed with in Ireland, who on seeing the land entirely denuded of trees, kept exclaiming, "What an improved country." So he set it down in his diary

that an American's idea of improving a country was to destroy it trees, which was certainly true as applied to some parts of America. The Mexican letter writer whom we have quoted is probably a New Yorker, and it is by no means singular that a city whose population consists almost entirely of foreigners should appear so much like home to him. He had probably seen in New York, a "cricket club composed wholly of foreigners, principally Englishmen," and the same thing in Mexico must have called to his mind thoughts of home. We remember that on our first visit to London, some years ago, there was no place that looked so familiar and home-like as the Haymarket theatre. There were the same English actors, the same plays, the same costumes and stage conventionalities which we had been accustomed to at home. The illusion would have been in a measure destroyed by the appearance of one of those American theatrical stars, that now corruscate so brilliantly in the dramatic atmosphere of the British metropolis. The progress of science and liberal principles is making the whole world akin. You can eat American apples in China, drink American ice water in Calcutta, listen to Virginia minstrels in London, and toast your shins by an English sea coal fire in New York. In a few more years the term nationality will lose all significance, and the whole world will become cosmopolitans. Then we should be dispatching our magazine monthly to Edinburgh, Vienna, and Novogorod. We have lived so long in New York that we can badly distinguish one kind of a foreigner from another, and only in extreme cases can tell whether a man be an American or an Englishman. When we take up a paper it is a matter of uncertainty what language it will be printed in. There are French, Dutch, German, Spanish, English and Irish papers, all printed in New York, and one half the signs hung up at the shop doors are in a foreign tongue. We were witness to a very curious exhibition of the consequences of this "confusion of tongues" the other day. There were some Italian sailors standing near the Park talking together earnestly, probably discussing the architectural elegances of Park Row, when a newsboy who stood listening to their strange lingo, apparently puzzled to make out the subject of their remarks, suddenly exclaimed as a thought flashed upon his young mind, "Crackee, Bill! come here and hear these fellows talking English."

"Are they, though?" said his companion running towards him.

"Well they ain't doing nothing else; just hear them."

The poor boy had been so accustomed to all nations in his daily rounds of news vending that he didn't know what his own vernacular was. He had heard of the English language, and concluded that it must be some strange lingo. It is only in such cities as Pekin in China, where the patriotism of the people excludes all foreigners, and stigmatises all who are not native born, by the appellation of outside barbarians, that anything like a homogeneity of manner and language can be preserved. In London they have an Italian Opera, a French Comedy, and a German Drama; in Paris, too, they have an Italian Opera, and English tragedy, and until the last revolution, English coachmen. Here we have French cooks, German tailors, Irish servants, English reporters, and Scotch merchants. The only native Americans are the farmers and employers. In a few years more and instead of being asked what nation you are of, the question will be to what planets do you belong, Jupiter, Mars, or the Georgium Sides?

This is the age of predictions as well as fulfilments of prophecies; our young men dream dreams, and our old ones see visions as in the days of the prophets long gone. The period for prophesying seems to have returned, and such wild and unlooked for events are daily turning up that it is hardly possible to prophesy amiss. No sooner had news of the French revolution reached us than some half a dozen editors of papers claimed to have predicted that it would happen. Let what will occur—somebody is ready to exclaim, "I told you so." Punch



has been working up the subject in his own humorous vein, and made some most remarkable prophecies.

This great authority in morals says:—

**"THE STUPID ART OF PROPHECYING"**—There is nothing so easy, probably, excepting borrowing money, as prophesying. A child may do it. You have only to be as vague as possible, and to steer clear of dates—excepting on a very liberal scale—and your prophecies are sure to come true. A prophecy, to be sure, however, need not all of it to be realised. If a part, a tenth, or ever so small a fragment of it happens, by the game of chances to turn up a trump, you are a recognised prophet, and allowed to deal in prophecies for ever afterwards. The best way is to make a number of prophecies at the same time. If one out of a thousand be correct, the nine hundred and ninety-nine bad ones are all forgotten, and the thousandth good one only remembered. Still, a little probability should be at the bottom of every prophecy. Thus, to prophesy a Revolution in France, or that it will rain at Manchester to-morrow, or that the next Art-Union engraving will not be a good one, are remarkably safe prophecies. With the above license, anybody can start as a prophet, and, in the teeth of the old proverb, even be acknowledged as one in his own country."

But the most striking thing in the way of prophetic warnings that we have recently seen is Hague's Horoscope, a monthly periodical published in Philadelphia, and devoted solely to making predictions of events that are to come off in the following month. But prophecies, like revolutions, never travel backwards; we suppose that nobody ever takes the trouble to look back at the end of the month and see whether or not any of the predictions of the astrologer have come true. Mr. Hague, the Philadelphia astrologer, who, instead of consulting the sediment of tea-cups, the palms of hands, or a pack of greasy cards, looks to much higher authority and takes counsel of stars, claims the merit of having predicted the election of President Polk, the death of General Harrison, and the Mexican War. We give a specimen of his predictions for the month of May, and as the month will be at an end when our Magazine comes into the hands of our readers they can judge of his skill in astrology, and will know what degree of credit to attach to Mr. Hague's predictions. But let us first allow the author to say a word in relation to his favorite science, for which, we hope he will have the gratitude to predict for our Magazine a circulation of a hundred thousand copies, and we will take care that his predictions shall come true.

"As regards the present race of men, they have neglected Astrology, the only science calculated to direct them safely through this life's journey, and are now paying the penalty. However, we have reason to hope that the growing generation will become wiser. Even now, in this our present day, the people themselves have become aroused and begin to judge effects from causes, both celestial and terrestrial, trusting no longer to the specious appearances and movements of men in power."

Mr. Hague volunteers the following advice to *Omnibus Drivers*, a class of subjects on whom, we fear, good advice is often thrown away, for we never yet knew one who gave the slightest heed when advised to drive faster, or hurry on. This advice of Mr. Hague's, however, it must be understood, is given to Philadelphia Omnibus Drivers, for those who navigate our Broadway Omnibusses would hardly be able to make English of "three levies of oats."

#### TO OMNIBUS DRIVERS.

May-day has arriv'd, O ye lads of the lash—  
Let dandies and lasses all ride for the cash;  
Make room for those rose-buds—give seats to the fair,  
Or their manes will soon be all fast in your hair.  
Fat ponies, you know, are the pride of the streets,  
In th' Circus, we're told, they perform half the feats.  
Up Market, up Chesnut, up Walnut and Spruce;  
A fip for two miles, and one dollar a goose!  
Six cents for a ride from Exchange up to Coates;  
Your ponies must dine on three levies of oats.  
A fip for a ride all the way to Fairmont—  
Who'd stay away then, when they see your account?  
Rain up your sleek nags then, like Jehu of old;  
Don't ride o'er the Ladies, like him, as we're told;  
Keep straight on your boxes—run all round the carts—  
Upsetting breaks bones, but ungallantry—HEARTS!

The following rather startling prophecy might apply even at the present day to England, especially as respects the man with red eyes:

**"PROPHECY"**—Founded on the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Capricorn, January 26, 1812, the very day the Astrologer appeared in public as a lecturer and defender of the Astral science.—About 1888, England in great poverty; distress in the royal family; violent action in the world; the motion of armies, drought, malignant fevers, extensive robberies, earthquakes and plagues. At that period will appear a man with RED EYES, girt round the waist with a white cloth, of a black complexion, as formidable as able to protect, holding a raised battle-axe, surely to prevent thousands and tens of thousands from being precipitated into an awful eternity unprepared to meet their Judge."

The following are the lucky days in May, according to Hague and the stars:

**"FARMERS"**—The most fortunate days in this month, for any operation connected with your business, will be the 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 11, 14, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31. These days are the best for trading in cattle, land, lumber, pigs and bricks. Butchers will be among the lucky ones: hold fast to your fat, without a good price. Hatters do well, also Grocers and dealers in vegetables. The Press will smile. Iron gets up; Sugar rises. Second Mourning Dresses in demand. The Exchange Hotel re-opens under a good Star. Theatricals remarkably active the whole of May. Where's Barton and Brooks? It will be a great time for Lawyers and dealers in estate."

Here's a secret worth knowing:

"Having been often asked why there were more divorcements in this country than in any other, the answer is—because most marriages takes place after sunset."

But the astrologer is not altogether consistent in his theory, for he says, in another place, "Whoever marries one hour before sunrise will never ask a divorce." The "Man in the Moon," a new monthly periodical published in London, has a chapter on lucky and unlucky days, after the manner of the Astrological Almanacs; the new authority says that the 10th of the month is a good day to borrow any thing you want; to see a pretty girl of your acquaintance, but a bad day to pay away money; the 13th, if wet, is a good day to stay at home and read French Romances, but a bad day to begin to read Allison's history of Europe in twenty volumes. 18th visit rich men. Flirt with nice women. Accept agreeable invitations. Avoid bores, snobs and duns. Avoid anybody that would like to prove to you that Hamlet, if a new piece, would be accepted by any manager and prove successful. 24th. Receive presents of all kinds, and avoid wet feet and wet blankets. 28th. Avoid trusting a lawyer if you know him, or if you don't. This "Man in the Moon" is a kind of antagonist to Punch and the clique of radical writers connected with that paper and Douglas Jerrold's Journal and Magazine. It does not make jokes upon royalty and governmental measures, and is not, therefore, so popular with the masses, but it contains a good deal of fun and cutting satire. The Editor is Albert Smith, who is tolerably well known by his "Wassail Bowl," the "History of a Gent," and the "History of an Opera Girl." As the "Man in the Moon" has not been circulated in America, a sketch of its quality will not be out of place, but the greater part of the jokes in it depend upon the illustrations for a proper understanding of their point. The following is a pretty good hit at some of the impracticable schemes of the new French Government:

#### THE LATEST DECREE OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"LIBERTY! EQUALITY!! FRATERNITY!!!"

"In the name of the Republic, the Provisional Government decree as follows:—

"1st. That every Citizen shall possess an income of 50,000 francs, no more and no less.

"2nd. That every Citizen shall be exempt from influenza and colds in the head.

"3rd. That no Citizen shall cook his dinner, or brush his boots, but that a paternal Government shall do both for him.

"4th. That all Citizens shall be equal in weight and height, as well as political privileges.

"5th. That all Citizens, being workmen, shall be paid by the piece, and upon the principle that he who does least shall receive most.

"6th. That any Citizen who has a good coat to his back is a tyrant and an oppressor, and ought to lose it.

"7th. That Citizen Dumas having made great sums of money by writing novels, and the same being an infringement of liberty and equality, that all Citizens be empowered henceforth to write as good novels as Citizen Dumas.

"8th. That Citizens Lemaitre, Victor Hugo, and Horace Vernet, having acquired great fame respectively by their acting, dramatic writing, and painting, and that the same being an infringement of the rights of man, which are naturally and eternally equal, that all Citizens be empowered to act as well, write as well, and paint as well, respectively, as Citizens Lemaitre, Victor Hugo, and Horace Vernet.

"9th. That, in order to carry out the wholesome principle broached in the circular of Citizen Carnot, no citizen shall be eligible for a seat in the National Convention who can spell his own name.

"10th. That every loaf shall be as big as two loaves.

"11th. That any man under the Republic shall be as good as any three men under the Monarchy.

"12th. That the future in general shall be, in France, one long unclouded holiday.

"Signed by the

"MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"Hotel de Ville."

Mr. Hans Christian Andersen thinks he has the English reading world in his clutches; but people are already beginning to cry, "Hans off." Here is a very good burlesque of the style of Andersen.

#### A PAGE BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"THERE was a Daffy-down-dilly once, and it grew in the ground; and when the rain came down the poor daffy-down-dilly was wet. Naughty rain! But when it was moonshine, then the daffy-down-dilly saw the moon and the moon saw the daffy-down-dilly.

"So the daffy-down-dilly said, one night, to the moon, 'Moon! Moon! what are you doing?'

"And the moon smiled when she heard the question; and the birds which built in the garden all woke and twittered, and wondered what the moon would say, for they loved the daffy-down-dilly very much indeed.

"But then there was silence in the air and on the earth—only an impudent blade of chickweed said to a swaggering mangel-wurzel, 'Listen to that impudent daffy-down-dilly, who asks the moon what she is doing?'

"Now there were two clouds in the sky—little dusky clouds—and they heard the question of the daffy-down-dilly, as well as the birds and the chickweed and the mangel-wurzel.

"And the one cloud said to the other—and that too quite distinctly—'Hem! hem! now we shall hear—for the voice of the moon is silvery and soft like the voices of pretty children at play.'

"Still the moon answered not; so the daffy-down-dilly raised its tiny voice again and said, 'Moon! Moon! what are you doing?'

"Then, indeed, a change came over the face of the moon, and it replied in low deep tones, 'What's that to you?—and then sinking behind a cloud it was seen no more, and darkness was upon the garden, and the daffy-down-dilly wept, and the chickweed and the mangel-wurzel quite chuckled to themselves.

"And this is the story of the daffy-down-dilly."

"\* \* \* Mrs. Mary Howitt is respectfully informed, that in future she need not trouble herself to translate Mr. Andersen's lucubrations from the Danish, as the MAN IN THE MOON has succeeded in discovering a charity-boy, of tender years, who is competent to undertake the above style at four-pence a chapter.

We have been a good deal amused by looking over the Man in the Moon, but the wit is not transferable; it depends too much upon the local allusions and the accompanying illustrations for transcription. This is the age of humour; philanthropists instead of becoming ascetics, as they did in the days of Saint Ignatius and Saint Simon Stylites, become punsters and revivers of Joe Millerism; they too, laugh vice out of countenance, instead of roasting it at the stake or flagellating it at the whipping post. Our only philosophers now are of the laughing order, and we believe that they are more successful than the lugubrious ones ever were. The world is certainly growing wiser as well as merrier. When the French first dethroned their King they shut him and his family up in dungeons and then cut their heads off; the second one that they dethroned they banished from the country, and imprisoned his ministers, but the third and last one they laugh at, and he runs away to escape from their ridicule. Who shall say that the

world is not growing merrier and wiser? The time will come, doubtless, when a culprit, instead of being sent to prison to pick oakum, will be held up to public ridicule, and sentenced to be laughed at by the public prosecutor.

All would-be workers in literature or art will find much that concerns them in this chapter entitled "The Curse of Idleness," which we find in a new work

"Who has indulged in all the enchantment of the world of reverie, wherein materials are so plastic, and triumphs are so easy—when man seems to be endowed with the god-like privilege of creation, and his thoughts take shape without an effort, passing from the creative mind into the created act, without the hard obstacle of a medium—who is there, I say, that having known such intellectual triumph, has not felt humbled and discouraged when, descending from the region of reverie and intention, to that of reality and execution, he has become aware of the immensity of labour, of hard resolute labour to be undergone before he can incarnate his ideas into works? The unwritten poems—the unpainted pictures—the unnoted melodies are, it is often said, transcendently superior to those poems, pictures, and melodies which artists succeed in producing. Perhaps so; but the world justly takes no account of unaccomplished promises, of unfought victories. What it applauds is the actual victory won in earnest struggle with difficulty; the heroes it crowns are those who have enriched with trophies, not those who *might* have done so." \* \* "Would Michael Angelo have built St. i Peters, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Reubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? Would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? Would Göthe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?

"Use the pen," says a thoughtful and subtle author, "there is no magic in it; but it keeps the mind from staggering about." ["Essays written during the Intervals of Business."] This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you can do you will do: inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint; act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you; your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with, you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only can juggle with yourself but *do so*, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one object. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin: necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them they have done what they *could* do.